

A color photograph of a woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling and looking towards the left. She is wearing a strapless, light pink dress with a draped bodice and a full skirt. She is also wearing long white gloves and a necklace of small, light-colored beads. In her left hand, she holds a green, textured clutch bag. The background is dark and out of focus.

*The Australian*

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

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transmission by post as a  
newspaper.

August 20, 1958

PRICE



**FREE PATTERN:** Cut it from pages 24 and 25



## Our cover

● Princess Margaret returns from her Canadian tour in time for her 28th birthday on August 21. She will celebrate the event at a private family party at Balmoral. The Princess was obviously in a happy mood when our cover photograph was taken at a recent function. For story about Margaret and her Canadian beau, see page 10.

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## The Weekly Round

● Our free pattern on pages 24-25 is for a blouse straight from Las Vegas, U.S.A.

DAWN JAMES, of our staff, saw it in a dress shop in the courtyard of the famous Flamingo Hotel.

She tried it on, decided it was too expensive, but registered its design mentally, and made it for herself on return at a cost of less than £2. We admired it and asked her to design a pattern for readers.

INCIDENTALLY, there is a photograph of Dawn walking past the Flamingo Hotel in this week's issue.

On pages 12 and 13 Dawn tells of the many places she visited on a recent assignment that took her half-way round the world.

PERCIVAL SAVAGE, a Queenslander, who will be better known in his home State as Donald Savage and who has been living in Paris since 1949, was among the guests at the fabulous French ball pictured on pages 8, 9.

Mr. Savage worked his way over to France as a crew member of a French ship and signed off in Le Havre.

A colleague, Betty Nesbit, who knew him well, says she always remembers Percival having great trouble walking round his picturesque attic flat in Place Contrescarpe.

The ceiling was about six feet high, and Percival, being some inches over six feet, went round with a perpetual crick in his neck from keeping his head down.

MARILYN MONROE, who is back in Hollywood making her first picture for two years, prefers to remain in her hotel suite watching TV rather than join in the city's giddy night life after she's finished the day's shooting.

She's refusing all invitations and waiting for the weekends when husband Arthur Miller flies over from New York.

There's a story about Marilyn on page 5.

THIS week our editor, Mrs. Esme Fenston, left by air on a visit to our offices in London, Paris, and New York. She will be away 10 weeks.

During her trip she will see authors, agents, and overseas journalists who supply material for The Australian Women's Weekly.

### NEXT WEEK

● Four pages of beauty hints, three in color, are a special feature of next week's issue. There is advice on skin care, make-up (including the new two-tone eye make-up), figure exercises, hand care, and how to make the most of your smile. This special beauty feature tells you how to get the "Spring 1958 Look."

# Breathe freely in 2 minutes

## 2 Simple Steps Ensure Relief That Lasts For Hours

### STEP 1

Spray each nostril — this "unblocks" congested nasal passages. Wait 2-3 minutes.



### STEP 2

Repeat spray. The medication reaches higher — opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.



## New Way "Breaks" Head Colds Faster

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely in just two minutes after using the NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray — the newest, most modern form of nasal medication.

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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Buy a NYAL Nasal Spray from your chemist and carry the unbreakable, squeeze-spray pack in purse or pocket. Clean, instant application — get relief anywhere, anytime from nasal congestion accompanying colds, 'flu, catarrh, rhinitis, sinusitis, hay fever. 6/-

NEW, SPECIAL DOSAGE FORM FOR CHILDREN Now, children have their own Nasal Spray with a specially adjusted dosage. It's NYAL Pediatric (Children's) Nasal Spray — costs only 5/6

## Nyal 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY

### Protect Lips from Wintry Winds

Cold, biting winds are harsh on unprotected lips. For real protection, and to stop painful cracking, use NYAL White Lip Salve. This specially medicated formula protects your lips while it soothes them. Forms an "invisible film" which "seals in" the skin's natural moisture — keeps out drying winds. So use it regularly to keep your lips relaxed, refreshed and supple. Used by men and women for real lip protection. Buy it in the handy plastic tube. 3/-

Nyal  
WHITE LIP SALVE



### Here's Quicker Relief from SORE THROAT

You can end the nag-nag-nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats — fast! Take a NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge, the modern throat lozenge compounded to bring three-way relief. The sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic action of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges checks infection... suppresses coughing... stops soreness. As soon as you slip one — just one — NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth, you will begin to feel your sore throat going... going... gone! So whenever you suffer from sore throat due to colds, infection, excessive smoking or speaking, buy NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges. 24 Lozenges, 4/-; 50 Lozenges, 6/9

Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES



# New mystery for old masters

● There are three mysteries about a collection of nine paintings which may soon be on its way to Australia:

● Were they intended to go to the Victorian or the South Australian National Art Gallery?

● Was a marine study, valued at £3000, painted by the old master Willem van de Velde the younger—or by one of his pupils?

● Why did John Constable call a landscape "Wivenhoe Park" when it seems clear that he painted it in another park?

THE paintings were discovered by a cleaner some months ago in the cellars of Victoria House, London.

Inquiries revealed that the owner, Mrs. P. T. Kirkpatrick, had left them there for safekeeping during the 1940-41 blitz. Victoria's Agent-General in London, Sir William Leggatt, called in experts to examine the pictures.

"Wivenhoe Park," by John Constable, was valued at £3000, and three other Constable sketches—"Sunset," "Summer Sunset," and "Dawn"—at £300 each.

The experts valued a marine study, which they decided was by Willem van de Velde the younger, at £3000. They said the other four paintings were of little or no importance.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick was formerly South Australian Ethel Brookman. It was claimed in Adelaide that she had expressed her intention of giving the paintings to the Art Gallery of South Australia.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick's husband, who now lives in Wollstonecraft, Sydney, said he did not understand the Adelaide claim, and that (as far as he knew) his wife intended the paintings to go to Melbourne.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick died in 1950, and Mr. Kirkpatrick came to Australia the following year.

The paintings were not mentioned in Mrs. Kirkpatrick's will, and were forgotten.

Unless the executors of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's will claim them as residue of her estate, Victoria House will send them to the Victorian Gallery.

But two of the mysteries remain:

Sir Bruce Ingram, an authority on van de Velde, says the marine study is a genuine original.

But a replica hangs in the London National Gallery.

Mr. Kirkpatrick thinks his wife's painting is a copy. "We understood it had been painted by one of van de Velde's pupils," he said.

Celebrated picture-cleaner Horace Buttery—who restored the "mystery" painting—claims that the paint differs from that used by van de Velde.

But there is no doubt that it is of the same Dutch school and valuable.

The mystery about the Constable picture lies in its title, "Wivenhoe Park."

There is no record of such a building at Wivenhoe. But there is a pagoda still standing, exactly as Constable painted it and in the same setting, in nearby Alresford Park.

So—while the argument about the ownership of the paintings is being resolved, the experts will try to solve the mysteries of the paintings themselves.



"WIVENHOE PARK," by Constable. Experts say there is no such scene in this park, but there is an identical landscape, pagoda and all, in nearby Alresford Park.

MARINE STUDY, which Sir Bruce Ingram says is a genuine van de Velde. Mr. Kirkpatrick believes it is a copy of an original, which hangs in the London National Gallery.



THE last portrait of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, taken in 1939, not long before she deposited the paintings at Victoria House.







THE "EASY PUSH" is how tough taxi-drivers describe this gesture, typical of Constable Taylor's technique for keeping the traffic moving at one of Sydney's busiest corners.

# THE TRAFFIC COP WITHOUT A SNARL

● Sydney's best-known point man—the constable even tough taxi-drivers call fond nicknames.

By RONALD McKIE

ALMOST any day you can see him at Park and Elizabeth Streets, one of Sydney's busiest intersections, directing the traffic.

He is Constable John Taylor, a lanky cop with a lean, boyish face and a row of campaign ribbons on his blue tunic.

But he stands out not because of his size or his point-duty isolation, but because of the unique way he handles traffic and the speed with which he moves it.

He seldom stands for more than 10 seconds in the same place as he talks to motorists with his arms and with his hands, bending forward, peering right or left, standing his full 6ft. 3½in., with chin high.

His gently waving arms call to drivers. His hands persuade. His bending fingers coax.

He is unhurried and determined, and all the time the traffic flows fast, unsnarled and without the aid of one rude word.

He is such a master of his craft that after eight years of ruling his little bitumen kingdom at Elizabeth and Park Streets he is, like the Harbor Bridge, an institution, and almost a tourist attraction.

Taxi-drivers, who call him a bottler—and that's high

praise—have a variety of nicknames for this constable who always gives them a fair go.

To some he is plain "Fingers." To others he is "Careless Hands." Some call him "Long Tack," and others its derivative, "Long Sam."

They even have a name for the persuasive way he calls drivers through with his fingers. It's the "Easy Push."

And all agree that as a traffic cop he's one of the finest they've seen — anywhere.

Women drivers adore him.

## "Men are the best drivers"

He is decisive, and women love decisiveness. He is polite and never bawls them out. And he has a shy-little-boy smile which brings wrinkles round his eyes and a glint to theirs.

Men admire him because they respond to the casual disciplined technique of the expert at his own game.

He has never been known to get rattled or lose his temper or be rude. He works like an elegant robot, but with the understanding and tact which no robot could ever acquire.

Constable Taylor, who is 37, looks like a romantic conception of the typical Australian

Digger, and he talks in a deep, slow drawing way which is supposed to be characteristic of Australians who live beyond the black stump — and isn't.

But he was born in Glasgow, Scotland, of an English mother and an Irish father from Belfast, who was a detective constable in the Glasgow Police.

John Taylor came to Australia with his family when he was eight, but not long afterwards his father died and hard times began for his mother.

John went to Homebush Public School, and later as far as second year at Parramatta Intermediate High School. But at 14 he had to go to work—

as a storeman — to help his mother.

During World War II, when he was known as "Shortie," he spent two years in New Guinea as a machine-gunner with the 4th Infantry Battalion.

"I was a good shot with a Vickers," he said, "but I'm not so hot with a pistol."

Although he returned to his old job as a storeman after the war he disliked being indoors, and in 1947 decided to follow his father into the Police Force.

One of his early jobs as a junior constable was to direct peak-hour traffic at Norton Street and Parramatta Road, Leichhardt, and while on this work was selected by the then Traffic Superintendent (now Mr. W. R. Lawrence, M.L.A.) for city traffic duty and stationed at Park and Elizabeth Streets.

During his eight years on this busy point, John Taylor has learnt a lot about drivers and a lot about people.

"I don't want to get in bad with my women drivers," he told me, "but on the average men are better drivers than women."

"I classify men drivers as poor, average, and very good, but women drivers are very good and bad."

"A good woman driver is as good as the best male driver on the road. She has only one weakness—speed. But the bad ones . . ."

He grinned. "I want to be careful what I say about women drivers. They're my best customers and I like them. But the bad drivers lack road and mechanical sense."

"They're inclined not to keep up with traffic. If there's a big space between cars a woman is nearly always responsible for it."

"When a constable's on duty they drive gaily on to the tramlines when making a right-hand turn and have to be shooed off."

"They don't give enough warnings with signals—and sometimes they forget to give any signals."

"Their reflexes are slower



CONSTABLE TAYLOR

than a man's. They stall more in traffic.

"Men make these errors, too, but more women make them more often. Drivers with the weakest road sense are elderly women who learnt to drive when cars were slower and traffic much thinner, and that generally applies to elderly men as well."

"The easiest people to handle in traffic are the professionals — taxi-drivers and women ferry-drivers."

for some of the big car companies."

I asked John Taylor for the real secrets of traffic direction.

"Although I sometimes get butterflies, I try always to keep calm, or at least give that impression," he said.

"I try to put myself in a position where traffic can see me. I try to give clear signals. 'And I believe in being polite and friendly—particularly to my women drivers."

"The more pleasant you are the more co-operation you get from drivers, and the easier the job. The angry point man achieves nothing except blood pressure and enemies."

Another tip for traffic cops who stand on midsummer bitumen for hours is to turn their socks inside out at lunchtime.

"It's an old lurk I learnt in the infantry," he said. "It helps."

John Taylor is married with three children, Carol, 9 years, Trevor, 7½, and Jennifer, 1, but when off duty he finds it difficult to apply the rules of Park and Elizabeth Streets to his own home.

"My wife, Ellen, says I have only one main fault," he said, "and that's being too easy on the kids, but I'm such an easy-going cove I find it hard to discipline them. The kids are such fun."

When Constable Taylor is not unsnarling snarls and coaxing traffic through with his beckoning fingers, he likes above anything else taking his family for drives in the car he bought eight months ago.

As he says with a grin: "Although I always do the right thing when approaching any of my coppers on point duty I have to admit that my wife and I have already had a couple of minor prangs."

"Ellen backed the car into a tree, and one day when my reflexes weren't too good I bumped the garage door."

"With one each we're just pegging level."

"As drivers I'd say we're both about fair average."

## COMPLETE NEXT WEEK

# "DOCTOR IN LOVE"

● In next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly there's another free pull-out novel — this time the hilarious best-seller "Doctor in Love."

IT'S the latest book by Richard Gordon, who wrote the highly popular "Doctor in the House," "Doctor at Sea," "Doctor at Large," and "The Captain's Table."

The first three "doctor books" set box-office records when they were made into films.

"Doctor in Love" begins when the hero discovers that a wife is as necessary to a doctor as a phial of penicillin, and, besides, as his wily old friend Dr. Grimsdyke tells him:

"You can't go round the country falling in love with girls at your age. You're not an impoverished medical student any more."

But the doctor learns that finding the right wife isn't quite as easy as he had imagined it would be.

Author Richard Gordon, who is in his early thirties, and his pretty young wife are both doctors. They met when they were working at Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford. She was training as an anaesthetist.

The couple live in a small house with a garden at Bickley, Kent.

Richard's 18-month-old son is his constant delight, and no matter how busy he is he keeps popping his head out of the window to look at the boy playing in the garden.

Richard Gordon said that he kept to a strict schedule while writing "Doctor in Love."

"I got up very early in the morning and wrote a piece," he said. "Then I rushed down to my wife while she was cooking breakfast and exclaimed, 'Darling, listen to this wonderful idea.'"

"If she frowned I tried it on my son. At 18 months he laughs at everything."

We are sure that all our readers will laugh their way through "Doctor in Love."

You certainly won't be able to stop reading this uproarious chronicle of a doctor in search of a wife. It's a complete novel in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



# Monroe weighted for a comeback

● Curvaceous Mrs. Arthur Miller flew into Hollywood last month to start training for her first film in two years, and proved that Marilyn Monroe is still the million-dollar publicity asset any film studio would be delighted to own.

FROM the time she wiggled her way from the plane which had brought her from New York for this month's shooting of her comeback comedy movie, "Some Like It Hot," Marilyn and her Monroeisms have been given star billing in film-land.

The last time Marilyn stepped before the cameras was in August, 1956, when she made "The Prince and the Showgirl" with Sir Laurence Olivier at Pinewood Studios, near London.

Life away from movie cameras obviously suited her, for a slightly flabby, overweight Monroe had to spend her first few weeks back in Hollywood training as strenuously as a champion boxer to be in trim when shooting began.

Despite the added poundage, it didn't take her long to show reporters, photographers, and film agents that she was still the same Marilyn.

When her plane landed at 6:50 one July morning, they crowded round to welcome her, but she was still asleep. And it took her another half-hour to wiggle into a tight white skirt and blouse and then wiggle out of the plane and down the ramp.

By this time all other passengers and baggage had long since gone, leaving the scene and the appreciative audience entirely to the girl whose hair is now dyed as white as the clothes she wore that morning.

Under her arm the girl in white carried three books,

presumably carefully selected for the flight, though obviously nobody, least of all Monroe, reads aboard a darkened night plane. But it looked impressive.

One was "To The Actor," by Michael Chekov, prefaced by Yul Brynner. Another was Lin Yutang's "The Importance of Living," and the third "Life Among Sages," by Shirley Jackson.

Miss Monroe laughed off the obvious joke about book No. 3, and then proved her Monroeisms were as fresh and cute as ever.

Asked if the first name of her motherly secretary-companion, Mrs. May Reis, was

## From HENRY GRIS, in Hollywood

spelled "May or Mae," she replied sleepily: "How should I know? I've never written to her."

Then Monroe, Mrs. Reis, and the surprisingly light amount of luggage—just ten suitcases in all—were bundled by studio envoys into a shining black Cadillac and whisked off to the two-bedroom-plus-living-room-plus-kitchen suite at the luxurious Bel Air Hotel.

That afternoon there was a successful party in her honor, but the rest of Marilyn's first week in Hollywood was misery, for within 48 hours she developed a painful ear infection.

Her doctor, who scolded her for attending the draughty

premiere of "Gigi," made her cancel all engagements.

So for days the 32-year-old star stayed home with cotton-wool in her pearly-white ears, as inglorious as anyone with earache.

She consoled herself by catching up on some of the Californian suntan she sacrificed when she traded Hollywood and its glamor for New York and its intelligentsia, and later for Arthur Miller.

When her earache vanished, Monroe switched from suntanning to shedding poundage, a task which began with the arrival of her private masseuse, a burly woman sworn to total secrecy.

Most worried about her excess bulk was Orry-Kelly, film-land dress designer, who needed a slimmer Monroe, with less tummy, to fit the dresses he'd created for the film and which had to be made in triplicate before the cameras started.

Apart from figure-whittling, Marilyn had a strenuous schedule to follow.

She hadn't looked at her role or the script before arriving in Hollywood, and she had to study these under the guidance of director Billy Wilder, and drama coach Paula Strassberg, who also coached her during her last two pictures.

And there was more hard work waiting, for Marilyn had to learn to play a ukulele—for her role as a ukulele-twanging singer with a speakeasy band.

Between all this and make-up and wardrobe tests she tackled a dozen or so songs from which three or four were chosen as suitable for her char-



STUNNING in a red gown which cleverly concealed her slight plumpness, Marilyn Monroe attended the gala premiere of "Gigi" just after her return to Hollywood to star in "Some Like It Hot." This comedy is Marilyn's first film since "The Prince and the Showgirl" two years ago.

acter, personality, and ability in the film.

The three Mirisch brothers, Marvin, Walter, and Harold, who own the new Monroe film, are noncommittal about how much "Some Like It Hot" will earn for the blonde bombshell.

But it's generally reckoned that the film will gross ten million dollars (approx. £A4½ million), and that her share will be one and a half million dollars (£A675,000).

"Some Like It Hot" is, according to the Mirisch brothers, "very, very funny." They also say it's "unusual, exciting, and something people want and will enjoy anywhere from Paris to Pomona."

In the film, Tony Curtis, a saxophone player, and Jack Lemmon, who handles the bass fiddle, are the only witnesses of a gangland slaying in Chicago. To escape the killers, the two men disappear by changing into women's clothing and joining an all-girl band with which Monroe sings to her ukulele accompaniment.

Whether, two hours after the film begins screening, theatre-goers agree it's "very, very funny" won't matter all that much, because Monroe is back. And what else matters?



AT THE PARTY given in her honor at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Marilyn shares a joke with her bosses, the three Mirisch brothers, Marvin (standing), Walter, and Harold (seated right of Monroe). Seated left of her is Tony Curtis, who co-stars in the film.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 20, 1958



IN JOVIAL MOOD, Marilyn and Billy Wilder, director of "Some Like It Hot," try the hors-d'oeuvres at the party honoring Monroe's return to Hollywood. During her weeks in Hollywood Marilyn has refused most invitations and spent her evenings watching TV or reading in her suite.



*The change on your lips is electrifying!*

*You'll love fashion's new moist, high-gloss look!*  
(Suddenly...dull, dry lips become lustrous lips!)

*Lustrous Lipstick' by Revlon*



13 fabulous 'Lustrous' colors in 'Futurama' case,  
designed by Van Cleef & Arpels, 13/6.  
Refills only . . . 8/9.



# Winners of the Bride Quest

## Grazier's wife gets world trip for two plus £1000

● Winner of the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" Quest and the prizes of a trip around the world and £1000 to spend is 20-year-old grazier's wife Mrs. Richard Binnie, of Mirannie, N.S.W., formerly Erica Rodd, of Newcastle.

THIS second honeymoon is Mrs. Binnie's reward for raising the greatest sum of money for Red Cross during the five-month Quest.

The State winners are:

N.S.W.: Mrs. Geoffrey McGruer, of Brungle.

Vic.: Mrs. John Sharp, of Bransholme.

Qld.: Mrs. Clifford McNally, of Southport.

A.C.T.: Mrs. Peter Van Aalst, of Braddon.

S.A.: Mrs. John O'Keefe, of Glengowrie.

W.A.: Mrs. Garry Miller, of Mosman Park.

N.T.: Mrs. Norman Hawthorne, of Darwin.

These seven brides and their husbands, who raised the most money in their States, won luxury holidays on Queensland's Gold Coast as guests of the Surfers' Paradise Chamber of Commerce.

The States which raised the most money were Victoria, the Northern Territory, and N.S.W.

Mr. and Mrs. Binnie will fly around the world by Qantas Super G Constellation, with £1000 for their expenses given by Ampol Petroleum Ltd.

"Thirteen" is anything but an unlucky number for this quiet-voiced blonde.

Mr. and Mrs. Binnie were married on Friday, September 13, last year; they have named their home "Thirteen"; and August 13 is the date of the gala Red Cross "Orange Blossom" Ball in Sydney, when they will receive their flight tickets for the trip and the cheque for £1000.

All their hard work will seem worth while when they enter Sydney's Trocadero Ballroom and make their bow to the patron of the Quest, the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Eric Woodward.

"We can't believe we've won," Mrs. Binnie said when she received the news.

"And we don't know yet just when we'll take the trip—you see, we're having a baby in November.

"If we'd known about the baby just a few weeks sooner, I wouldn't have entered the Quest at all!"

Mrs. Binnie's success is also a tribute to the people of the Newcastle and Hunter Valley districts who sponsored her.

A "Bride of the Year" Community Committee under the patronage of the Lord Mayor of Newcastle, Alderman D. G. McDougall, and the Lady Mayoress worked enthusiastically with the Binnies to raise money for Red Cross.

"Everyone on the committee was wonderful," Mrs. Binnie said, "especially the president, Mrs. E. A. Merewether, the treasurer, Mr. W. Wragge, and two vice-presidents, the Mayor of Singleton, Alderman A. J. Dorsman, and my grandfather, Colonel B. B. Rodd."

Their biggest money-raiser was an art union for a car. Other money came from chocolate wheels, raffles, tea parties, card parties, a barbecue, car stickers, and appeal letters.

Fifty-eight young brides from 'all parts of Australia entered the Quest, which netted more than £10,000 for The Australian Red Cross.

● Results of the £1500 Color Scheme Contest, Page 35.



AUSTRALIA: First-prize winner in the Quest, Mrs. Richard Binnie, with her husband.



VICTORIA: Honey-blond Diana Sharp with her grazier husband, John, on their property, "Warrawong," Bransholme. Diana, who won the Victorian section of the Quest, was formerly a nursing sister at the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne. Sponsored by the Hamilton Young Farmers' Club, she said: "It was a hectic period, as we raised all our money from functions and the raffle of a car."



N.S.W.: Mrs. Geoffrey McGruer, left, of "Merrimac," 12 miles from Gundagai. Her prize for winning the N.S.W. section will be her second honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise. "Another trip to the Gold Coast is most welcome—and a wonderful surprise," she said. A Gundagai district girl, Rosemary McGruer is very grateful for the help she received in the contest.

A.C.T.: Barbara Van Aalst, from Braddon, Australian Capital Territory, with her Dutch husband, Peter. Formerly Barbara Darrough, of Marrickville, N.S.W., she was nominated by the Staff Club of Anthony Hordern (Canberra) Ltd., and her winning sum was raised by guessing competitions, raffles, barbecues, and a fancy-dress ball.



S.A. WINNER, left, Helen O'Keefe, and her husband, John, a solicitor. "Our biggest money-makers were a barbecue and a dinner dance," she said. "Our friends were absolutely wonderful in helping to raise money."

QUEENSLAND: Mrs. Clifford McNally, of Southport, who won the Queensland title, with her husband in his boot shop. Being the local girl, she will act as guide to the other State winners at Surfers' Paradise.



W.A.: Mrs. Garry Miller, of Mosman Park, who won the prize for Western Australia, and her husband. She entered only four weeks before the closing date, but friends and family helped the couple raise a large sum.

N.T.: Darwin girl Mrs. Norman Hawthorne, right, the Northern Territory winner. She belongs to the Darwin Gymnastics Club and is a keen swimmer and spearfisher. Shirley and Norman will fly to Surfers' Paradise.





# AMERICA SAVES "DEBBERY" FROM DEATH



GLAMOROUS visitor from Venezuela at the First American Versailles Debutante Ball is Mlle. Charo de Oteyza, who at present is studying painting in Paris. Her coiffure was striking and jewel-laden.



AUSTRALIAN Percy Savage photographed with American artist Elizabeth Fern against some of the wonderful statuary in the Orangerie, Versailles Palace. White dresses with floral patterning were popular among the superbly dressed guests, and Elizabeth followed this fashion.



AN EARLY ARRIVAL was France's No. 1 deb, Veronique Montesquieu, wearing an elegant Guy Laroche gown. Color pictures are by staff photographer Alex Murray.



- The Americans are taking up "Debbery" where the British left off, judging by the First American Versailles Ball at the Palace of Versailles, Paris.

**THIS**, the most glamorous ball of the decade, was held soon after the last of the Court presentations in Britain last month. The loveliest debbs of America and France were there.

A special floor was laid, and gifts from the luxury trades of France—such as perfumes, stockings, beauty products, jewelled clips—were showered on the visiting debbs and the French girls.

There were handsome young escorts from the youth of France's aristocracy, from the noted French school of St. Cyr, which is France's Duntroon, and there were 10 officers personally selected by the NATO Chief, U.S. General Norstad.

And the general's wife was on the committee and on the receiving line with the Duchess de Maille on this top-drawer social occasion.

**LEFT:** An unusual Goyesca-inspired coiffure completed the 18th-century Goya picture created by Senorita Gloria de Castro, a wealthy heiress from Columbia.

Paris couturiers had a busy time dressing the visiting debbs with barely a minute's notice, and their French clients with little more.

But the result was one of the most superbly dressed occasions ever seen in Europe.

Every dress was excitingly new and as youthful as the girls.

The "Baby Doll" look, the loose dress falling from a narrow top, and the magnificently dressed

hairdo, top-heavy and jewel-laden, were all refreshing in a

spectacular scene.

Often it was impossible to tell which of the debbs was wearing a wig and which had had her own hair dressed for the great occasion.

For the leading hair-stylists in Paris really threw all their energy and imagination into creating the debbs' coiffures, and were so busy with them that no orders were taken from old clients for 24 hours before the ball.

The result was the "Baby Doll" hairdo, powdered and tinted at times, banded on the forehead.

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff





**TRANSATLANTIC MEETING.** These two sisters, one French and one American, were in the same party at the First American Versailles Debutante Ball. Because they live on opposite sides of the Atlantic, the sisters — Jacqueline de Chollet (left) and Roseline — see each other only briefly once a year, and this year they decided they would make their debut together at the ball.



**SHORT SKIRTS** were popular at the ball, which was a rich parade of couturier fashions. One of the shortest of the short dresses was that worn by Mlle Anne Castagne, pictured dancing a samba with her brother Bernard. Bernard Sagardoy designed her floral taffeta dress.

decorated with bows, top-heavy in its fullness, and always delightfully young and original.

**The idea of the ball originated in America.**

When news of the death of Debbery in England swept America and Europe, there was a feeling — particularly among socially proud mothers — "something must be done."

Of course, there was a different approach to anything ever seen in the blue-blooded English debutante world.

In spite of the traditions of France and the historic setting, there was commercialism and such things as sponsors.

Air companies and beauty specialists, with the rest of the luxury trades joining in, helped to make the First American Versailles Debutante Ball a rich and glamorous success.

And the proceeds will help to repair the fabric of the roof in the romantic Orangerie, where the ball was held.

The organisers were delighted with their choice of the setting for the ball, and certainly it would have been hard to find anywhere more historic and magnificent.

The Orangerie, which was built in 1685 by Mansart in the gardens of the Versailles Palace, is the finest piece of architecture at Versailles.

Set round it in the gardens are 1200 orange trees, one of which is said to date from 1421, and 300 other kinds of trees to complete the picturesque setting.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 20, 1958

It was here that Marie Antoinette spent much of her life, and though the gay thoughts of the 1958 debutantes would scarcely have lingered on the frivolous French queen who met her fate at the guillotine, she certainly would have approved the sumptuous ball, the gaiety, and the fabulous clothes and jewels.

For in this same setting she herself squandered fortunes on clothes and jewels and showed a passion for recklessness, amusement, and extravagant entertainment.

While the American Versailles Debutante Ball seems certain to be an annual event, it won't by any means be the only effort America will make to keep International Debbery going at all costs.

The 30 or 40 American debbs who've come to London every year to be presented just won't allow themselves to be disappointed over the death of British Debbery.

And though the final deb season has been carried out with more gaiety than ever in London this year, the Americans have not let any time lapse in changing their social allegiance to France.

Apart from the Versailles Ball, a series of about ten other lavish debutante balls were planned for this year, starting with one at the stately home of the Duchesse de Noailles on June 30.

And it all adds up to quite a few more dollars for France and quite a few less dollars for Britain come the social season each year.



**AN EYE-CATCHING DEB.** in a glittering pale pink gown and with a matching rose sitting pertly on top of her head, waits eagerly as Francoise Gerald, with a flunky in periwig and colorful costume, helps move the traymobile of Lanvin gift perfume in her direction. Debbs were swept by their escorts into the receiving line down a red-carpeted staircase lined with footmen in 18th-century costumes.



# The Princess and the lawyer



● Princess Margaret's obvious interest in one of Canada's native sons had the world wondering whether a new "Townsend" romance was in the making.

**B**UT after a week there was less and less to go on and the excited rumors began to peter out.

The cause of the fuss was John Turner, 29, a Montreal lawyer, former Rhodes scholar, and a crack athlete in his day.

As stepson of Mr. Frank Ross, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, Turner had a place in the charmed circle invited to mix socially with the Royal party during Margaret's tour of Canada.

At the ball held by Lieutenant-Governor Ross in Vancouver, Turner monopolised the Princess — which nobody does except by Royal consent.

First they danced four numbers in succession, causing a flutter of interest. But tongues really got going when Turner escorted Margaret to a secluded table on the moonlit terrace, where they held a tete-a-tete for about an hour and drank four gin-and-tonics.

Turner obviously had an attraction Margaret didn't always find in her escorts.

It was the first time she seemed to show real pleasure in a man's company since publicly renouncing Group-Captain Peter Townsend.

The gossip-mills buzzed. Could Turner be regarded as a suitor for the 28-year-old, hard-to-please Princess?

Reluctantly, the most romantic observers had to admit that Turner hardly fitted the bill.

In his favor was the fact that Turner had never been married.

But Turner is a commoner and by no means wealthy enough to qualify as a suitable match for the Princess.

Furthermore, Turner is a Roman Catholic, and The Establishment would be as strongly opposed to the Princess marrying a Catholic as it was to her marrying a divorced man.

Otherwise, Turner was okay.

He is no matinee idol, but cuts a much better-looking, more capable figure than the Billy Wallaces, Lord Beresfords, and other young British Bluebloods who have figured at one time or another on Margaret's official roster of escorts.

Turner is the son of an English freelance writer who died in 1931. His mother married Ross in 1945.

## "Bohemian"

He was called to the Bar in 1954 and joined a law firm in Montreal, where he lives in a bachelor apartment.

Turner was so little known in Montreal that descriptions of him varied from "a snob" to "a real prince of a guy."

He is said to be a good tennis player and interested in music, classical and jazz. One

By  
**LARRY FOLEY,**  
of our New York  
staff

friend said Turner used enough jazz lingo to be called "Bohemian."

The janitor at Turner's modest apartment building called him "an informal, regular guy" who was "always out" and seemed to have no regular girl-friend.

In short, Turner adds up as a fairly common type in the British Commonwealth—calm, confident, self-assured, capable, intelligent, well-mannered, at home in any company, and the type that the Princess, thanks to the Old Guard at the Palace, rarely meets.

Hardly the Royal bridegroom type, of course.

However, Turner certainly qualified as a fit and proper social companion for the Princess, for he passed the sternest test of all—her test.

A week later, at a dinner dance given by Governor-General Vincent Massey in Ottawa, the Princess and Turner danced again several times.

Turner had not been on the original invitation list, but was a late addition—presumably at Margaret's request.

After the dance Turner and Margaret reportedly went with a few other guests to a private party in an Ottawa home which went on until dawn.

The spotlight was then focused on Margaret's next stop, Montreal.

This being Turner's home town, it was confidently expected that Turner would be in the thick of the Royal social whirl there.

But the romantics reckoned without the pomposity and self-importance of the officials who organise the lives of Royalty.

Margaret was in Montreal for 22 hours, had a hectic series of engagements, winding up with the usual ball—and Turner was left off every invitation list.

Montreal officialdom, it seems, was peeved at the publicity which Turner (who has political aspirations) had been getting.

"Mr. Turner is not invited — whoever in hell he is," one official was quoted. "We never heard of him until he began to dance."

## Welcome change

Which suggests that the moral of the Margaret-Turner story was completely lost on these officials.

The moral is, of course, that Margaret is sick and tired of the stuffed shirts and pompous bores and pushing matrons and stiff old fogies who invariably are lined up for her.

So, when a personable, attractive young man appears who will talk, dance, and relax with her, and treat her as a normal young lady, she will turn to him with relief.

There are many Turners in the Commonwealth. Perhaps in future there will be more Turners in the Princess's official life. They could make that life less of a bore.

LEFT: Princess Margaret in one of the evening dresses she wore when she danced with bachelor lawyer John Turner, of Montreal, during her tour of Canada.

RIGHT: The 29-year-old Turner, whose popularity with the Princess caused the widespread speculation on a new Royal romance.



# TELEVISION PARADE

● Off to a good start, Channel 9 has followed the American trend away from Westerns to comedy shows. They have several new imported comedies and a notable local product in the new live Late Show.

**I** MUST say I regarded the switch from the old-style Late Show with Hayes Gordon as compere to the new product—the Bobby Limb Late Show (Mondays at 10.00 p.m.)—with something of a jaundiced eye. I liked the old show as it was.

And my experience has been that advertised funny men are not always funny.

Mr. Limb, however, is funny. So is his show. I liked the

first one, although I was reluctant to do so. It made me laugh. And now, four shows later and with the addition of Buster Fiddes to the show, I'm still laughing.

Limb, Fiddes, and Johnny O'Connor in one show presenting "The Barber of Seville"



OLD-TIME film-comedy star Zasu Pitts (left) and Gail Storm (above), of The Gail Storm Show (starting on Channel 9, August 15), a welcome addition to the Friday 8.00 p.m. programmes.

digested to five minutes were really something.

Mr. Fiddes in blond wig was Rosina, and Limb and O'Connor, got up regardless, played the other two principal roles. They mimed their way through a hilarious five minutes to the superb recording of "The Barber" made by Victoria de Los Angeles and the Milan Symphony Orchestra and Choir.

It took 7½ hours' solid work to get the desired musical effect. The recording was played and re-recorded on tape, cut, and spliced into five apparently effortless minutes.

Last week the same trio did another very funny routine with O'Connor as a magician and Fiddes and Limb as the victims of a messy raw-egg trick that didn't come off.

The Bobby Limb Late Show is now on my list of TV shows not to be missed, second only to the Phil Silvers Show (Channel 2, 8.00 p.m., Wednesdays).

**JACKIE GLEASON'S** "Honeymooners" (Channel 9, 7.30 p.m. Thursdays) is a first-class imported comedy.

Abbott and Costello, the new Monday offering at 7.00 p.m., is not my type of humor. But it's colossal if you like pie-in-the-face laughs.

Abbott and Costello made these comedies specially for TV and they are streamlined productions.

Next to look forward to is The Gail Storm Show, "Oh! Susannah," starting on Friday, August 15, at 8.00 p.m. Gail Storm plays the title role in these half-hour comedies.

Susannah (Gail Storm) is director of entertainment on the Ocean Queen, a cruise ship that carries tourists from New York, generally towards the Caribbean ports.

(Can't you feel a calypso coming up?)

The shows are set on board, or in the ports the ship visits.

Miss Storm's comedy is based on the fact that she can't keep out of bother.

She has the perfect partner in her troubles—none other than that famous old stager with the fluttering hands, Zasu Pitts. If you're wondering whether it's the Zasu you heard grandmother raving about, it is.

She started with Mary Pickford in 1918 in a film called "The Little Princess," and was the tragic heroine of two of Erich von Stroheim's greatest films, "Greed" and

By  
**NAN MUSGROVE**

"The Wedding Night." Her last silent was "The Sins of the Fathers," with Emil Jannings. When talkies arrived she was a big success as a comedienne.

Back in 1939 Zasu talked about her switch to comedy.

"I guess there's a bit of humor in my soul, and it just had to come out," she said. "Somebody noticed it, noticed how silly I looked, and the next thing I was a comic."

Zasu dropped out of films during the war, and her "Oh, dear" comedy was sadly missed. She was busy, though, in other directions.

A wonderful cook, she wrote a cookery book which overnight turned into a best-seller. She followed it with another, and both books are still cookery best-sellers.

Now Zasu is back, still saying "Oh, dear" as she dithers her funny way through her job as the head of the beauty salon on the Ocean Queen.

It looks as if The Gail Storm Show will be good watching.

Way back at the start I talked about the trend away from Westerns. Don't get worried and think they'll disappear. They won't. The good ones are better than ever, and you can afford to be choosy. Latest count shows that the three channels show between 60 and 70 Westerns each week.





# THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

● *Order form for The Australian Year book. See page 51*

● With winter nearing its end, foliage returns to bare branches and leafy green trees announce the coming of spring. These pictures, taken only three weeks apart, show the sudden bursting of spring in Bacchus Marsh, Victoria. The trees—an avenue of elms planted as a memorial to soldiers who died in World War I—form a picturesque entrance

to this historic township, founded in 1838 by Captain W. H. Bacchus, and now the centre of a dairying and orchard area. Because it is about half-way between Melbourne and Ballarat, Bacchus Marsh was a stopping place for Cobb and Co's coaches travelling to Ballarat goldfields. Pictures are by B. P. Gibney, of Victoria.



# LOXENE

## MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff,  
dry scalp and hair dullness



Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

**WHAT SCIENCE SAYS:** Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

**THE ANSWER:** Loxene medicated shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, really cleans away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

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# When ten miles felt like one hundred...

● On an assignment that sent her half-way round the world, staff reporter Dawn James flew 21,000 miles in 18 days. She trained as a Pan American World Airways stewardess in San Francisco, and flew, as a stewardess, the Polar route to London. Then she went (passenger-style) to Paris, returning to Sydney via New York. Here is her story:

AS a Pan American stewardess I "walked" my way to London. It is an estimated ten stewardess-miles. It felt like 100.

The aerial, trans-world hike began on a sunny Saturday afternoon at San Francisco International Airport.

Pan-Am. purser George Stimmler and stewardesses Shelby Kostial and Rachel Cole shepherd me to the aircraft, a DC7C.

Departure was announced: "Flight 120 for London..." People began to straggle on board, and in the rush of showing them to their seats I forgot to be scared.

These were my passengers. I felt quite motherly, and tripped happily up and down the aisle making them feel "at home"—and watching the progress of a romance that had begun soon after take-off.

He was youngish, and looked like a dissipated shark. She was artificially sloc-eyed, and wore a purple sweater.

## No romance

Any idea that stewardesses belong to a flourishing marriage market is a myth. The only vaguely flirtatious men on board (with humor about as light as a soggy pancake) were anchored beside firm-looking wives.

We served lunch. Behind that brief sentence there's a lot of work: trips up and down the aisle with food for 60 people, coffee, tea, babies' bottles to be warmed.

It was an occupational hazard, too, because several small children had decided to play in the aisle.

Laden with coffee and a tray of cream and sugar, I was walking carefully around rattles, teddy bears, and children when an anxious-voiced man tugged my apron.

"What's the score in the ball game, miss?" he asked. I looked blank.

● It's 4798 passenger air-miles from San Francisco to London. The passengers sit down. A stewardess doesn't—she walks.



LONDON: "They were changing the guard at Buckingham Palace," so staff reporter Dawn James stopped by the majestic gates.

"The BIG ball game," he explained kindly. "San Francisco Giants and Brooklyn Dodgers." Then, pitifully: "I can't rest till I know who won. Ask the captain when you got a minute, will ya?"

Farther on my skirt was tugged again. "What sort of engines are these?" asked a young man (accompanied by his wife).

"We have four radial air-cooled engines, 18 cylinders each, 3350 horse-power..." I recited smugly with all the fluency of one-who'd-just-learned-it.

When I was wondering if

my feet were ever going to be the same again, Captain Gene Meyring announced we were crossing the Canadian Rockies.

I limped over to the galley window and peered down at the snow-covered mountains.

Oh, my protesting feet. But we had dinner to serve before the passengers settled down and we could relax.

At 3.15 a.m. the Captain sent for me in the cockpit. "I thought you'd like to see the Northern Lights," he said—a misty-white waving curtain high in the heavens over Canada's Hudson Bay.

We arrived at Frobisher, on

Baffin Island, in the Canadian Arctic Archipelago, at 4.15 a.m. local time. The sky was turning from black to pale sapphire, and the temperature was 40 degrees below freezing.

The crew stopped off at Frobisher for 48 hours at the 500,000-dollar Pan-Am base.

I slept, then wandered for breakfast at noon—orange juice, bacon and eggs, pistachio and chocolate ice-cream.

## Scenic spots

Operations assistant Johnny Blair suggested a jeep ride round Frobisher.

I was not a chic sight. It was too cold for a skirt, and I despaired until kind Captain Meyring offered me a pair of his ski-pants.

They were topped by a bulky pullover, an enormous parka (with hood), gloves, plus rubber snow-boots with my bedsocks underneath.

We bumped and skidded our way to Frobisher's scenic spots—the garbage dump, patrolled by hundreds of Husky dogs, and an Eskimo village.

An Eskimo child trotted up and tried out his English. "How do?" Big smile. "Money?"

The Eskimos didn't live in igloos, a big disappointment, because we'd learnt basically how to build one during stewardess training ("First take some hard-packed snow...").

Their houses were lean-to shanties with fuel barrels stacked outside.

## Bowler hat

It was 2.30 a.m. and snowing lightly when we left for London.

We flew on over Greenland looking like a many-peaked meringue. Breakfast. We approached the shores of Scotland.

A snack meal service. We were over England.

England. It was hard to believe we were there—that is until we drove into London.

Jogging along gently beside the crew bus was a man on a bright turquoise motor-scooter. He was sitting very straight, composed, and at ease in the traffic. He was also wearing a bowler hat.

I had just one day to spare and I wanted to see London. Pan American Rupert Jackson (a man with a mind like

**SAN FRANCISCO:** Pan-Am crew (left) makes an emergency-equipment check before the London flight. From left, Don Scott, George Stimmler, Captain E. Meyring, Dawn, Shelby Kostial, Rachel Cole, Earl Perry.





# Walking half-way round world



an efficient guide book) whisked me round; my "look" at London took three hours.

So now I've seen Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament. I've smelt Billingsgate Fish Market and the daffodils in St. James' Park.

I've eaten at the Savoy Grill, at Simpson's-in-the-Strand, and at a Lyons' Corner House.

Tall, languid Mr. Jackson loves London. He also has an astonishing memory for historic happenings. I broke two pencils and filled a notebook with "interesting facts."

On the way to Buckingham Palace we drove down Constitution Hill, where "a half-mad pot-boy tried to kill Queen Victoria in 1840."

We saw St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey and the Mansion House.

At Purfleet, on the Thames, Mr. Jackson explained it got its name from Queen Elizabeth I.

Her Majesty apparently went to watch the fleet leave to face the Spanish Armada. Said she, "Oh, my poor fleet."

Other people think, as she'd been standing for hours, that she said, "Oh, my poor feet."

The Tower Bridge, the Tower of London, and London Bridge, and Cleopatra's Needle . . . on and on. Mr. Jackson wasn't even hoarse.

So that was London. Except for those who like the odder things, such as:

- The smallest house in London, at No. 10 Bayswater Road, just wider than the average window and four stories high.

- The smallest cemetery, the Pets' Cemetery in Hyde Park.
- The smallest police station, big enough for one man.

Next morning I flew to Paris — exciting, glamorous Paris. I decided to spend my hours there visiting perfume and couture houses.

I started intrepidly—guide-book in hand—for one of the oldest perfume houses in France, F. Millot on the Avenue Franklin Roosevelt.

Chic, charming Madame Millot, wife of the chairman, is public relations director.

"Our Crepe de Chine perfume was born in 1930," she said. "It has 250 ingredients. The formula took seven or eight years to develop. It is a question of nose."

"Perfume is the invisible beauty. It acts surreptitiously, it is subtle. A man is attracted by it, but he does not know why."

"You must not wear perfume like a dog on a lead. It must fit like your clothes; people should say, 'How good is that smell on you.'"

Then Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, took me to lunch at the Eiffel Tower. She ordered snails, and (ugh!) I ate one.

It tasted like tender leather flavored with garlic.

We went to the grey-and-gold House of Dior. Although the showing was over, some of the audience was still there, including Genevieve Fath,

widow of couturier Jacques Fath.

"She's buying her clothes from Saint-Laurent now," said someone in the background.

I could have stayed for weeks, but there was a plane to catch, destination New York.

"I'm in artificial flowers," the man sitting next to me on the plane confided. He waved a caviare-laden biscuit and the threepenny-sized diamond on his little finger caught the light.

"Been in Germany for five days on business. Spent 900 dollars—on entertainment."

At the time we were dining as opposed to merely eating. It was Pan-Am's President Special flight, with caviare pate, lobster, filet mignon, and Crepes Suzette on the menu.

We arrived in New York on a smoggy day at noon; the outlines of Manhattan's skyscrapers showed faintly, with the Empire State Building towering above them all.

In Saks, Fifth Avenue, I



**LAS VEGAS:** Dawn, above, wearing a sack from Saks, Fifth Avenue, looks at America's big gambling resort.

**HOLLYWOOD:** Dawn, left, with TV compere Bill Leyden in the N.B.C. studios after her brief TV appearance.

looked at a pretty flower-embroidered cardigan, then nearly fainted at the price tag, 124 dollars (£A56).

Back on the avenue a middle-aged brunette was window-shopping. She was wearing a black mink coat. She had a poodle on a leash. The poodle wore a chinchilla coat.

People are fascinating. In a shoe-store on Hollywood's Wiltshire Boulevard the salesman was buying abstracted attention to my feet, and trying to persuade the blonde next to me to have cocktails.

She finally snapped, "Good-bye forever," and stalked off.

There is the astonishing speciality store of Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, Texas. It exercises such a benevolent dictatorshipship over its customers that "almost no one

wears mink and chinchilla in summer."

Neiman-Marcus has a yearly conversation-provoker in its Christmas catalogue.

Once it included a toy tiger encrusted with jewels—price, one million dollars (tax and gift wrapping included).

A gentleman who could afford the tiger is Mr. Joe W. Brown, of Las Vegas. Mr. B. owns a gambling casino called "The Golden Horseshoe."

It lives up to its name. In an enormous glass-enclosed horseshoe Mr. Brown displays 1,000,000 dollars (cash) in 10,000-dollar bills.

He loses 50,000 dollars (£A22,500) interest a year because he doesn't put the money in a bank.

At the casino a sable-coated matron was playing a five-cent machine. That is, she was putting in the nickels and her maid was doing the hard work by pulling the machine's "arm."

The American hotels kept me in wide-eyed awe.



**NEW YORK:** On top of the Empire State Building, Dawn turns the telescopic-viewer towards Brooklyn Bridge.



**PARIS:** At a Lanvin-Castillo showing, Dawn (at left) with Australian ballerina Marilyn Burr, one of the Royal Ballet principals.

In the Tonga Room at the Fairmont Hotel on San Francisco's Nob Hill guests sit round a swimming-pool listening to the orchestra being towed to and fro on a barge.

Every so often it thunders and lightnings and rains into the pool (after the orchestra has moved, naturally).

Off the Fairmont's 250,000-dollar lobby is "La Ronde," a cocktail bar. The customers sit on a slowly spinning merry-go-round.

But the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel—just opposite Graumann's Chinese Theatre—has the spookiest idea.

The lifts talk. A ghostly voice says "Uuuuup, going up." Coming down it remarks that luncheon, or cocktails, or dinner is being served.

Later, I was pensively eating a hot chocolate fudge ice-cream shortcake in a Hollywood drugstore when the man next to me lifted his glass of water and gazed at it sadly.

He remarked to the store



**FROBISHER:** Dawn and Canadian Mountie Ted Trevela. The Pan-Am. crew had afternoon tea with the Mounties.

in general, "Great stuff, water. But it'll never sell." He ambled off to a bar.

On my way home I had cocktails at the Halekulani Hotel, in Honolulu, with symphony conductor Andre Kostelanetz and author James A. Michener and his wife.

The Micheners were in Aus-

tralia about three years ago. Andre Kostelanetz said he admired Ray Lawler's "Summer of the 17th Doll."

"I wrote the first fan-letter of my life to June Jago," he said.

[June played Olive in "The Doll."]

The next day I came home.



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# SOCIAL JOTTINGS



GUESTS at spring hat parade included (from left) Mrs. Noel Vincent, Mrs. Anthony Hordern, Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Neville Manning, who is the acting-president of the Black and White committee, and Adelaide visitor Mrs. W. W. McGregor.



COMMITTEE MEMBER Mrs. John Bovill with June Massey modelling a Lanein-Castillo hat at the cocktail hour parade of spring hats held at Glen Ascham by the Black and White committee to raise funds for the Royal Blind Society.



JUST ENGAGED. Lionel Sandy, of Bellevue Hill, and his fiancée, Beverley Coles, the younger daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Coles, of Bellevue Hill. Beverley will arrive home from England on August 31 (this picture was taken just before she left for overseas). Lionel is the son of the E. M. Sandys.

**AFTER** touring every State, The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition, 1957, will be opened in Canberra by Dame Pattie Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, on August 20 at 8.15 p.m. The 50 paintings will be on show until September 7 in the gallery of the Artists Society of Canberra in Riverside Centre.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** of people and places, the fruits of seven years' travelling through England, Africa, Europe, Scandinavia, and America, will decorate the walls of the Macquarie Galleries for David Moore's one-man exhibition opening on August 19. David and his wife have now settled down in Sydney—they move into a house at Balmoral this month.

**VOTED** the most delightful speech of the week was Mrs. Noel Vincent's at the spring hat show for the Royal Blind Society—she finished up by quoting from John Guther's best-seller, "Inside Russia." And practically stealing the show from the glamorous models were the superb flower arrangements by Eve Crossing and Bruce Arnott—masses and masses of camellias in bowls or trailing round the fireplaces.

**JUST** can't believe that it's a year since Terry Clune opened his gallery in Macleay Street—and yet it's the anniversary show already. Sir Percy Spender is opening the exhibition, to which 35 artists have contributed, including Frank Hodgkinson, Tom Glegghorn, Arthur Boyd, and Bob Dickerson, who have all exhibited there during the year.

**IT'S** "bon voyage" for Gianna Larri, who sails for Italy on board Roma with her mother. They'll visit relatives in Italy, and then travel on to Vienna to stay awhile with Gianna's sister, Marta.

**THAT** popular young couple Elaine Berry and Philip Hearn seem to be blessed with a lucky star when it comes to house-hunting. They've found themselves a harbourside flat at Vaucluse and will move in after their wedding on November 14. They'll be married at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, and Elaine will have three bridesmaids, Veronica Merc, Jan Barker, and Rosemary Hearn.

**ISN'T** Valmai Fuller's new hairdo terrific? She wears it with a slight fringe on the forehead, then piled high on top, with a deep crest of hair down to the nape of the neck.

**HOPE** I'll get the chance to hear Melbourne violinist Beryl Kimber giving her recital for the Wahroonga Music Club on Friday. Lucky girl, she leaves next year to take up her scholarship in Moscow and will study under David Oistrakh.

**FASHION** note . . . Mrs. John Atwill's trapeze-line cocktail dress—a bright sunburst of color in orangey yellow, the only trimming two small bows in front. With it she wears strappy sandals in exactly matching satin.

**A** LETTER from Melbourne says that everybody, but everybody, is packing in to see Noel Coward's play "Nude With Violin," starring Robert Helpmann. So I must remember to keep August 23 free so I can go to the opening night at the Theatre Royal.



WED IN ENGLAND. Pat Allen and his English bride, formerly Penelope Coleman, of Norfolk. Pat is the youngest son of Mr. Denis Allen, of Edgecliff, and the late Mrs. Allen. His brother John flew across to be best man at the wedding.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mulhearn leave St. Mary's Cathedral followed by Geoff Howard, Shirley Brownlow, Mrs. Geoff Howard, and Sally Shepherd. Mrs. Mulhearn was formerly Beth Williams, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Williams, of Crookwell.

**AT MELBOURNE** Sheep Show were New South Wales visitors Mr. and Mrs. David White, of "Havilah," Mudgee, with Mrs. Ronald Shepherd (right), of "Napperby," Alice Springs. Before her marriage, Mrs. White lived in Beaconsfield, Victoria.



**YOUNG DANCERS** at the Melbourne Sheep Show Ball were attractive Wendy Marshall and American visitor Peter Taft.



Not even wily Uncle Fred guessed what finally would happen when the book was published . . . beginning an hilarious serial

# Cocktail Time

**T**HE train of events leading up to the publication of the novel "Cocktail Time," a volume which, priced at twelve shillings and sixpence, was destined to create considerably more than twelve-and-a-half bobs' worth of alarm and despondency in one quarter and another, was set in motion in the smoking-room of the Drones Club in the early afternoon of a Friday in July. An Egg and a Bean were digesting their lunch there over a pot of coffee when they were joined by Pongo Twistleton and a tall, slim, Guards-officer-looking man some thirty years his senior, who walked with a jaunty step and bore his cigar as if it had been a banner with the strange device "Excelsior."

"Yo ho," said the Bean.  
"Yo ho," said Pongo. "You know my uncle, Lord Ickenham?"

"Oh, rather," said the Egg. "Yo ho, Lord Ickenham."

"Yo ho," said Lord Ickenham. "In fact, I will go further. Yo frightfully ho," and it was plain to both Bean and Egg that they were in the presence of one who was sitting on top of the world, and who, had he been wearing a hat, would have worn it on the side of his head.

And, indeed, Lord Ickenham was feeling as he looked. It was a lovely day, all blue skies and ridges of high pressure extending over the greater part of the United Kingdom south of the Shetland Isles; he had just learned that his godson, Johnny Pearce, had at last succeeded in letting that house of his, Hammer Lodge, which had been lying empty for years, and on the strength of this had become engaged to a perfectly charming girl, always pleasant news for an affectionate godfather; and his wife had allowed him to come to London for the Eton and Harrow match. For

the greater part of the year Lady Ickenham kept him firmly down in the country with a watchful eye on him, a policy wholeheartedly applauded by all who knew him, particularly Pongo.

He seated himself, dodged a lump of sugar which a friendly hand had thrown from a neighboring table, and beamed on his young friends like a Cheshire cat. It was his considered view that joy reigned supreme.

"Bless my soul," he said, "it really is extraordinary how fit I'm feeling today. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and the sap rising strongly in my veins, as I believe the expression is. It's the London air. It always has that effect on me."

Pongo started violently, not because another lump of sugar had struck him on the side of the head, for in the smoking-room of the Drones one takes these in one's stride, but because he found the words sinister and ominous. From earliest boyhood the loquacity of this uncle had been an open book to him and, grown to man's estate, he had become more than ever convinced that in failing to add him to their membership list such institutions as Colney Hatch and Hanwell were passing up a good thing, and he quailed when he heard him speak of the sap rising strongly in his veins.

It seemed to suggest that his relative was planning to express and fulfil himself again, and when Frederick Altamont Cornwallis Twistleton, fifth Earl of Ickenham, began to express and fulfil himself, strong men—Pongo was one of them—quivered like tuning forks.

"The trouble with Pongo's Uncle Fred," a thoughtful Crumpet had once observed in this same smoking-room, "and what, when he is around, makes Pongo blench to the core and call for a couple of quick ones, is that, though well"



By  
**P. G. WODEHOUSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

stricken in years, he becomes on arriving in London as young as he feels and proceeds to step high, wide, and plentiful. Get Pongo to tell you some time about the day they had together at the dog races."

Little wonder, then, that as he spoke, Pongo was conscious of a nameless fear. He had been so hoping that it would have been possible to get through today's lunch without his uncle perpetrating some major outrage on the public weal. Was this hope to prove an idle one?

It being the opening day of the Eton and Harrow match, the conversation turned naturally to that topic, and the Bean and the Egg, who had received what education they possessed at the Thames-side seminary, were scornful of the opposition's chances. Harrow, they predicted, were in for a sticky weekend and would slink home on the morrow with their ears pinned back.

"Talking of Harrow, by the way," said the Bean, "that kid of Barmy Phipp's is with us once more. I saw him in there with Barmy, stoking up on ginger pop."

"You mean Barmy's cousin Egbert from Harrow?"

"That's right. The one who shoots Brazil nuts."

Lord Ickenham was intrigued. He always welcomed these opportunities to broaden his mind and bring himself abreast of modern thought. The great advantage of lunching at the Drones, he often said, was that you met such interesting people.

"Shoots Brazil nuts, does he? You stir me strangely. In my time I have shot many things—grouse, pheasants, partridges, tigers, gnus, and once, when a boy, an aunt by marriage in the seat of her sensible tweed dress with an airgun—but I have never shot a Brazil nut. The fact that, if I understand you aright, this stripling makes a practice of this form of marksmanship shows once again that it takes all sorts to do the world's work. Not sitting Brazil nuts, I trust?"

It was apparent to the Egg that the old gentleman had missed the gist.

"He shoots things with Brazil nuts," he explained.

"Puts them in his catapult and whangs off at people's hats," said the Bean, clarifying the thing still further. "Very seldom misses, either. Practically every nut a hat. We think a lot of him here."

"Why?"

"Well, it's a great gift."

"Nonsense," said Lord Ickenham. "Kindergarten stuff. The sort of thing one learns at one's mother's knee. It is many years since I owned a catapult and was generally referred to in the sporting world as England's answer to Annie Oakley, but if I had one now I would guarantee to go through the hats of London like lightning. Would this child of whom you speak have the murder weapon on his person, do you suppose?"

"Bound to have," said the Egg.

"Never travels without it," said the Bean.

"Then present my compliments to him and ask if I might borrow it for a moment. And bring me a Brazil nut."

A quick shudder shook Pongo from his upper slopes to the extremities of his clocked socks. The fears he had entertained about the shape of things to come had been realised.

He shuddered accordingly, and in addition to shuddering uttered a sharp quack of anguish such as might have proceeded from some duck which, sauntering in a reverie beside the duck pond, had inadvertently stubbed its toe on a broken soda-water bottle.

"You spoke, Junior?" said Lord Ickenham courteously.

"No, really, Uncle Fred! I mean dash it, Uncle Fred! I really mean, Uncle Fred, dash it all!"

"I am not quite sure that I quite follow you, my boy."

"Are you going to take a pop at someone's hat?"

"It would, I think, be rash not to. One doesn't often get hold of a catapult. And a point we must not overlook is that, toppers being obligatory at the Eton and Harrow match, the spinneys and coverts today will be full of them, and it is, of course, the tophat rather than the bowler, the gent's homburg, and the fore-and-aft deerstalker as worn by Sherlock Holmes which is one's primary objective. I expect to secure some fine heads."

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham, as the Bean returned, "so this is the instrument. I would have preferred one with a whippier shaft, but we must not grumble. Yes," he said, moving to the window, "I think I shall be able to make do. It is not

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*Beefy Bastable decided to write his novel the day Uncle Fred bounced a Brazil nut off his tophat.*

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the catapult, it is the man behind it that matters."

The first lesson your big-game hunter learns when on safari is to watch and wait, and Lord Ickenham showed no impatience as the minutes went by, and the only human souls that came in sight were a couple of shopgirls and a boy in a cloth cap. He was confident that before long something worthy of his Brazil nut would emerge from the Demosthenes Club, which stands across the street from the Drones. He had often lunched there with his wife's half-brother, Sir Raymond Bastable, the eminent barrister, and he knew the place to be full of splendid specimens. In almost no place in London does the tall silk headgear flourish so luxuriantly.

"Stap my vitals," he said, enlivening the tedium of waiting with pleasant small-talk. "It's extraordinary how vividly this brings back to me those dear old tiger-shooting days in Bengal. The same tense expectancy, the same breathless feeling that at any moment something hot may steal out from the undergrowth, lashing its top hat. The only difference is that in sunny Bengal one was up in a tree with a kid tethered to it to act as an added attraction for the monarch of the jungle. Too late now, I suppose, to tether this young cousin of your friend Barmy Phipps to the railings, but if one of you would step out into the street and bleat a little... Ha!"

The door of the Demosthenes had swung open, and there had come down the steps a tall, stout, florid man of middle age, who wore his high silk hat like the plumed helmet of Henry of Navarre. He stood on the pavement, looking about him for a taxicab—with a haughty impatience.

"Tiger on skyline," said the Eggs.

"Complete with topper," said the Bean. "Draw that bead without delay, is my advice."

"Just waiting till I can see the whites of his eyes," said Lord Ickenham.

Pongo, whose air now was that of a man who has had it drawn to his attention that there is a ticking bomb attached to his coat tails, repeated his stricken-duck impersonation, putting this time even more feeling into it. Only the fact that he had brilliantined them while making his toilet that morning kept his knotted and combined locks from parting and each particular hair from standing on end like quills upon the fretful porpoise.

Youth, said Shakespeare, is full of pleasure. Age is full of care, and perhaps as a general rule there is truth in the statement, but in this particular instance it was the senior of the two members of the Twistleton family who was all gaiety and animation, while the spirits of his junior were manifestly low.

"For heaven's sake, Uncle Fred!"

"My boy?"

"You can't pot that bird's hat!"

"Can't?" Lord Ickenham's eyebrows rose. "A strange word to hear on the lips of one of our proud family. Did our representative at King Arthur's Round Table say 'Can't' when told off by the front office to go and rescue damsels in distress from two-headed giants? When Henry the Fifth at Harfleur cried, 'Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, or close the wall up with our English dead,' was he damped by hearing the voice of a Twistleton in the background saying he didn't think he would be able to manage it? No!"

"But it may be that you are dubious concerning my ability. Does the old skill still linger? you are asking yourself. You

## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

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need have no anxiety. Anything William Tell could do I can do better."

"But it's old Bastable."

Lord Ickenham had not failed to observe this, but the discovery did nothing to weaken his resolution. Though fond of Sir Raymond Bastable, he found much to disapprove of in him. He considered the eminent barrister pompous, arrogant, and far too pleased with himself.

Nor in forming this diagnosis was he in error. There may have been men in London who thought more highly of Sir Raymond Bastable than did Sir Raymond Bastable, but they would have been hard to find, and the sense of being someone set apart from and superior to the rest of the world inevitably breeds arrogance. Sir Raymond's attitude towards those about him — his nephew, Cosmo, his butler, Peasemarch, his partners at bridge, the waiters at the Demosthenes, and, in particular, his sister, Phoebe Wisdom, who kept house for him and was reduced by him to a blob of fearful jelly almost daily — was always that of an irritable tribal god who intends to stand no nonsense from his worshippers and is prepared, should the smoked offering fall in any way short of the highest



standard, to say it with thunderbolts. To have his top hat knocked off with a Brazil nut would, in Lord Ickenham's opinion, make him a better, deeper, more lovable man. There was good in Raymond Bastable, he felt, and the Brazil nut would bring it out.

"Yes, there he spouts," he said.

"He's Aunt Jane's brother."

"Half-brother is the more correct term."

"Aunt Jane will skin you alive if she finds out."

"She won't find out. That is the thought that sustains me. But I must not waste time chatting with you, my dear Pongo, much as I always enjoy your conversation. I see a taxicab approaching, and if I do not give quick service my quarry will be gone with the wind."

Narrowing his gaze, Lord Ickenham released the guided missile, little knowing as it sped straight and true to its mark that he was about to enrich English literature and provide another job of work for a number of deserving printers and compositors.

Yet such was indeed the case. The question of how authors come to write their books is generally one not easily answered. Milton, for instance, asked how he got the idea for "Paradise Lost," would probably have replied with a vague, "Oh, I don't know, you know. These things sort of pop into one's head, don't you know," leaving the researcher very much where he was before. But with Sir Raymond Bastable's novel, "Cocktail Time," we are on firmer ground. It was directly inspired by the accurate cata-

palmanship of Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred.

Had his aim not been so unerring, had he failed, as he might well have done, to allow for windage, the book would never have been written.

Having finished his coffee and accepted the congratulations of friends and well-wishers with a modesty that became him well, the fifth Earl ("Old Sureshot") of Ickenham, accompanied by his nephew, Pongo, left the club and hailed a taxi, directing the charioteer to convey them to Lord's cricket ground. As the cab rolled off, Pongo drew a deep breath, and sat staring before him with unseeing eyes. The recent episode had left him white and shaken, like a dry martini.

"You seem pensive, my boy," said Lord Ickenham. "Something on your mind, or what passes for it?"

Pongo spoke in a low, toneless voice.

"I was thinking," he said, "of a problem that came up for discussion at the Drones the other night."

"Oh?"

"It was this. If you have a crazy uncle, are you better off if he lives in London, or if he's down in the country all the time, and just blows into town for occasional visits?"

"And what decision was arrived at?"

"Well, some said one thing and some another. You see the point. If he lives in London, there he is, if you see what I mean."

"Always on tap, as it were."

"Exactly. But his loquacious sort of spread out thin, if you follow me. Whereas, cooped up in the country with no way of working it off, he... what is it? Begins with a 'g'... what is it?"

"Generates is, I imagine, the word you are groping for. Cooped up in the country, you feel, he generates a store of loquacious which expends itself with terrific violence on his rare visits to the centre of things."

"That's right. Well, that's the problem we were discussing. Pretty moot, don't you think?"

"Very moot, indeed. But for you, of course, the question must have been a purely academic one. You fortunately do not possess a crazy uncle. I know your uncle well. He has as balanced a brain as you could shake a stick at in a month of Sundays." Lord Ickenham paused. "Good heavens," he said, for a bizarre thought had struck him, "can it be that you are thinking of what occurred in the smoking-room just now?"

"Yes, it jolly well can."

"It struck you as odd that I should have knocked off Raymond Bastable's topper with a Brazil nut?"

"It struck me as loopy."

"My dear boy, that was not loquacious, it was altruism. I knew that he needed a Brazil nut in the topper. Such a nut would, I felt, change his whole mental outlook, causing a revised and improved Raymond Bastable to rise from the ashes of his dead self. You know, Pongo, the whole trouble in this world is the way fellows deteriorate as they grow older. Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all their finer qualities away, with the result that the frightfully good chap of 25 is changed little by little into the stinker of fifty."

"Look at Raymond Bastable. There's a case in point. Thirty years ago when he came down from Oxford, where he had been a popular and prominent member of the University Rugby football team, he was as bonhomous a young fellow as

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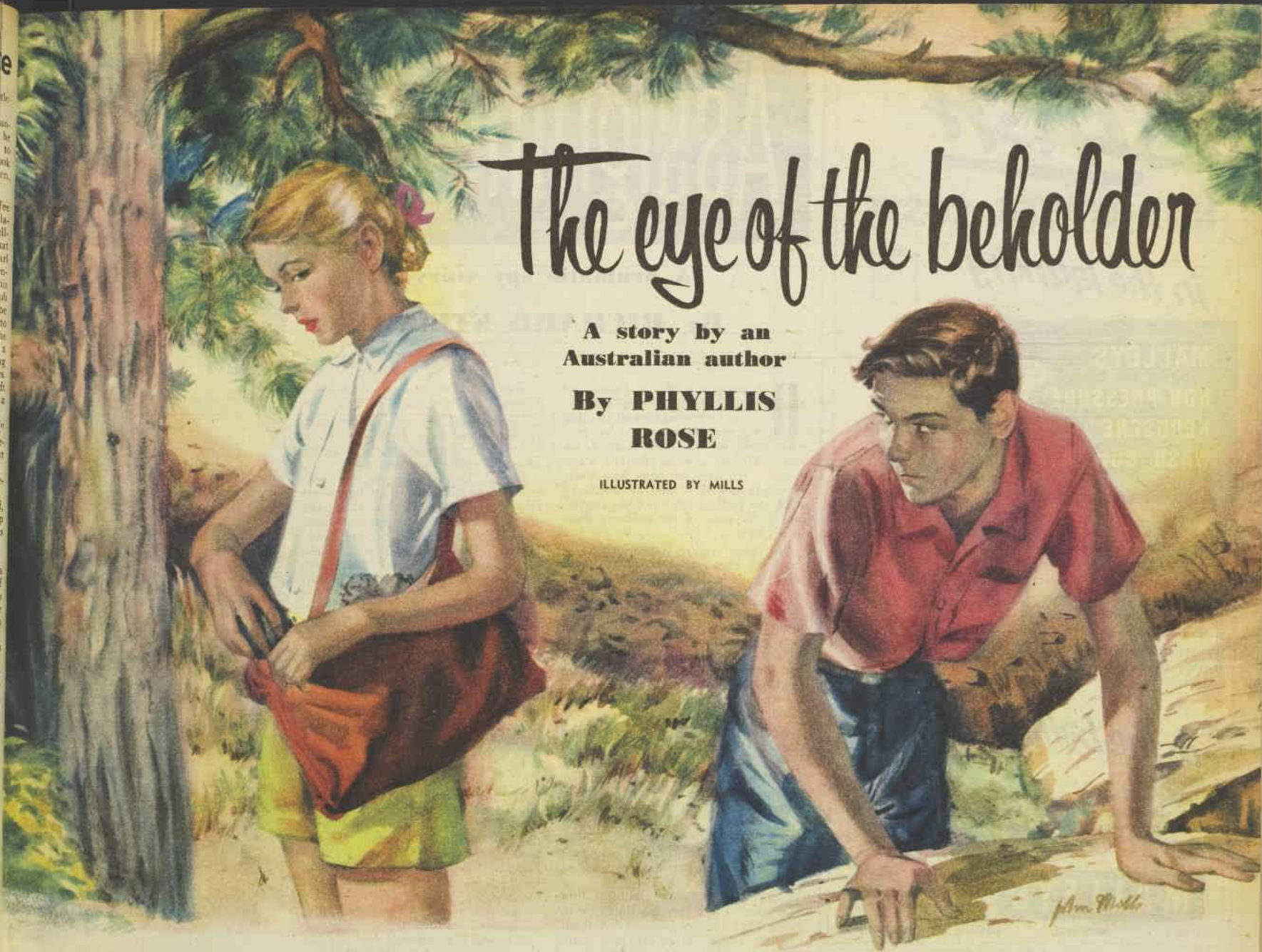


# The eye of the beholder

A story by an  
Australian author

By **PHYLLIS  
ROSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS



**I**T was almost visiting time, and the nurses were bustling about with a swish and rustle of starched uniforms, smoothing down quilts, beating up pillows, and clearing toys and odds and ends from the beds and lockers. Hans lay on his back, staring through a window at a patch of dull, grey sky and the rain drizzling down.

Outside were wet roads and roofs of tenements, with people hurrying, heads down against the drifting mist of the rain. Inside it was air-conditioned uniformly warm.

He wished the windows were open and the chill air free to enter, making it a pleasure and a luxury to snuggle down beneath the blankets, wooing sleep. Sleep would help the time to go faster till Saturday, when his mother came from Albury to take him home.

"Just for transfusions," the doctors had said, persuading her to enter him as an in-patient. "Be a big help to us in our job of getting this fellow fixed up again."

The fools. What a child they thought him, for all his fifteen years, attempting to delude him with impossible and glittering promises like that. He'd been fixed all right when he was seven, in the concentration camp. Polio and lack of medical attention were responsible for the shoulder that was twisted and higher than its fellow, and for the awkward limp when he walked.

At least he could walk, that was something to be thankful about. His lips curled bitterly. Oh, yes, how thankful he should be that he hadn't died, but had instead a future left to look forward to; such an inviting, beckoning future it was, to be sure. He had a vision of the years stretching ahead like endless streets and himself eternally hobbling along them.

Doctors. What an idiot he'd been when he was younger, in the Displaced Persons' Camp, waiting to come to Australia, believing that out there miracles could be worked. That he would be completely cured and grow straight and strong—normal, freed forever from the pitying glances which followed him wherever he went. Not in the camp, though—there he had merited no more than a casual glance, there was too much suffering, and he had been one of the lucky ones, going out to Australia to a new life. He was going to belong somewhere again.

What dreams he'd had then, gleaned and nourished from stories told concerning that golden land of opportunity lying south in warmer seas waiting for him.

Dreams of sheep stations and vast cattle ranges, of himself,

a wide-brimmed hat on his head, a spirited thoroughbred between his knees. The horse was rearing and plunging, trying to toss him off. He was breaking it in, and the other men stood at the rails watching. "Not bad," they said to each other. "He certainly can ride a horse, young Hans."

More dreams of gallops across the miles of open country where, in places, so they said, a man could ride from sunrise to sunset and see no signs of habitation at all, the wind rushing in his face, the sun shining down warmly.

And of course the rivers in the north, where great crocodiles crawled out to bask in the fierce sunlight. Himself, one of a party of croc hunters, taking aim at old Bignose, the largest crocodile of them all, the one that had eaten a blackfellow the day before.

His rifle to his shoulder, keen eyes looking along the sights for just the right, vital spot, then bang! Old Bignose kicking and struggling, mortally wounded.

The other men looking at him in admiration. "Wish I could shoot like that. Gee, you never miss!" they would say.

He, still in his dream world, would shrug his shoulders modestly: "Oh, it was nothing really, anyone could do it." And he would get up and walk with a careless, swinging stride to where the crocodile lay, dead now.

"Good hide on him," he'd say. "Might get it tanned and have a bag made for my mother."

And he'd be good at cricket and tennis, those were games Australians played. He could hear them, his friends, saying excitedly to each other: "Did you hear the news? Hans has been picked to play against England in the test matches. You'd never think that as a child he'd been crippled with polio, would you?"

Foolish dreams, dreams of a child who believed in fairy-tales.

They had crossed the sea eventually, and his parents got jobs on a farm where there was a cottage for them to live in.

Their employers were considerate and kind, the pay was good, they were happy. Except for one thing. As soon as they had saved enough his mother brought him to Melbourne where there were clever doctors to look at him and give their opinions.

"Time," the doctor had said. "In time we may be able to do a great deal, but you mustn't hope for miracles."

For two years now they had been making the monthly trip from Albury for treatment, and his general condition

*Margaret had come to take Hans home, but she turned away as he pushed himself to his feet.*

had certainly improved, but it had been a bitter realisation, a long time coming to him, that twisted and withered muscles could be beyond cure. It was six months now since he had finally put an end to his childish dreaming, and since then bitterness had corroded, acidly, the terminals of hope and optimism which had connected him to his fellow creatures.

Now he only wanted to get away, back to his own place, the cottage, where he could walk to the river and sit for long hours, watching the endless flow of water, lulled by it to a sort of hypnosis; a forgetfulness of self, part of the trees and grass that he sat on; ignored by birds and little creatures for his stillness. Sitting often until Margaret, daughter of the farmer, came to fetch him.

"Come on, Hans, it's nearly tea-time. Aren't you hungry?" she would say. She had a pretty little face, a smooth, pink and white skin, grey eyes, and flaxen hair. She was thirteen, and if he had not foresworn dreams, he would have dreamed of a future in which he performed incredible deeds of fortitude and courage in her honor.

As it was he usually replied, gruffly: "I'm coming," and got up awkwardly. Margaret always turned away while he rose, knowing he didn't like her to watch him, and never, never insulted him by offering help. She would sometimes pretend to collect pine cones for the fire.

Yet he was rude to her when she was kind, believing she only bothered with him because she pitied him. It was rather a pitiful thing, his pride, but it was all he had left, and he could not surrender it.

He remembered a conversation overheard only yesterday from the bathroom. Two of the nurses had been talking together, discussing him, unaware that he listened.

"He's such a prickly little beggar," one of them said. "I try to take a little extra trouble with him, because I feel so darned sorry for him, but he makes it hard going. So darned independent and ungrateful."

The second one said: "Oh, well, poor kid, it must be tough on him at his age. Suppose he's got a grudge on at the world."

The first one replied, impatiently: "Yes, that's all right,

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# Assignment: Treason

A dramatic spy story

By **RICHARD STERN**

**H**IS name was Martin Fallon and already, in a not-long lifetime, he had schooled himself to mind his own business and to play what cards he was dealt close to his vest. He sat now in Potter's state-room — ten days out from New York, Hamburg bound — and he wondered what this Federal cop was doing aboard, but he let none of the curiosity show in his face.

"In case you're wondering how much we know about you in Washington," Potter said, "the answer is quite a bit." He paused.

"You flew for an airline in China until the Reds closed it out. You run your own airline of sorts in Central America now, a fringe operation. You had some trouble in Guatemala before the Government changed there, and one of your three aeroplanes was confiscated."

And he paused again. "For running guns." He waited.

"It's on the record," Martin said. It had been a frame, pure and simple, and profitable for the framer, whose name was Flint, but there was no point in protesting it now. He would take care of it in his own way.

"And you've been pretty busy ever since we sailed," Potter's eyes watched him steadily.

"Have I?" He could smile at this. "Let's see. I've played gin rummy with Paula Flint and her husband." Amused himself, really, being friendly with Flint, who connected him with nothing. "I've played chess with Herr Gregor. I've talked with Mrs. Stevens and Dr. Stevens —"

"And you've searched Flint's cabin," Potter said. "Once, to my knowledge, maybe other times I don't know about." There was silence in the cabin. Martin sat quietly. The motion of the freighter was no longer predictable; it lurched and rolled. The weather had been too good to last.

"The doors in the corridor look alike. I got into the wrong cabin by mistake," Martin said. And the money, the price of a confiscated aeroplane, was not there, and so it was either in the purser's strongbox or in Flint's pocket. Either way, he intended to collect it. With interest.

"I don't believe you," Potter said. And then, "Have you searched my cabin, too? Somebody has."

He let his surprise show this time. "No." And this was no more than the simple truth. He was aboard the freighter because of Flint. But why was Flint aboard? And why this Federal man? And who else had been searching cabins?

Potter said, "You've talked quite a bit with the Stevens. I've watched." "I've talked with everybody. Including you." Including Herr Gregor, who spoke only German. "So?"

"What do you know about them?"

"I don't get it," Martin said. "What are you after?" And then, in the silence, "She — Trudi — is German, or was. Nice girl. Little jumpy." Afraid was a better word, and he had wondered about this, too. No matter. He told himself that it was none of his business. "Harley Stevens is a scientist — a physicist, I think — quiet, smart —"

He stopped there. "Like that, is it?"

It was; it had to be. A physicist and a Federal cop, incognito —

"A very fine physicist," Potter said. He was silent for a moment. There was only the lurching of the ship, the sounds of water along her sides.

Then: "Dr. Stevens and his wife attended an international conference on atomic energy in Geneva early this year." He paused. "Mrs. Stevens disappeared. And then Dr. Stevens disappeared. They returned to Geneva together after three days. Their passports showed that they'd been in Berlin."

Martin said, "And?"

"That's all," Potter said. "Except that they picked a freighter on an obscure German line to take their vacation trip — to Germany."

Martin shook his head. "It means nothing to me. Is that what you wanted to know?" He stood up.

Potter's face was sober, thoughtful. "Just one thing more."

"Yes?"

"Forget what I told you. About myself. I'm a tourist."

Martin's smile spread, young, amused. "We're tourists together."

Outside in the corridor he glanced at the door of the Flint cabin. He had been careless letting Potter see him going in there. But it wasn't important. He had his own project and Potter had another and there was no overlap — or was there? There were still unanswered questions:

Why was Flint aboard? And who had been searching cabins? And why?

He closed the door of his own cabin, steadied himself against a sudden lurch of the ship. They were running into a storm and he had a feeling about storms. It was not fear, but a heightened awareness. This applied equally to physical storms and to the kind that come from people; and sometimes your only warning was a sense of anticipation. Like now.

He crossed the cabin to the bureau. He pulled out the second drawer, the one where he kept his shirts. He reached beneath the shirts, feeling for the stubby gun in its holster. The gun was gone. And that, he decided, made the storm warnings almost certain...

There was only Paula Flint in the lounge wearing one of the knitted dresses that clung with such fidelity to her charms. She was young, very young to be Flint's wife; her hair was almost white, startling. She smiled at Martin.

"The storm got you? Somehow I can't see you seasick."

He smiled then. "Just thinking."

"You're always thinking, and keeping it to yourself. You're a close one." She paused. "And you don't miss a thing, do you?"

"What kind of things?"

She swung one foot easily, gracefully. "Me, for one. But you don't ever let yourself go, do you?" And she smiled again. "Don't worry about it. I like it. It's relaxing." And then, "Why did you take this tub to go to Europe? Your clothes, that wristwatch... You didn't have to come freighter."

"Did you?"

Her smile disappeared again, full-blown. "Ask Joe. He says he likes it because it's restful. That's maybe one word for it." She looked at her watch.



"Two hundred and thirty-two hours so far. I've counted them all."

She stood up, all in one smooth movement. "You don't seem very talkative, so I think I'll go get in Joe's hair." She went, smiling still, balanced with ease against the ship's motion.

Martin watched her, liking her, but thinking of Flint, who was something else again: a man who would rig a frame, for profit, against somebody he didn't even know; who would ship some boxes labelled hand tools, but with guns inside; and who would have the Guatemala police waiting to confiscate boxes, other cargo, and aeroplane. And a cut, through channels, to the informer. Neat; arguing an in with the Government that had been in power.

And then Mrs. Stevens came in, and it was for this that he had been waiting, though he was not sure why. He stood up, smiling. "How's Harley?"

She wore the same light wool dress he had first seen her in. Her hair, dark brown, was cut short; it lay soft against her face. Her expression was smooth, calm. Her eyes were not.

"He is feeling better. It was merely the beginning of the new motion." It was not so much an accent as a carefulness, a rhythm that was foreign. "Thank you."

"You know," Martin said, "I'm not very bright. It didn't occur to me until now that he's the Harley Stevens I've read about." And he watched her eyes grow almost opaque. He held his own smile steady. "You were with him at Geneva, weren't you? Early this year?"

She nodded slowly. Her eyes seemed to search his face.

"And in Berlin," Martin said.

"How did you—?" She stopped there.





In a moment Fallon was hustled out of the cabin by Flint while Gregor menaced the Stevens.

"I was there only once," Martin said. "Right after the war." He had switched to German, and she did not seem to realise it. "You visited friends?" "Please." And then, "Yes. Friends." "Yours?" he said. "Or Harley's?" And then, "None of my business. I'm just talking."

"Speak English." It was Harley's voice behind them. His tweed jacket was baggy and his necktie slightly awry; they would always be. But the eyes behind the rimmed glasses held no friendliness. He looked at his wife. "What was he asking you?"

"We were just—talking."

"About Berlin," Martin said. "I was there once, a few years ago. It's changed now, I suppose."

Harley took a chair, slowly, reluctantly, steadying himself by its arms against the motion of the ship. A wave slammed against the bow, broke over the deck. Harley said, "What do you want?"

"You've got me wrong," Martin said, and he added, and he didn't quite know why, "Doctor."

"Don't call me Doctor. I'm not a medical man; I'm a physicist." He paused. "Fifteen years ago nobody would have paid any attention to me. I would have been an ivory-tower boy." His voice was hard, bitter.

Martin watched him, thinking of Potter. He said nothing.

"Now," Harley said, "I'm like a monkey in a zoo. I can't even brush my teeth without somebody watching."

"Don't look at me," Martin said, and he made himself smile. "I'm just along for the boat ride."

The man had spent himself; the bitterness

was gone. He said, "I don't know. I—"

Then he was silent.

"Harley," his wife said, "we should not have come. It was—"

She hesitated, searching for the word. It came out in German, "Schlecht."

"Bad," Martin translated. "Or wrong."

And then, "Was it?"

Harley's head came up, and the eyes were bright again, angry. "It's nobody's business but ours. We're people; we aren't machines." And then, looking straight at Martin, "Tell that to whoever sent you." He stood up, and was gone, walking quickly.

Martin looked at the girl. Her head came

up slowly. "He is not feeling well, Martin." She spoke in German. "It is—only that."

"No," Martin said. "Because it's worrying you, too."

There was silence. She watched his face, searched it. "I am—frightened."

"Yes. I've seen it." It's none of my business, he thought; but the question was already on his tongue: "Why?"

She shook her head slowly. "I do not know. And that is worst of all." And suddenly she, too, was gone.

Martin sat alone, smoking a cigarette. He

Illustrated by

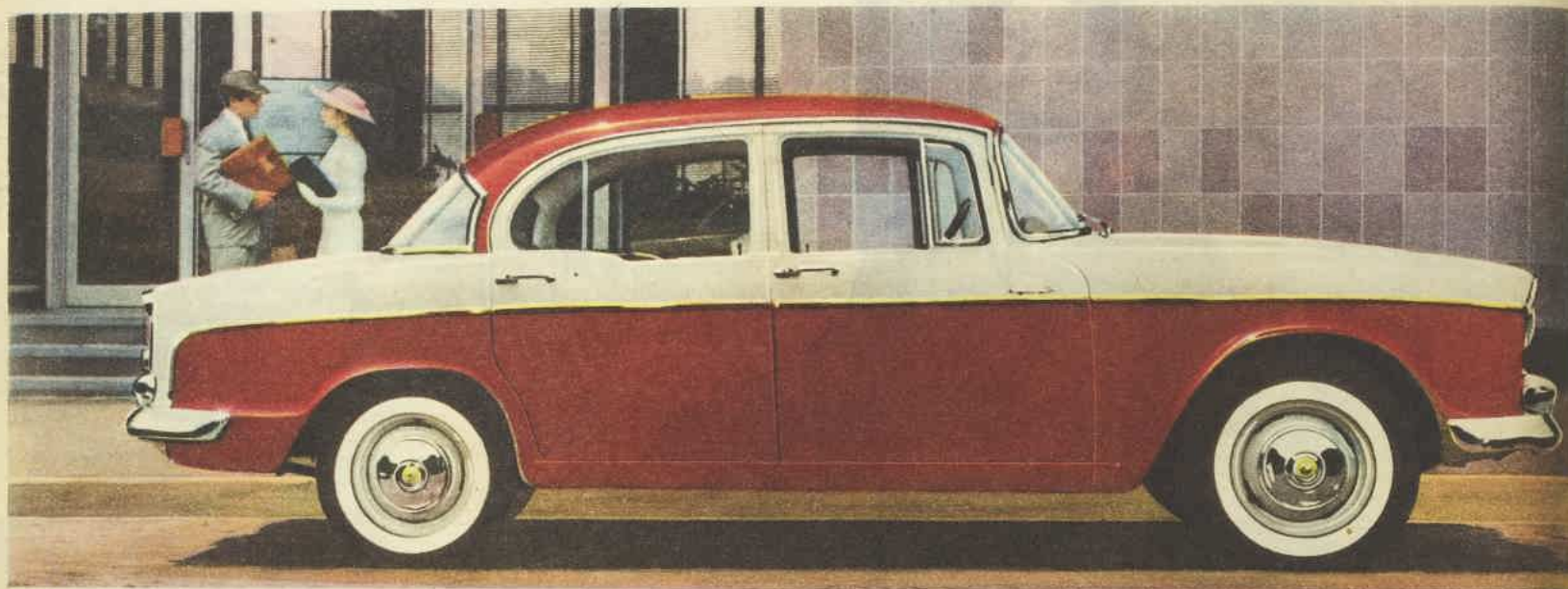
To page 65



# Grand Prize Winner

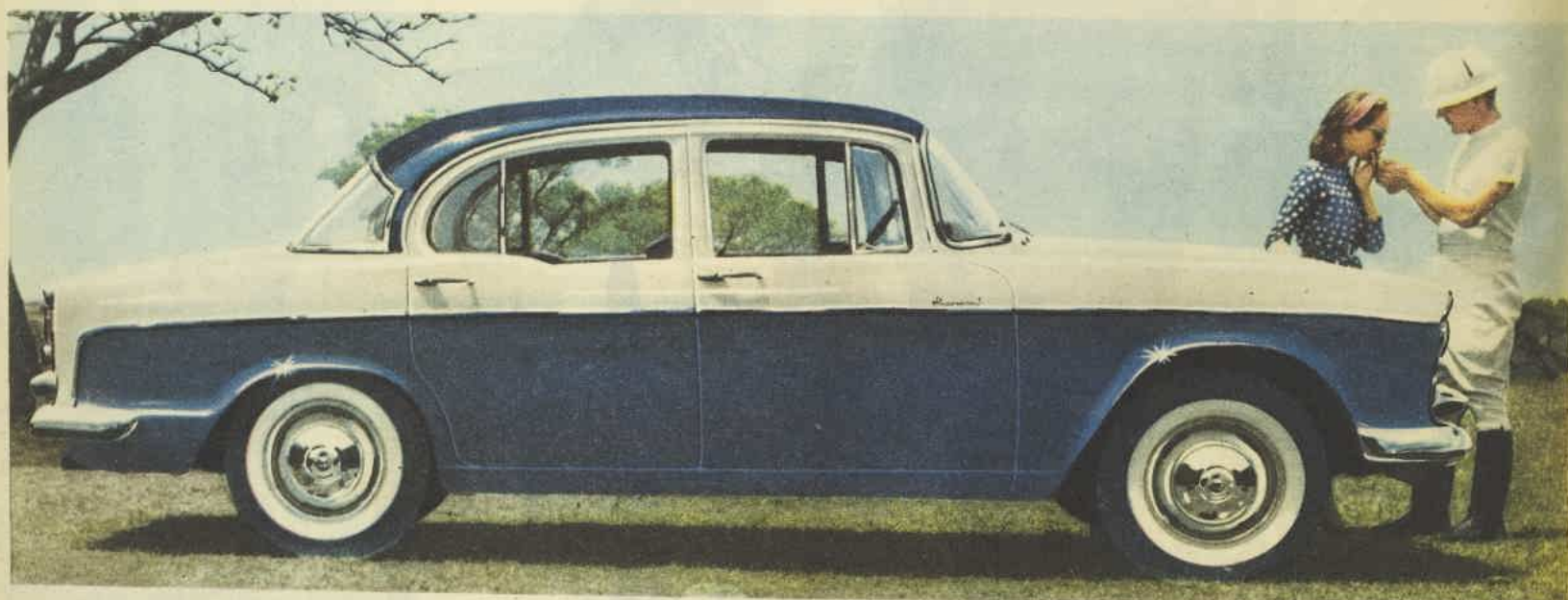
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# In My Father's House

A short short story

By ADRIEN HILLIER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

*There was an excited flutter in his heart—it had been there since he had awakened that morning*

GEORGE walked proudly, the dust from the road rising thickly under the impact of his heavy boots. Even the scratched eight-year-old knees showing minutely between the floppy grey shorts and the long woollen socks were springy with a small boy's eagerness to feel the pulse of a sunny Sunday morning.

His aunt and uncle and cousins had gone away for the day and in his hand he carried a paper bag containing thick pieces of bread and jam for his lunch. There was nothing wrong about that, George knew—he was fed and clothed and he slept in a warm bed. It was just that they had enough children of their own, and that was a fact George had never even had to consciously accept—he'd known about it all along.

He caressed the peak of his cap and quickened his step to keep pace with the excited beat of his heart. It was a beautiful cap—smooth and brown, and inside it bore a label that said the peak was unbreakable. George thought that to have a cap with an unbreakable peak was something pretty special, and even if it had just been ordinary he would still have exulted because until someone had given it to him yesterday he had never before possessed a cap of his own.

Maybe, he thought, if I walk down the main street there will be a lot of people and they will be able to see how I look in the brown cap. There were people in the street, and he saw that most of the men and all of the ladies wore hats.

On the opposite side of the road several small boys walked with their parents. Billy Stone was among them in a new grey suit, and for a moment George wondered how it would feel to have a suit like that—a suit with an inside pocket and a place on the lapel for a badge. Then he saw that the other boy didn't have a cap, and sorrow for Billy Stone replaced the envy. It must be bad, he thought, not to have a cap, especially one with an unbreakable peak.

He followed the people up the street just as the bells began to ring. He'd heard those bells often, and he knew that when they rang, people went to church, even though he'd never been there himself. Outside the church he watched as everyone began to move towards the door, and waited hoping that someone would speak to him and maybe ask him if he would like to go in, too, but at last when he was alone he realised that perhaps it wasn't the sort of thing people asked you to do.

There was still the excited flutter in his heart—it had been there since he first awakened with the sure knowledge that this was going to be a different Sunday morning to any other he had ever known. He knew, too, that church was a place where you went to thank God for the things you were given, so, setting the brown cap straight on his round little head, he walked uncertainly to the door.

He slipped gratefully into a seat right at the back, stealing a glance



at the woman beside him. She was tall and not too young and her hands on the hymn book were quite big and strong. Her hat was brown, too, but not very pretty, he thought, wishing at the same time that she would look at him.

When the hymn began, she turned to him smiling, holding out the book for him to share. Her eyes rested with flattering attention on his cap and he felt a delicious swelling within him until he saw that there was a faintly troubled expression in them, and he wondered uneasily if perhaps there was a smear of jam on the peak.

Then he gave himself up to trying to match the words in the book to the tune they were singing, and he felt an odd throbbing in his heart that kept time with the sweet volume from the organ.

Then the minister began to pray and George bent his head swiftly. Earnestly he gave thanks for his gift and fervently he hoped that God would notice he was wearing the cap as witness to his gratitude.

In a little while the minister began speaking about a house in which there were many mansions. A shaft of sunlight from the windows shone on George's face, and he wondered a little sleepily what the mansions would be like—whether they would be like the new place on the hill, which was built of cream bricks and had big plate-glass windows.

Then he caught his breath, remembering the time someone had taken him to see a film and he had stood in wonder in the foyer of the theatre gazing at the cherubs on the ceiling and the huge glittering pendants and the pictures in their frames of shining gold. That was how the mansions would be, he told himself with certainty, and rather

wistfully he wondered if he would ever get to see them.

The minister paused and in that moment his eyes rested on the brown cap. George felt his heart swell with pride again and hoped that the minister knew he had remembered to thank God in his prayers. He met the man's eyes with shy clearness, until he saw that same troubled expression once more and felt the tall woman move uneasily beside him.

Uncertainly he looked around him, a vague doubt clouding his pleasure. The little girls' heads were gay in their summer bonnets, and alongside them sat a row of small boys, their heads showing wayward locks clearly in the morning sunlight. He saw Billy Stone's father, his head nodding sleepily and his grey hat held between his knees, and a little farther along the row old Marty Brett from the bakery with his bald patch gleaming rosy.

George caught his breath under a sudden engulfing wave of knowledge—men and boys didn't wear their caps in church, and that was a thing he hadn't known about. He held the beloved cap between his scratched knees and bent his head so that he could see the label, but the hot, shamed tears and the light from the windows made rainbow splinters before his eyes, so that he could only blink and dig his fists

into the warm place where his small, proud head had been.

At last he heard the clink of silver and a mysterious rustling and saw that some men were passing around wooden plates and the people were putting money into them. That was another thing George hadn't known about, and the hot flame was back in his face again as he felt in the pocket of the grey shorts. It was thin and exciting in the trembling palm of his hand and his mouth was suddenly dry, because threepence was something with which you could get a small glass of raspberry from Miss Adams at the corner shop, and that had been just what George was going to do.

The tall woman had the plate, and, carefully not looking at George, she made to pass it back along the seat, when he tugged her arm, his eyes enormous with the importance of the moment. Maybe, he thought, it will make things right about the cap—maybe one day I'll get to see those mansions after all. There was something else, too, that made the warm glow come back to his heart—a thing that he didn't know about yet. In that moment George had learned about giving.

Before the service ended, the children sang a hymn which George knew because he had sung it at school. Proudly he sang, ignoring the hymn book, and his eyes found

those of the minister, who nodded at him approvingly. The woman beside him smiled at him with sudden sweetness, and once again George knew that this was a special kind of Sunday morning.

Outside the church, he walked quietly away, the cap in one hand and the brown-paper bag in the other. The tall woman walked swiftly up beside him.

"You're George, aren't you?" she asked. "I know your aunt a little."

"She's away today," he told her. "I'm going to have my lunch by the river."

"That's a pity," she said gravely. "I was going to ask you to have lunch with me."

He considered gravely, in surprise—his aunt always had to know beforehand if anyone was coming. "You mightn't have enough food," he answered politely.

"I think I could manage." Her voice was serious. "There's an apple pie that's much too big for me, and ice-cream going to waste."

His eyes were round as she went on. "Besides, I'd like a little company."

George swung the cap gladly in front of him.

"Put it on now," she said. "It's a beauty."

He put it on carefully, and suddenly he knew what it was about this morning—it was all the Sunday mornings he'd ever dreamed about. "It's got an unbreakable peak," he said happily.

(Copyright)



# OUR FREE BLOUSE PATTERN

FRONT PATTERN

For night  
and  
day wear



TWO  
"LIVES":

ARM HOLE

PLACE ON FOLD



**MATERIALS REQUIRED:** 1½ yds. white poplin, 7 yds. 5 in. white embroidered cotton edging, one 8 in. slide fastener.

Cut pattern from the paper, following colored line for the size required: blue line for 32 in. bust, black for 34 in., red for 36 in.

As shown, pin or paste 4 in. more paper in direction indicated by arrows to lengthen pattern. It should extend 1½ in. below the natural waistline. There is no seam or hem allowance.

Centre front and centre back are placed on material fold. Allow 1 in. for seams at the sides, and ½ in. at shoulder, armhole, and neck, and 2 in. for the hem in addition to the 4 in. added to length of pattern.

Fold the poplin lengthwise, selvedge to selvedge. Place centre front and centre back of patterns on fold of material. Cut out one back and one front. Remember to make seam allowances.

Cut facings (indicated by dotted line) for the front and back. Remember seam allowances.

Pin front and back pieces together at shoulder and side seams, leaving a 10½ in. gap on the left side for the slide fastener (the 10½ in. allows for the hem).

Try on for size and adjust if necessary. When fitted, machine shoulder and side seams.

Machine facings together: at shoulder seam for neck facing, and at shoulder and side seam for armhole facing.

With right sides facing each other, machine facing to neckline. Nick the seams at the corners so facing will "sit" correctly and turn facing

SIDE SEAM

To make pattern correct length, extend arrowed lines 4 in.





CAMISOLE BLOUSE is straight-set and chic. Here it is shown (at left) worn with a slim dark skirt for a summer party and (above) with slacks for the casual look.

SHOULDER SEAM

● Pattern for the camisole blouse is shown in three sizes: the red line is for 36in. bust, the black for 34in., and the blue for 32in. Dotted lines indicate neckline and armhole facings. (Note: Don't cut out pattern before you have finished reading the fiction on pages 23 and 26.)

BACK PATTERN

ARM HOLE

SIDE SEAM

under. Hand-sew facing in place at shoulder seams.

Repeat procedure with armhole facings. Turn up hem of blouse.

Turn under rough edge of embroidered cotton edging lin. along the entire 7yds. Edging is sewn on the blouse in layers (see picture). Begin each layer at the left seam gap.

Pin and then sew first layer on at bottom of blouse. Extend it  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. past the poplin hemline so scalloped edge shows (see picture).

Pin and then sew on succeeding layers, one layer at a time. Each should overlap the next by 1in. When sewing edging at neckline and armholes, leave  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to turn under.

Turn under edging at neckline and armholes and sew neatly in place with a cross-over herringbone-stitch.

Turn under left side edges at the now  $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. gap and put in slide fastener.



PLACE ON FOLD

To make pattern correct length, extend arrowed lines 4in.



# Faith on ice

A short story complete on  
this page

By DOROTHY  
M. ROSE

**P**ETE ANDREWS had that queasy feeling back in the pit of his stomach, the feeling he had every month when he'd finished writing the household cheques. He knew they were living over their heads, anyway, but once a month there it was, proven in black and white.

Gloria was singing in the kitchen while she did the dishes. Pete could hear her. She was like a child in a lot of ways, couldn't see past tomorrow. And tomorrow, in his case, could very well be the day he'd lose his job.

There'd been plenty of those days in the Andrews' house when Pete was a kid, so he knew about them. Why couldn't Gloria have half the sense of values his mother had?

Pete stuck the cheque for the refrigerator instalment in an envelope! That was the one that rankled most of all. They needed a refrigerator like he needed a hole in his pocket.

Later on, if and when they had kids—sure, it would be economical then. But right now? It was a monument to extravagance. And Gloria had ordered it without consulting him, even before they were married.

"Gloria," Pete called. He'd try again to get things through her head. "Come here and sit down." He stood over her with the cheque-book. "Look at that balance."

"Oh, good!" Gloria said. "It covered everything."

"That's not the point," Pete said in exasperation. He sat down beside her. "Look, Gloria, we're married almost a year."

"Tomorrow," Gloria interrupted dreamily. "A year tomorrow."

"We should have more put aside by now," Pete went on doggedly. "I told you about the new man in the office. We both can't get the promotion. And if I don't get it you never can tell when they might cut down on staff."

Gloria looked indignant. "You'll get it." Pete grabbed her hands. "Gloria, aren't you ever afraid?"

"Of course not." Her eyes became solemn for a minute. "I'll never be afraid with you. You're just nervous because your boss is coming to dinner tomorrow night," she said lightly.

"By the way, do you know what he likes to eat, Pete? I bet his wife's nice. I thought, since it'll be our anniversary, it could be like a party. I've lots of fancy stuff in the refrigerator."

Pete winced at mention of the refrigerator. "Please, Gloria," he said. "Keep it simple, will you? No frills, no fuss. It's not smart to show off to the boss. What'll he think if we throw our money around?"

Gloria came and dropped on one knee beside him. "He'll think you're a world-beater, a winner, just like I do."

Pete shook her a little. "Promise me you won't go overboard tomorrow night."

"I won't let you down," Gloria said before she jumped up. At the door she looked back. "If we ever have to scrimp, I can do it, darling. Don't worry."

Pete shook his head. She could not

scrimp. Sure, half the things she bought were for him, things he didn't need. She was a child about money. That was why his mother had looked so doubtful when he'd announced his intention of getting married.

"I hope she can manage," Mrs. Andrews had put it. And at the big wedding reception his mother had clucked over the extravagance of Gloria's people.

His mother knew the value of a dollar. How many times had he heard her say when he was a kid, "It would be nice, but you know we can't afford it, not on your father's salary."

No wonder her eyebrows had shot half way up her forehead at the reception. "How high does a wedding cake have to be?" she'd whispered to Pete.

Pete fidgeted through the next day, the anniversary, at the office. Once, Mr. Pemberton stopped by his desk.

"Looking forward to meeting your wife tonight," he said.

Pete knew he wasn't imagining that Mr. Pemberton's glance rested speculatively on the expensive material of the suit Gloria had picked out for him. It was common office knowledge that Mr. Pemberton liked to know about a man's home life before he gave him the stamp of approval in the firm.

No doubt that was why Mr. Pemberton had manoeuvred Pete into extending the invitation to dinner in the first place . . .

When Pete ushered the boss and his wife into the apartment he knew his lecture of last night might as well have been given to the wind.

Gloria looked beautiful in her blue tulle. The place was decked with flowers. And her idea of simplicity evidently ran to the driest of dry martinis, then something she'd done with lobster, probably out of the refrigerator.

But the dinner went pleasantly, with Gloria chattering on, her face pink with excitement. Pete was proud of her in spite of everything. After all, she could have married lots of other men, men with money, but she'd chosen him.

When they'd finished the lobster, Gloria cleared the dishes and then came back, a big plate in her hands, her eyes shining. "It's my surprise," she announced like a kid, "for our anniversary."

She set the plate down before Pete and he looked at it uncomprehendingly. There were tiny figures on top of the cake, a bride and groom. "Wedding cake?" Pete asked.

Gloria beamed at him. "Our wedding cake. The top tier, anyway." She put the knife in his hand. "All the girls have been doing it, keeping the top layer of their wedding cake for the first anniversary."

The refrigerator, with special freezer section, Pete thought dazedly. This was why she'd wanted it, he'd bet on it. He looked up at Gloria and saw the look in her eyes he saw so often, the look that meant

she'd believed in him and their life together right from the start, and that she always would.

But this time the faith got through to Pete. Maybe if his father had been fed on that kind of faith instead of fear all through the years he might have tasted success, gone on from that third-rate job of his.

Pete was sure suddenly that he'd never let Gloria down. By golly, if it wasn't this job, this promotion, it would be another one, and a good one.

Pete started to cut the cake. If Mr. Pemberton didn't approve, it was just too bad. "This is probably the most expensive cake you ever ate," he said. "Cost about ten bucks a bite." He held a plate out to Mrs. Pemberton. "And worth every cent of it."

"I only wish they'd had refrigerators when I was married," Mrs. Pemberton said. "I'd have done the same."

Mr. Pemberton laughed. "Never be afraid of a little legitimate debt, son." He nodded at Gloria. "I can see now where you get your get-up-and-go. And that's what the firm needs."

Pete saw Mrs. Pemberton's hand come up to touch that of her husband, and as they looked at each other, smiling softly, evidently at something remembered between them, Pete turned to Gloria. "Happy anniversary, darling," he said.

(Copyright)



"Just look at that balance," Pete said with a note of despair in his voice as Gloria looked at the cheque-book.



# VISCOUNT



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## LETTERS FROM OUR READERS . . .

# That daily schedule

I COULD not help laughing when I read Mrs. Burlace's schedule, particularly the piece about ironing. When I am ironing the routine goes something like this—iron one shirt; dash out and put the fowls back in pen (toddler let them out); iron two articles; baby wakes, change him; iron half a frock; get toddler off the road; iron six hankies; time for baby's feed; iron two more shirts; boys home from school for snack; iron two pairs shorts; baby needs changing again; and so on!

Mrs. M. Constable, 48 Eager Street, Corral, N.S.W.

HOUSEWIVES, would you wish to be single again without the "burden" of married life? Marriage is a highly skilled and trying profession and the only one which calls for duty 24 hours per day, seven days per week . . . BUT, isn't it worth it? How many women without families envy you and long for the added responsibilities of motherhood? So, housewives, let's not have the "little woman" getting "burned up" but instead keep up the good work and enjoy your blessings. After all, was it not your own choice?

Mrs. R. Schubert, c/o Great Eastern Hotel, Young, N.S.W.

WOMEN so often complain that they haven't got time to do things they really like. Part of the trouble is they are afraid to admit they could have spare time for fear that might brand them as bad housekeepers. In these days of labor-saving devices they can have time, and if they used it to do the things they are interested in they would be far better wives and mothers. A woman with her own ideas and pursuits can give so much more of her personality to her family.

Anne Dowd, Deane Street, Charters Towers, Qld.

THE "one track" answers to Mrs. Burlace amazed me. They all attacked without looking past the schedule to realise that her life is as flexible as everyone else's. What a lot of self-pity was poured out. I'm quite often in a muddle too, but what's the difference? The work gets done sometime, even days or weeks later. Three cheers for Mrs. Burlace! I hope that when my children are out of the infant stages that I can have a schedule, too.

Mrs. B. Raymond, 23 Thalaba Road, New Lambton, New-castle, N.S.W.

MRS. BURLACE'S article made me feel sad, not mad. What of her two little schoolboy sons? Don't they ever need Mum to supervise their baths, get them ready for school and Sunday school, and put them to bed? I have been married only 18 years and have three sons aged 12, 11, and nine, so cannot presume to set myself up as an authority on children or time study, but I manage to teach Sunday school and work for their club, schools, and church. I could, no doubt, do more if my kids and husband were not so untidy, noisy, and perfect darlings, likewise their myriad friends.

Margaret Mitchell, 198 Sale Street, Orange, N.S.W.

I WAS surprised no correspondent in this discussion touched on two statements by Mrs. Burlace around which I consider her whole life and routine revolve. I quote: "A co-operative husband is the best help of all," and "Weekdays usually com-

INSTEAD of our usual readers' letters this week we publish some interesting comments selected from the hundreds we are still receiving in a discussion on a claim that housewives waste time and energy in their daily work schedules. The claim was made by Mrs. Margaret Burlace in an article in *The Australian Women's Weekly* on 2/7/58, in which she gave her own housework schedule, and said: "Housewives have time to burn." The first comments and criticisms from readers and Mrs. Burlace's replies were published on 23/7/58. This selection completes the correspondence. The readers' letters below will be paid for at usual rates.

mence with a cup of tea brought by my loving, early-rising husband." I think readers of the article and schedule, especially brides-to-be, should take thoughtful note of the above quotations.

"Older Mother" (name supplied), Nambour, Qld.

I MUST congratulate Mrs. Burlace, first for her most interesting article on keeping house and second, for her calm replies to all the women who disagreed with her statements. It is always interesting to read of other people's methods of work. No two of us keep to the same schedule, but how often we pick up hints from others.

"Constant Reader" (name supplied), Port Pirie, S.A.

I HAVE nothing but praise for Mrs. Burlace's schedule. My own differs only in the time for soaking the washing, and I go out on Wednesday instead of Thursday. I have four teenagers, six younger ones and my father-in-law, so there are 13 of us in the house. I have Mrs. Burlace's schedule on the kitchen wall and it is a great help.

"Cheaper By the Dozen" (name supplied), Bacchus Marsh, Vic.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. Burlace for trying to improve her lot "provided her family do not suffer." I do my share of moaning about my moments of boredom and the continual sameness, but when my little son comes in to my bed (has Mrs. Burlace time for that?) and says "Gosh I love you" with his arms tight about me, how ashamed I feel of my useless repining. I'm an authority on interruptions to schedules, yet I am still a believer in a schedule, to a point. How else would we manage unless we planned ahead?

Mrs. R. Wardle, Kulikup, W.A.

A LOT of the caustic comment and criticism of Mrs. Burlace is unwarranted. She mentioned Monday as washday, but added is need not be. Where, then, is the inflexible routine? Also, because she organises husband and children she is accused of creating a dictatorship. I found Mrs. Burlace's schedule a good one, but, after all, she only offered it as a help to others. She is not forcing anyone to use it.

Mrs. McGovern, Bellew Street, Beenleigh, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

IT has happened at last. Blondes are out of fashion, and brunettes have seized power.

Italian film stars are said to have inspired the new craze.

The revolution was sure to come sooner or later, I suppose.

Blondes had a very good innings. Their long run of success made them over-confident.

They became careless in their grooming, let the paint on their toenails get chipped, wore fewer petticoats. They ran a little to fat (witness Marilyn Monroe's spare tyre).

The brunettes—keen, ambitious, and trained to the last ounce—were waiting to grab their opportunity. It came, and they have taken over.

Some changes are certain in the new period of brunette supremacy.

The song "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" will be altered to "Jeanie With the Dark Brown Hair." "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" will probably be banned. The heroine of the story of the three bears will be renamed Coalilocks.

I don't grudge brunettes their

### DARK HORSE WINS

hard-won success. Many of them are splendid girls.

They have much to offer the world, and they will be offered much, too—flowers, dinners, diamonds, choas.

But I have noticed signs of growing arrogance in them. A Sydney brunette told a reporter contempt-



uously: "Fluffy blondes have had it."

I hope that in the hour of victory they will not turn on blondes and treat them harshly. Although blondes have been defeated, they have the same rights as any other minority.

Today on the station I saw a beautiful blonde looking lonely and unhappy. No doubt she found it

hard to get used to being unpopular. I felt like going up to her and offering sympathy, only I thought she mightn't understand.

It would be a great pity, I believe, if blondes became extinct.

They are decorative creatures. Some of them are dangerous, but if treated kindly they show affection. There is truth in the old saying that "The blonde is the friend of man."

A good many men would be willing to join a society for the prevention of cruelty to blondes, if there was one.

Cec McGoon suggests that if their numbers decrease alarmingly the Government should establish a blonde sanctuary, where they could be protected and allowed to multiply.

Exultant brunettes are digging in fast, getting the best modelling and stage jobs, going to more barbecues, riding in more sports cars.

Nevertheless, blondes are determined to fight back.

A spokesman for them says: "There are hard times ahead—less publicity, fewer parties. But remember we still have what it takes. They can't do without us in the long run. Like General MacArthur, we will return!"



# KITTY O'SHEA'S ROSE RESTED ON HIS HEART

By WILLIAM JOY

Another world-famous love story

● Late in 1891 a queenly woman with lines of suffering on her face was going through the papers of the man who had died in her arms. In a faded envelope she found a withered rose — and she wept.

THE rose had sparked their love story, the greatest in the annals of Ireland.

The woman was Kate Parnell, earlier notorious the world over as Kitty O'Shea.

For her, Charles Stewart Parnell, uncrowned King of Ireland, had sacrificed honor, power, life itself.

Her fatal love for him and the storm of hatred it roused set back the freedom of Ireland a generation.

Kitty O'Shea was 35, gay, witty, with sparkling black eyes, when she first met Charles Stewart Parnell, leader of the wild Irish Party in the British House of Commons.

Parnell had promised to attend a dinner she gave for her wastrel husband, but failed to turn up. She descended on Parliament House and had him brought to her.

It was love at sight for both of them.

Red-bearded Parnell was gaunt with ill health. He warmed to the gloriously vital woman with the rich, sympathetic voice.

The red rose fell from her corsage as they parted. He picked it up and pressed it to his lips.

There was no period of courtship. Within weeks he was sending intimate little notes to "my queen, my love, my own true wife."

They snatched stolen meetings.

An almost telepathic understanding strengthened the bonds of passion.

She gave him the moments of peace and restfulness his aloof heart craved. In return she possessed a great man and was filled with boundless ambition for him.

## Neglected wife

Few today would blame Kitty O'Shea. She was a neglected wife, living with her three children on the generosity of a wealthy aunt.

Her husband, Captain William O'Shea, occupied cosy bachelor lodgings she rented for him in London.

O'Shea had squandered fortunes on stud farms and horses. For years he lived on his wits, using Kate and her aristocratic relatives—her uncle was Lord Chancellor of England—as pawns in mysterious enterprises that took him to the Continent for months on end.

Kate even borrowed the money that helped O'Shea into Parliament for County Clare.

O'Shea at first encouraged the romance between his wife and his leader. He intended to use it to further his own ambitions.

But he soon descended from sponging to blackmail.

When he challenged Parnell to a duel, Kitty bought him off with an annuity and promises of preferment in Parliament.

When Parnell became Kate's lover he regarded her as his lawful wife and was as jealous of O'Shea as any exacting husband.

Vainly he asked her to divorce O'Shea, who was notoriously unfaithful. She dared not risk the scandal.



UNCROWNED KING OF IRELAND. Charles Parnell and, below, Kitty O'Shea, for whom he sacrificed honor, power — and his life.



Their romance rivalled a mystery thriller. Parnell even shaved off his luxurious red beard for one stolen weekend at Brighton.

Police often trailed him when the Irish were in revolt. For three weeks Kate hid him in her villa from detectives.

Tragedy struck in 1881 when a new wave of murder and arson swept unhappy Ireland. Parnell, rushing to control it, was arrested for treason and flung into Kilmainham Gaol.

Kitty O'Shea, who was expecting a child by him, panicked.

Her hysterical letters brought tender reassurances, sometimes written in invisible ink between more formal lines, in notes smuggled from gaol by friendly warders.

Parnell even offered to resign his seat, leave politics, and go away with her. "Nothing in this world is worth risk of harm or injury to you," he wrote.

After a difficult confinement, Kitty O'Shea was told her daughter could not live. She was determined Parnell should see the child before it died.

With the strength of despair she sent her worthless husband to Prime Minister Gladstone. Together they negotiated a treaty which brought her lover hurrying back to a sad reunion over the deathbed of their child.

The subsequent birth of two other daughters brought the lovers even more closely together.

Kitty's was the driving force that sent the often indolent Parnell to the heights.

He was tipped to be the first Prime Minister of an Ireland soon to be free — when all he had achieved crashed in ruins.

## Park murders

Two Fenian assassins stabbed Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and his aide to death in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

Parnell's enemies blamed the wild men of Parliament, particularly Parnell. His English friends recoiled in horror.

"I shall resign," he said when he heard the news. "I can't go on."

Kate rallied his flagging spirits. "You're no coward," she said. "You must go on."

Parnell needed all the strength she could give him, for his enemies were closing in for the kill.

Her worthless husband, embittered by failure of his parliamentary hopes, turned on Parnell, vowing to "break him in the dust."

O'Shea testified that forged letters linking Parnell with the Phoenix Park murders were genuine, but a legal inquiry gave the lie to that.

Then he launched an action for divorce.

At last Kate O'Shea faced the threat she dreaded. She knew the scandal would break Parnell, that his love for her would drag him down.

She fought to stave off the action. Willie O'Shea, she said later, would have dropped his case and let her divorce him for £20,000.

He could have had it by waiting a few months. Her aunt had just died, leaving her a fortune.

The will, however, was contested, and O'Shea pressed on with the case.

Kate now reacted with unbridled fury. She charged her own sister with misconduct with O'Shea.

## False evidence

When the date of the hearing arrived, however, she decided not to defend the action.

"If we win," she told her counsel, "I must be O'Shea's wife for life and, if so, may death be not long delayed."

O'Shea showed the lovers no mercy. The court heard of assignments at Brighton and Eastbourne with Parnell masquerading under the names of Stewart, Fox, Preston, and Smith.

Some of the evidence was false. A housemaid testified that Parnell once fled by the fire-escape when O'Shea paid an unexpected visit.

"The joke was," laughed O'Shea later, "there was no fire-escape."

The sordid divorce details horrified straitlaced Britain. Parnell's Nonconformist supporters in England deserted him. His party in Parliament threw him from leadership.

But Kitty O'Shea had unswerving faith in Parnell. She married him in June, 1891, at Steyning, near Brighton, then sent him with all the fury of a woman scorned to Ireland to win back his kingdom.

Loyal Dublin gave him an ovation. In the country, however, the Irish peasantry, with their horror of divorce, raged against the man they once hailed as their champion.

They spat at him, flung lime and filth, and sang ribald songs about Kitty O'Shea.

The crowning humiliation came at Kilkenny, where the crowd waved a woman's shift on a pole and called it the "Banner of Kitty O'Shea."

Parnell returned to Kitty at Brighton, broken and dying.

He had developed a fever while speaking bareheaded in pouring rain, and died in her arms on October 6, 1891.

Thus ended the romance of an uncrowned king who sacrificed everything for love.

Charles Stewart Parnell went to his grave with the rose of Kitty O'Shea resting on his heart.

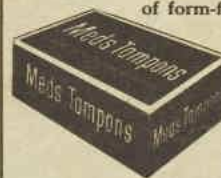
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# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I AM a very unhappy girl of 15 years and nine months old. A couple of weeks ago my boy-friend broke off with me for the second time in three months. He said it would be better this way because he has a lot of work coming up and he has to go to Tech. for five years in August, when he turns 17, and he also has to go to music lessons. Mum says he probably still loves me but has too much work to do. I don't go out any more except with his sister. Plenty of boys have asked me out, but I refuse because I still want him. Do you think there is a possibility of our getting together again, as I love him a lot? Last time when we made it up after five weeks of misery I asked him was it going to be on and off all the time, and he said, 'More than likely.' Please advise me what to do. I am a very sporting girl—should I continue with my ballet lessons and swimming?"

"Unhappy and Upset," N.S.W.

I quite agree with your boy-friend. I think it is much better with your steady association broken off. There is only one way you can retain his interest—by leaving him alone.

"It is obvious that he realises that it is most important for him now to study and work hard at Tech. It is just as obvious that love and romance are the most important things to you. To a boy of 17 a girl and romance are secondary things. He likes to have a girl to take out when it is a matter of prestige to have a girl with him, but generally he prefers a lone-wolf existence.

You are probably turning him against girls for all time with demands for a steady association. I'm definitely on his side.

If you'd go out with the other boys who asked you, work hard, and continue with your ballet and swimming training and try to enjoy life, you may grow into the girl he'd like to take out. I'm sure you'd be a dead loss as you are and a misery to take out. And, by the way, do you still go out with his sister because you like her or as a reproach to him and a way to keep in touch with what he's doing?

"THERE is a very nice boy who goes home on the bus I catch from business college. I am 14. This boy doesn't take much notice of me even when I try to make him. I asked a friend to tell him that I liked him and she did, but he did not say whether he liked me or not. Should I keep trying to get his interest or should I go with another boy I know? The first boy comes from a good home, so that is all right. I am considered attractive by all my friends. Please answer soon, as I cannot remain in this undecided state much longer."

"Worried Teenager," S.A.

Girls of 14 should keep a girl of fourteen's place—and that is behaving becomingly and concentrating on your studies.

It is not becoming to try to make a boy on a bus notice you, it is worse to get a friend to tell him you like him. I think you are far too young to go with any boy.

"I AM 18½ years old and very much in love with a boy a year older than myself. Since December last year we have been seeing each other continually. He has often told me that he loves me and has always been thoughtful and considerate. I placed my entire trust in him and each time I saw him my love for him grew. No other boy mattered to me and I loved him with all my heart. A month ago I received my first shock. He said he did not love me and that he wanted to go out with other girls. He said that he was always looking at other girls and he wouldn't look at other girls if he really loved me. Then when he realised how upset I was and saw that I truly loved him, he said that he did love me. He set about to prove it in every way and a more perfect boy-friend couldn't be found. Last week exactly the same thing happened. He said he had realised that he didn't love me, but he couldn't understand why. I still love him as much as ever. He still wants to take me out, but he doesn't love me—he only likes me. Could you please tell me what to do?"

S., Brisbane.  
Just let this very decent boy go. He has been so honest with you that he deserves it. The hardest lesson anyone has to learn is that some people don't love you, and the heart full of love you have for them doesn't help at all. There's no happiness for either of you in the present situation. If you don't let him go he'll dislike you heartily in no time.

## \*\*\*\*\* DISC DIGEST \*\*\*\*\*

THIS week I came across an extremely jolly platter which I think a great number of people are going to enjoy. It's called "Class of '25" and the gay cover sets the pace of the LP by showing a group of university students of the year 1925 clustered around a roadster of that period. If I'm not mistaken, Joe "Fingers" Carr is at the steering-wheel, and alongside him is the other star of the record, trombonist "Pee Wee" Hunt.

"Pee Wee" is perfectly at home with music of the 'twenties. He got his first job, on Bix Beiderbecke's recommendation, back in 1926, with Jean Goldkette's band. Later he moved to the Casa Loma, in Toronto, where Glen Gray was saxophonist. The group of musicians eventually merged into the famous Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. Joe "Fingers" Carr and his razz-ma-tazz piano need no introduction. On T.935, trombonist and piano-man front a big driving band for 12 rousing tracks: "The Sheik of Araby," "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," "Minnie the Mermaid," "Louisville Lou," "That Certain Party," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," "Jealous," "Rose of the Rio Grande," "Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Tucky Home," "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue," "Hula Lou," and "I Love My Baby." Arrangements were made by Lou Busch, who is really Joe "Fingers" Carr when he is in serious mood.

The back of the album carries some amusing sketches. The notes, although brief, provide a concise background picture of the U.S. during the first half of the Roaring 'Twenties.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



## A word from Debbie . . .

HAWAIIAN hula toast is terrific by-the-fire food. Make some toast, butter hot, cover with a slice of ham, a slice of pineapple, and a thick slice of tasty cheese. Grill until the cheese melts, sprinkle with paprika or parsley and eat. Yum-yum.

Frankfurts with bacon bandages are wonderful, too. Split a frank down the inside curve and spread the split with mustard. Cut the rind off a bacon rasher, bandage the split with it, keep it in place with a toothpick, grill and eat.

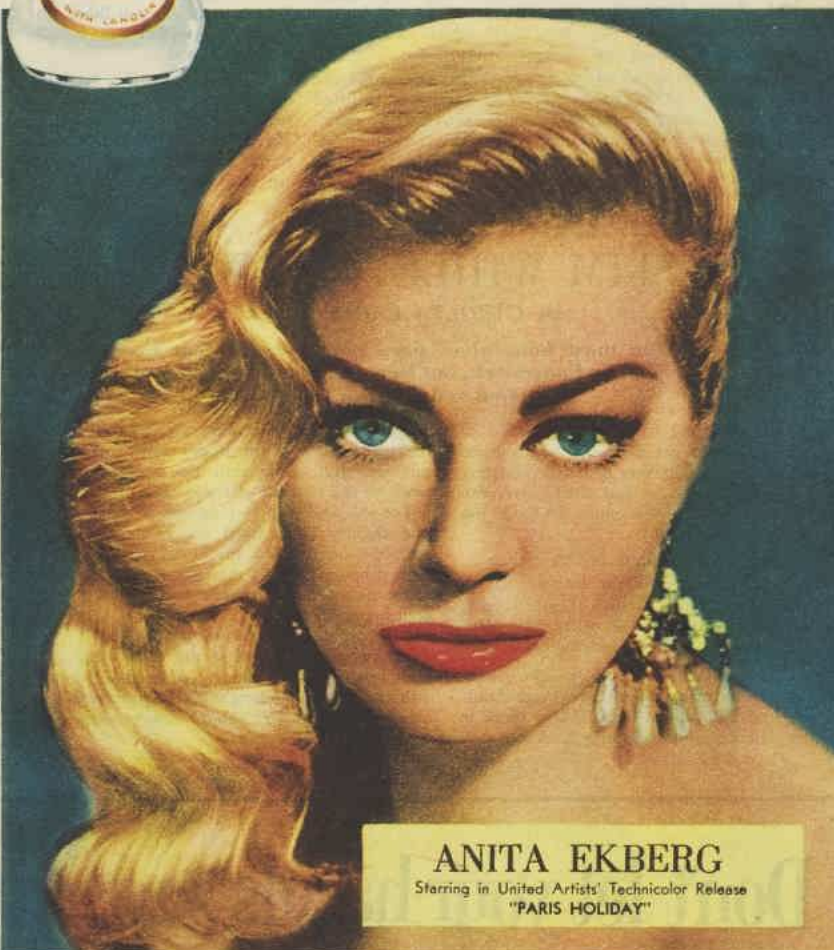
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Page 31



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● One of the most flattering silhouettes for spring is a softly bloused top and separate skirt made with sharp pleats, a design I have chosen for a young married reader.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"Could you please advise me about a design and paper pattern for an outfit suitable for early spring? I don't want a chemise or anything too exaggerated. Isn't there any moderate and attractive style the house-dressmaker can make?"

The design illustrated at right is a good example of an attractive spring outfit that is fashionable without being ultra. In the picture the two-piece suit is made in hounds-tooth check cotton. It would

look equally smart in silk or light wool.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I AM seeking your advice on a trouser outfit for summer. I am 16 years old and have a very slight figure. I want the newest design."

In sportswear styling for the young, a middy (unfitted overblouse) plus narrow ankle-length pants is a popular two-piece. The middy is newest when it is cut short to reach

approximately 2 in. below the waist. It can be sleeveless or have tiny sleeves. The all-over effect of such a combination is loose, cool, and casual.

"I HAVE sufficient pink-and-beige ch ck wool for a between-seasons frock and would like a suggestion for the style. I have only enough fabric for a simple style, but want it new-looking. I am 17."

My suggestion is a straight-cut, chemise-type dress with a belt slotted at the hipline. Have the neckline bateau shape and the sleeves straight-cut to above wrist-length.

"AS I do not like the new unbelted jackets, could you suggest an alternative idea?"

Quite a number of the new spring suits are finished with self-fabric belts. The belt is placed low and is "loose" enough to create a chemise-type silhouette.

"DO you think the chemise frock suitable for a woman in her mid-thirties?"

I think the chemise is primarily intended for the woman with a slender figure and good legs. However, as the silhouette is semi-fitted, it does have the advantage of covering up any minor figure flaws.

"HOW many inches from the ground should I have the skirt of a new spring ensemble?"

The length of a skirt-line (it will be short—that's certain) is governed by the silhouette of the dress. The trapeze line or any dress with skirt fullness looks prettiest just covering the knees. The chemise line or any other slender silhouette should be at least 1 in. or 1½ in. (the latter for the more conservative) below the knee. This extra length is necessary because a narrow skirt is apt to slither up when the wearer sits.

RIGHT: DS321. Two-piece suit. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/- Patters may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Beauty in brief:

## SLIM WHILE YOU WORK

By CAROLYN EARLE

● To keep slim most housewives need more or different exercise than that provided by housework, but some household chores are good spot reducers.

THE one thing to remember above all is that to get a beauty bonus from standing at an ironing board or clapping a broom or mop, or just sitting over the family mending, you must do each job properly.

Take ironing as an example.

Never slump over the ironing board. Instead, try standing with the feet apart, one slightly behind the other, and with the shoulders straight and the chin level.

This distributes the body weight evenly and results in a straight back and shoulder-line and a firm neck. Also there is less chance of developing backache.

Sweeping and mopping are good for the waistline and the upper arms. To put zest and swing into the operation, work to the rhythm of radio music.

For this task the feet should be apart, one slightly back from the other, and with the heel raised for better balance.

And have you ever thought of relaxing while you peel the dinner vegetables or mend clothing?

All you need is a comfortable chair. Then just sit well back in the chair with both feet flat on the floor, and hold your chin at a reasonable height all the time, remembering that you should never stoop over these tasks.

## Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 20, 1958



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## "Bathing Beauty"



Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be tiring" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!



"Dettol is an old trusted friend to me", says Dorothy McCulloch, fashion commentator. "Besides making my bath most refreshing, I protect my throat with a Dettol gargle". A few drops of Dettol in water brings cool comfort and helps protect against infection.



Smart girls use Dettol for personal reasons. Fragrant Dettol is gentle to use—harmless to everything but germs—and an excellent deodorant. That's why so many women use it for personal hygiene... it keeps the skin delightfully clean, fresh and sweet.



First Aid? ... first Dettol! You'll invariably find a bottle of Dettol in the First Aid Kit. Gentle Dettol assists in promoting fast healing and helps to guard against the risk of septic infection. Keep Dettol in your home ready to kill germs and help heal the wound. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does... (ask him)... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential... in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath)... in the room from which sickness may spread... to disinfect linen and crockery. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

# DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC



AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

FATHER



"Monday, and it's only 9.30. Boy, is this week dragging!"

MOTHER



"Jimmy is running a drive-in theatre to help pay for the television."

## It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

AN executive of an Australian business firm has revealed that he invented a fictitious executive to "accept the buck" for decisions unpopular with employees.

The story came out in Bankruptcy Court proceedings.

This ingenious idea simply carries established commercial practice to its logical conclusion.

If you know your "David Copperfield" you'll remember Mr. Jorkins, of the firm of Spenslow and Jorkins.

Mr. Jorkins did exist, but

"He was a mild man of heavy temperament, whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men. If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. Jorkins wouldn't listen to such a proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid... The heart and hand of the good angel, Spenslow, would have been always open, but for the restraining demon, Jorkins."

Passing the buck didn't disappear with Mr. Spenslow. Minor executives find it useful to mention "the management" to account for unpleasant decisions. Sometimes the mere use of "They" serves the purpose.

The real trial comes when someone accustomed to falling back on "They" becomes one of "Them."

Inventing a fictional character for the purpose is brilliant. The inventor ought to be a millionaire—and a happy one.

IN the mail last week—a request so charmingly put that I hope it can be met.

Mr. John P. Stewart, a retired industrial chemist, of Hampden Road, Artarmon, Sydney, wants to obtain a copy of "a fine old song entitled 'My Sweetheart When a Boy'."

"The highest note for me," Mr. Stewart writes, "should not be higher than D, and, of course, with piano accompaniment. I have endeavored to get the right thing in which the air is different in each verse, and lately was sold an album of old-fashioned songs only to find that it had been condensed to having the one air to both verses. No good!"

"This lovely sentimental song I last heard sung by a friend in Scotland in the late 'nineties of last century, and I very earnestly desire to sing it."

WHEN the Miss Universe contestants were in California earlier this month a reporter asked them about their ambitions.

Miss Japan, Tomoko Moritake, said her only desire was to become "a truthful housewife."

East, undoubtedly, is East...

WHEN the Parisian designer Yves Saint-Laurent, of the House of Dior, showed his spring skirts several inches longer than those of the other designers, the Duchess of Windsor applauded.

The Duchess, at 60, has become a bit set in her ways. Having sat out the sack and the more extravagant of the 'twenties styles, she was naturally triumphant at seeing her own ideas vindicated. Some designer has to please the Duchess. Her custom is

worth a good deal of money.

Whether Mr. Saint-Laurent's styles continue to lead the fashion field remains to be seen.

But if his ideas win, Australians, always a season behind, will enjoy a peculiar advantage this spring. Those who have nice legs can follow the established spring line. Those who agree with Saint-Laurent (the young man has just announced he "doesn't like knees") can pretend they're away ahead.

And those who've recklessly sliced a couple of inches off a coat that has to last three seasons can just absorb the moral:

Always turn a good, deep hem.

POLICE in Sydney believe that a thief who specialises in Saturday morning robberies obtains cash-box keys from the top right-hand drawers of desks.

Office workers, duly warned, are now busy transferring keys to top left-hand drawers.

EXTRACT from a report of the goings-on in Lebanon:—

"Premier Sami Es Solh, still bitter about the attempt on his life, boycotted the parliamentary session..."

Does make you cross, that sort of thing.

SCREEN star Clark Gable, aged 57, has stated that in future he will only play romantic roles when they are seasoned with comedy.

The film-star idols come and go, Some brasher, some much subtler. Was ever such a handsome beau As long ago—Rhett Butler?

Dear Clarky! In those bygone years You made our pulses quicken. How sad it is—forgive these tears—That such a waist should thicken.

Time leaves its mark on girls and men, Clouds many a brow once sunny, But cruellest of all is when It makes a heart-throb funny.



# Color Scheme Contest results

## Woman wins £1000 — and an argument with her husband

• The winners of The Australian Women's Weekly £1500 Color Scheme Contest are:

**FIRST (£1000):** Mrs. D. W. Hill,  
Rose St., Horsham, Vic.

**SECOND (£200):** Mrs. D. A. Peacock,  
Applecross, W.A.

**THIRD (£50):** Mrs. Robin King,  
"Sherwood," Ando, N.S.W.

IN addition to winning the £1000 first prize, Mrs. Hill won an argument with her husband.

When told of her success, she said: "Now my husband will have to let me alter the color scheme in our gift shop."

"We have just remodelled and redecorated it, but my husband would not let me plan the color scheme."

"He didn't think I knew enough about it."

"So I gave in, but continued privately to think it could have been just that little bit nicer, and now I know I'm right."

Mrs. Hill said that before working out any color schemes she decided which way the rooms would face, what shape they would be, and how many windows and doors they would have.

"Aspect, shape, windows, and doors control the whole planning for a color scheme," she said.

"So I sketched my rooms. And then I thought . . . and went on thinking for a long time."

### Worked at night

"At last I had the whole picture mapped clearly in my mind and I went to work seeking the colors I wanted from the stack of Women's Weeklies I'd treasured through my thinking months."

"I didn't start the actual color collation until after the May school holidays and then

I worked eight nights straight on end."

This was when son John, 14, and daughter Robyn, 11, came into the picture.

"John kept the fire stoked up for me and Robyn found the colors I wanted," she said.

"They were both so keen to help, the only problem was to get them off to bed."

"My husband? He thought I was wasting my time, but decided to humor me," she added with a twinkle in her brown eyes.

Tall, fair-haired, and with a tremendous zest for life, Mrs. Hill did an Art course at the Ballarat School of Mines, and before she married was a fashion artist with Myer's in Melbourne for four years.

Twelve years ago she and her husband went to Hor-

**Mrs. Hill's winning entry, in full color, is overleaf.**

sham, where he bought a commercial printing business to which, five years ago, they added the gift shop which Mrs. Hill runs.

In addition, the energetic Mrs. Hill:

- Runs her home without domestic help.

- Makes all her daughter's clothes, some of her son's, and most of her own.

- Is an active member of the Wimmera Field Naturalists' Club and runs one of Horsham's Girl Guide Companies as its lieutenant.

- Demonstrates floral art to local community groups and judges floral art at local shows.

- Works with the R.S.L. Women's Auxiliary and helps Church of England social activities.

- Plays an occasional round of golf.

- Makes exquisite pressed wildflower pictures, which she sells through the Arts and Crafts Society.

**THIRD:** Mrs. Robin King made her entry a replica of the color schemes she used in her own home, "Sherwood," via Cooma, N.S.W.

Not content with all this activity, she recently bought a set of oil paints, and plans to capture the beauty of the Grampians on canvas.

Mrs. Hill is planning to use part of the prize-money for a family holiday.

"We'll all go up north as far as the bauxite mines, and work our way right over to the Kimberleys," she said.

Mrs. Hill presented her entry with amazing care and attention to detail.

### Amazing care

She provided everything—cat for the hearth, dog for the kitchen, lampshades, tables, ornaments—all carefully cut from The Australian Women's Weekly.

Detailed plans showed the position of windows, doors, and furniture.

But it was not her skilled art work which won the £1000 for Mrs. Hill—several entries were even more cleverly presented.

The colors themselves won the prize—gay, clear colors harmoniously arranged to create a happy atmosphere.

**THE winner of the second prize, Mrs. Donald Peacock, was married last September and moved into her new home at Christmas-time.**

"It is a beautiful old home with large grounds near the river at Applecross," she said.

"I put in my Color Contest entry about the middle of April, so I had four months' experience in my new home to help me."

"It was great fun working out the schemes."

Mrs. Peacock is secretary to a Perth estate agent, so houses play an important part of her everyday work.

Her entry was simply presented with color patches cut from The Australian Women's Weekly and without any drawings or illustrations.

The lounge-room is colorful yet restful. The ceiling is white, three walls pale green, one olive-green, and the carpet is deep mushroom-pink.

Curtains are in a heavy gold fabric and the gold appears again in the floral motif of the white-background chintz loose covers.

Two chairs are upholstered with green-and-white striped material and scatter cushions are gold and lavender.

Over the white-painted brick fireplace are dull red wall lamps.

Kitchen colors are blue,



**FIRST:** Mrs. D. W. Hill, of Horsham, Vic., with her children, John and Robyn, who helped while she prepared her entry.

blue-grey, and strawberry, with all main equipment white.

The ceiling and three walls are blue with a grey tiled wall behind the stove. Strawberry-pink cupboard doors and drawers have white surrounds; curtains are white, patterned with pink and black.

The floor is mottled grey, black, and white.

For the bathroom Mrs. Peacock chose pink, blue, and black. The pink of the ceiling extends down the upper walls to meet blue tiles and the fittings are a matching pink.

Blue and black tiles cover the floor in a chequered pattern.

### Mixed own colors

**THIRD prize winner, Mrs. Robin King, sent in replicas of color schemes in her own station home, "Sherwood," 35 miles from Cooma, where she lives with her husband and son.**

"We have just finished decorating our own home," she said, "so I went through The Australian Women's Weekly and found colors as near as possible to those we had used."

"We did all the painting ourselves, mixing the colors to get exactly what we wanted."

A New Zealander, Mrs. King did a course in arts and crafts at Christchurch before she came to Australia nearly 20 years ago.

She has used the same colors through most of the house, interchanging wall and ceiling colors and varying the tones.

"This gives a restful, spacious feeling and makes a bigger house," she said.

Key colors are pink, grey, and white.

## Thousands enter, some from abroad

• The Color Scheme Contest attracted thousands of entries from all parts of Australia and overseas.

**THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY** ran the contest to help raise funds for the Red Cross "Bride of the Year" quest.

Overseas entries came from Norfolk Island, New Zealand, New Guinea, Hongkong, even from a reader in Kent, England, who gets her copy of the paper "third-hand, via an aunt in Sydney and her friend before her."

Contestants were asked to design color schemes for a lounge-room, a kitchen, and a bathroom, illustrating the colors with samples cut from color pages of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Judges had a hard time choosing the winner.

They looked for a combination of attractiveness, practicality, originality, and presentation.

Most people keep their color schemes for some years, so the judges looked for colors that were comfortable to live with.

### High standard

The judges were very impressed by the general standard of taste in the entries submitted and in their presentation.

Detailed plans accompanied many entries. Others were arranged as scale models with miniature furniture.

However, it was choice and combination of colors, not presentation, which won.

The most popular lounge-room color scheme, submitted in various forms by hundreds of people, was a combination of grey, white, dark blue, yellow, red, and green.

While most were conservative, kitchen and bathroom colors were dramatic.

The vogue for washable wallpaper in these two rooms showed its influence in hundreds of entries.

One contestant devised an ingenious circus tent canopy ceiling for her kitchen—four triangles of striped wallpaper meeting in the centre of the ceiling, with a scalloped border around the top of the walls.

These comments by competitors show how popular the contest was:

"We enjoyed doing the color schemes, because we pretended we were doing them for our dream house — we don't have it yet, but we're saving steadily and when we have it we can be married."

"I feel as though I've been through a course of architecture, interior decorating, and making jig-saw puzzles."

"This is a lovely, zany competition: I feel like Alice in Wonderland. What will the kitchen floor be — the tinned peas, the parsley, or the chopped shallots?"



**SECOND:** Mrs. D. A. Peacock, of Applecross, W.A. Recently married, she planned her entry as she redecorated her new home.

### CONSOLATION PRIZEWINNERS

The winners are:

**£20 each**

Jean Macdonald, Birdwood Terrace, Auchincloss, Qld.

Carlton Parker, Aston Gardens, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Mrs. D. Walter, Fordham St., Hobart.

**£10 each**

Miss M. Thompson, "Barenia," Frances, S.A.

Mrs. A. Walcott, Bynna Rd., Palm Beach, N.S.W.

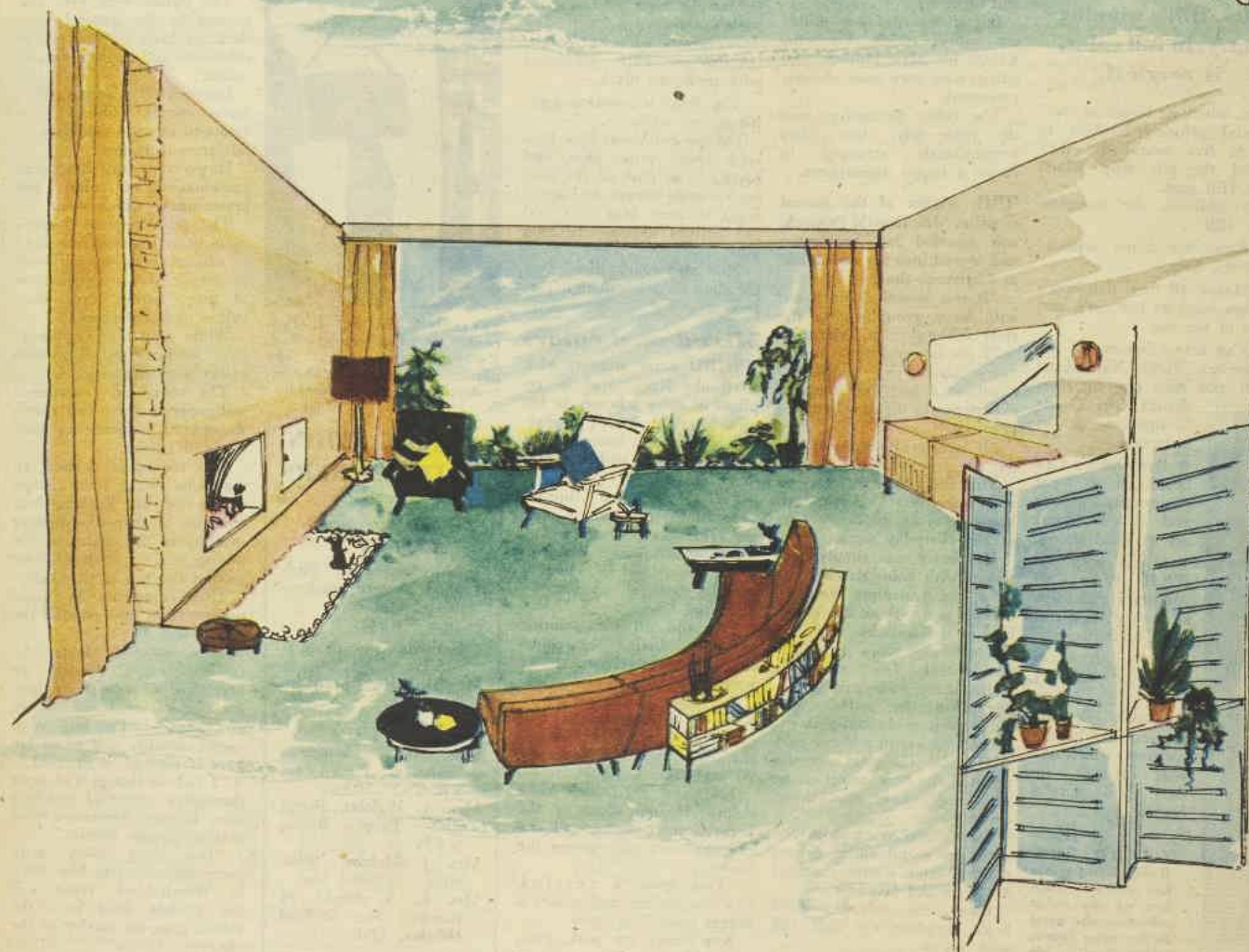
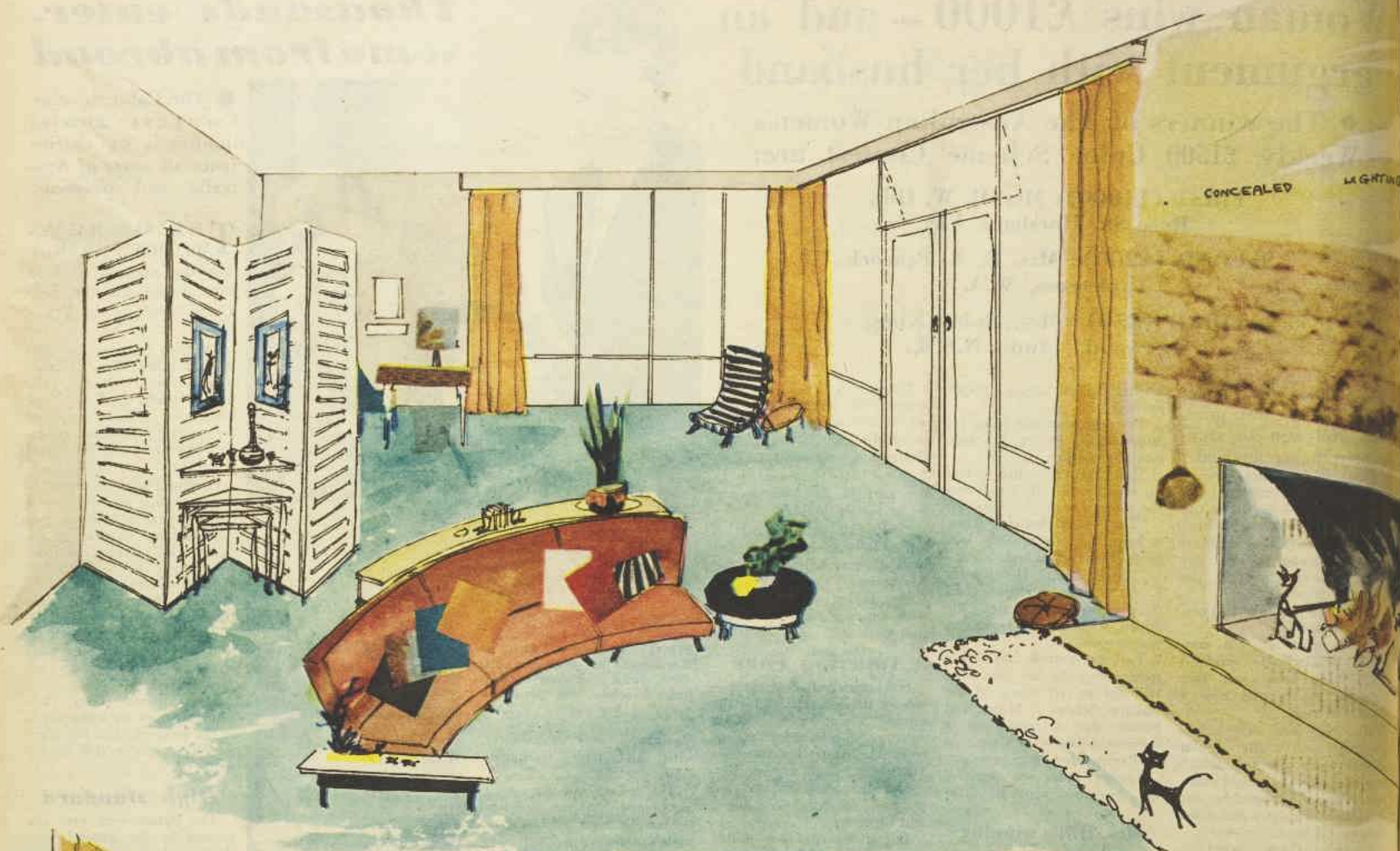
Mrs. J. Melano, "Pine Hills," Harrow, Vic.

Mrs. L. A. Bright, 28 Barokee St., Stafford Heights, Qld.

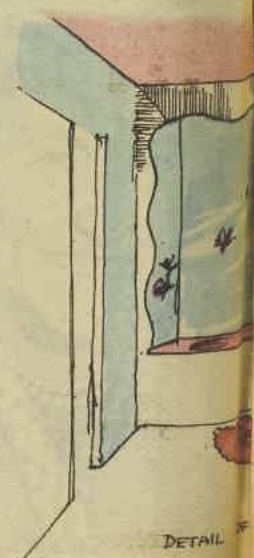




# THE COLOR SCHEMES WHICH



**TWO VIEWS** of Mrs. Hill's lounge-room. The warm gold stone the fireplace extends to meet the ceiling. Two walls are pale grey another is a cloud mural lined indoor plants. The carpet is a turquoise. Floor-length drapes made of gold cotton. Furniture colors are black, white, turquoise and burnt orange. A folding screen light blue one side and grey the other makes an ingenious room divider. Hill even provides a cat for the house.





FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

**FIRESIDE READING**

# THE IMAGE OF SHARON



**By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM**

The Australian Women's Weekly Novel

SUPPLEMENT Not to be sold separately



## THE IMAGE OF SHARON

By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

JEFFREY HARMON was alone in the dining-room. Seated at the head of the table, he faced the wide bay-window which framed green lawns sloping to the Hudson. From this window he could look down on elms and maples and copper beeches that his great-grandfather had planted.

Even in the dining-room itself the touch of long-dead Harmons was everywhere manifest, and no generation's gift was at war with that of another.

Over the long mahogany sideboard was a painting of two pheasants, whose faded, jewel-like feathers found echoing colors in the worn pattern of an Aubusson rug and in the heavy brocaded curtains looped against either side of the great window.

Jeffrey's forebears would have approved his presence in the room, for he was unmistakably a Harmon, his eyes dark and thoughtful under finely moulded brows, and his mouth shaped generously. He had the manner, moreover, that distinguished the Harmon men, a gentle manner, sometimes aloof, but unfailingly courteous. Only those who knew him well would detect the subtle gleam of humor in his eyes, or the quick pride in the movement of his narrow hands.

At the moment he was submitting quietly to the ministrations of a round-faced maid in a trim uniform. She was shifting the position of a toast rack and removing the lid from a crystal marmalade jar. "Now, is that all, sir?" she asked anxiously. "You should be having more than one egg, if you don't mind my saying so."

He smiled at her. "Thank you, Agnes, but I've never liked a hearty breakfast."

It was one way of suggesting that a lack of enthusiasm for eggs was not related to his being alone in the great dining-room, a young man who had been a widower for almost a year. Sometimes he felt the pity of his female servants about him like a sweetly scented blanket, almost tangible, and on occasion a bit stifling. He turned hurriedly to his newspaper.

He was finishing his coffee when his three-year-old daughter danced into the room, with about Mrs. Murtry, the housekeeper, moving sedately behind her.

"Town!" cried Wendy in greeting. "Town, town, town!"

Jeffrey shoved back his chair and took his daughter upon his knee. She lifted eyes as dark as his own and smiled. "Shoes for me!" she said.

"I'm taking her to Elmsport," Mrs. Murtry put in. "The child needs sandals for play, and shoes for Sunday school."

Jeffrey looked at her gratefully. "What would I do without you? I suppose I wouldn't notice if Wendy were running around barefoot!"

"A man wouldn't be expected to notice!" Mrs. Murtry declared. "The great pity is, I can't go on taking the whole care of little you-know-who. I dread a new nursemaid and all the fuss and rumpus, and maybe

getting another of those girls talking sharp to the mite."

"We won't make another mistake," Jeffrey assured her. "This time I'll keep on interviewing girls till we find the right one. But we must find one. Running this house is a big enough job for you."

Wendy scrambled down from her father's knee. "Sandals and slippers and shoes!" she cried, and gave rhythm to this intoxicating thought. "Sandals and slippers and shoes and sandals and slippers and shoes!"

Jeffrey laughed. "A woman starts being a woman the minute she's born. . . . Isn't that a mysterious thing, Mrs. Murtry?"

"Nothing mysterious about it! It's God's plan, that's all," Mrs. Murtry said.

Life, reflected Jeffrey, held few terrors for his housekeeper, and little room for abstract argument. He watched her with affection as she moved off in her good black dress, Wendy running ahead of her and running back, chanting her song about shoes.

Wendy's mother had liked Mrs. Murtry's attitude towards the child. "She's like some great, wonderful, spreading tree!" Sharon had said, and Jeffrey remembered the words now with a smile. For some months after Sharon's death the pain of remembering anything about her had been almost intolerable, but as the year had drawn to its close his memories had taken a gentler guise. Sharon was gone, he could tell himself, but she had left him Wendy—and a legacy of love.

He stubbed out his cigarette and walked quickly across the wide hall to his own sacrosanct wing of the house, where a large, book-lined workroom adjoined the small office occupied by his secretary. For the past two years Jeffrey had been engaged in the intensive study which was to lead to a history of American aviation. The work demanded long and patient hours of research, which he relished; it also entailed considerable correspondence, most of which he could leave, gratefully enough, to Ann Minor.

Today he found his secretary already at her desk. She lived with her widowed mother in the nearby village of Elmsport, and drove to the Harmon estate in her own neat little car; in all the time she had worked for Jeffrey Harmon she had not once been late. This punctuality was characteristic of her, and but one of many self-evident virtues.

She was a pretty girl, but she never sought to emphasise her attractiveness with vivid make-up or alluring clothes. It would have been impossible for Jeffrey to imagine her in anything but the simple dark dress with spotless white collar and cuffs which she invariably wore. He had been content to accept his secretary as a good assistant and a faithful friend; he appreciated the efficiency she brought to his work and the lack of any disturbing personal complications. He had never been given a hint of the emotions that raged under the modest folds of the plain little dress.

Composedly, now, she looked up from her typewriter and smiled at

him. "I'm just finishing that letter to Colonel Gilroy in the Pentagon," she explained. "I meant to have it ready for you."

"No hurry," Jeffrey said idly. "I'll wait weeks for an answer, anyway."

He was standing by the window as he spoke, watching the scene in the driveway. Lennox, the chauffeur, had brought the car to the front of the house; now he was slipping out of the car and opening the door for Mrs. Murtry and Wendy. Lennox, a tall, fair-haired young man with ruddy cheeks and smiling blue eyes, had something of an athlete's strength and agility. Women, Jeffrey thought, would call him handsome.

"If I envy one man alive," he remarked, "I suppose it's that man Lennox."

His secretary considered him with a puzzled frown. "Lennox?" she repeated.

Jeffrey turned from the window. "Yes, that's right, Ann. I have moods when I think I'd like to be like Lennox—not much on higher education, but long on muscles. The swashbuckling type."

"I should think you'd be perfectly satisfied to be what you are."

"I'm not sure about that—" He sent her an amused glance. "Almost anyone might like to get out of his type once in a while. Don't you ever have one of those notions yourself? Some secret hankering to be a chorus girl or a channel swimmer—or anything in the world but my sensible, hard-working secretary?"

"No," she said, flushing a little. "I don't like changes."

Jeffrey smiled at her, and picked up the letter she had finished. "Then it's all right," he said. "As far as I know, there aren't going to be any changes."

For the following two hours they were absorbed in their work. Then Agnes appeared, to inform Jeffrey of a young woman in the living-room waiting to see him.

"She said it was about your advertisement for a nursemaid," Agnes explained, and paused a moment. "I must say, sir, she doesn't look like a nursemaid." She stepped aside as he walked past her into the hall.

The visitor rose as Jeffrey entered the living-room, and he saw at once that Agnes had been right. The girl had an enchantingly pretty face and a dancer's grace of movement. She did not look like a nursemaid. She introduced herself in a voice that was soft and pleasing. Something about her puzzled him, and he wondered about it as he offered her a chair and sat down facing her.

"I'm not good at these interviews," he explained. "It's hard for a man to know the right questions to ask about the care of a child."

She looked very young at that moment, her hands clasped together in her lap, her blue eyes reflecting a certain anxiety. "I'm afraid I can guess the first question you'll ask, Mr. Harmon. It will be about my experience—and my references."

"Sounds fair enough," he said, smiling.



"But I haven't had the sort of experience you'd expect me to have, so I can't give you any references about it." She looked at him solemnly. "At first I was afraid to come here, and then I thought I'd simply tell you I'd take the best care of your little girl that I possibly could."

"It's too bad it wasn't your own proper work," he said, after a moment. "I wouldn't want anyone to take the job as a makeshift sort of thing."

"It wouldn't be that—" She lifted her hand quickly, in a pleading little gesture. "But I could tell you about myself, Mr. Harmon, if it wouldn't take too much of your time—?"

"I've the rest of this month to listen," he assured her. "Wendy's pretty important to me."

She smiled then, and began to speak with less restraint. Her name, she told him, was Celia James, and she was 22 years old. As a child in San Francisco she had taken music and dancing lessons, but her parents had been killed in a motor accident when she was 18, and she had gone to New York to try for a career on the stage. There had been the added burden of an invalid aunt in a nursing home in San Francisco, for part of whose care Celia had assumed responsibility.

She had taken jobs as a cashier in restaurants while she was waiting for her chance in the theatre, and it was a long time before she had realised how remote was that chance.

The girl had been speaking earnestly, but now a rueful little smile appeared. "The worst part about it was, there wasn't anything original about me. I was one of about ten thousand girls with a little talent who imagine they could be a tremendous success if they only had a chance. One morning I simply woke up and looked myself straight in the face. It was one of those painful experiences a person can have."

I asked myself if I had any real talent in the world for anything, and suddenly I realised I had talent for taking care of children! It surprised me to think of it that way, but when I saw your advertisement in the paper I decided to tell you about it. If it wasn't enough, you could tell me so right out, and I'd apologise for bothering you."

Jeffrey looked at her steadily. "I like your courage," he said, "and I like your candor."

At that moment he caught the scent of lilac as she touched her palm with a small linen handkerchief. Lilac had been Sharon's perfume. Now he knew why he had been perplexed by this girl. She wore her shining black hair cut short in a feathery cap, just as Sharon had worn her black hair. Furthermore, there was the same endearing way of hesitating over a word occasionally, as if in shy determination to choose precisely the right word.

Jeffrey turned away, opening the lid of a cigarette-box and closing it. It was not surprising that he should be drawn to a girl who reminded him so poignantly of Sharon; yet it might be painful, he thought, to have such a girl near to him.

In another moment these considerations seemed selfish. "It's Wendy's opinion that counts," he said, "and she's back from town with my housekeeper. I heard the car drive up a minute ago—" Jeffrey rose, and smiled at Celia. "Shall

we see how you and my daughter take to each other?"

The question was answered almost at once. Wendy subjected Celia James to the clear, uncompromising gaze of the very young, and in the next instant hurled herself into Celia's outstretched arms.

"You're pretty!" she whispered, and patted Celia's cheek with a fat, dimpled little hand.

For a moment Jeffrey's eyes were smarting. This could have been Sharon Harmon and her child... But Celia turned to him.

"We're friends," she said happily. "I can see that! Do you think Wendy would let me send you away, even if I wanted to?" He paused. "And since I don't want to send you away—"

The other members of the household were not pleased. Later in the day Mrs. Murtry had a word with Ann Minor, who had come back to the kitchen.

"I'm so upset I've put too much water in the coffee," the housekeeper confided, "and I've been making coffee for forty years. I don't know what I'm doing, I'm that upset."

The secretary, seated at the kitchen table, stared into the cup before her. "You might speak to Mr. Harmon and tell him you don't like this girl," she suggested. "I think he has a good deal of respect for your opinion."

MRS. MURTRY shook her head. "I'm not saying I don't like her! She's a well-spoken young thing, and I can't say a word against her. That's not the point I'm making." She hesitated, as though searching for words. "I can only tell you I've been working for this family ever since I was your age, and I've come to have feelings in my bones about the people in the house. It's a feeling I get about trouble to come, like it was rheumatism or some such. That girl's going to bring trouble here, and you can mark what I say."

"Does she remind you of anyone?" Ann asked slowly.

"Indeed she does," Mrs. Murtry said. "Sharon Harmon. She's not a double for Mrs. Harmon, but she calls her to mind." Mrs. Murtry frowned. "That mayn't matter, one way or the other. I'm merely trying to say there's a feeling of trouble in this situation. I don't like it. The first time in forty years I've made bad coffee... I can make another pot as quick as a wink—"

"Please don't bother," Ann said. "It doesn't matter about the coffee, and I'm dreadfully behind in my work."

The talk had been small comfort, for Ann would never have admitted that she was in love with her employer, and the secrets she shared with his housekeeper could not come close to true confidence. To herself alone could she acknowledge her dread of Celia James' prettiness and charm...

In the ordinary way, Jeffrey would not have expected to see much of his daughter's nursemaid. Celia had been given a room next to Mrs. Murtry's in a part of the house once known as the servants' quarters, but referred to in these diplomatic days simply as the East Wing. Presumably most of her waking hours would be spent in the nursery or in the gardens with Wendy, and she would be having her meals there with the child, not with Jeffrey in

the large dining-room. But shortly after Celia's arrival an incident occurred which was destined to cause a subtle change in their relationship.

Jeffrey was crossing the hall one afternoon when he was arrested by soft strains of music coming from the living-room. He found Celia seated before the grand piano by the window, her head bent a little and her hair shining in a wide band of sunlight. She was playing a Chopin etude which had been Sharon's favorite. Sharon had been a brilliant musician, and Celia's playing was less polished; yet the coincidence had been enough to twist his heart.

Suddenly she sensed his presence, and sprang to her feet with a cry of dismay. "I thought you were in your workroom!"

"I'm glad I wasn't," he said, smiling at her. "I'm glad I caught you!"

"I know I shouldn't have come in here," she told him humbly, "but I couldn't resist the piano."

"Why should you?" he cut in. "Play the piano all you like; it's been neglected for too long. If a piano had a soul, I think it would resent that."

Celia turned to stroke the keys with a gentle hand. "In a way, it has a soul," she said. "I think a person who has played a piano, and loved it, must have left a sort of feeling about it."

For Jeffrey, the picture of Sharon became for an instant inseparable from a picture of Celia. He shook his head, and returned to the matter at hand.

"Play all you like," he repeated, "especially if you're going to play Chopin."

She sent him a mischievous glance. "My tastes don't all run to the honkytonk, you know!"

"I'm sure of it!" he said warmly. He would have prolonged the conversation, but Celia murmured some excuse and slipped away.

She was like a bird not altogether tamed, he thought, with a smile. One was permitted to touch the feathers, but only for an instant.

Ann heard of Celia's music tastes during the course of the same afternoon, and found it difficult to make noncommittal comment. Ann herself could play the piano after a fashion, but Jeffrey's approval of her small talent had shown none of his present enthusiasm. It was clear that he was beginning to invest Celia James' accomplishments with that magic which could come only from a man's interest in a woman. Ann, left alone in her office, stared blindly down on the keys of her typewriter, almost sickened by an emotion she could recognise all too well.

When Jeffrey had met Sharon Ransome, and married her not many months later, Ann had gone through torment until, at long last, she had made peace with torment. It had been possible. Then a secret hope had stirred when Sharon had died after a sudden, brief illness. That hope, struggling with a sense of shame, had come to flower during the past twelve months. Ann knew that Jeffrey had scarcely seen a woman since Sharon's death; he had thrown himself into his research with passionate intensity, and had given all his leisure time to Wendy.

Ann had hoped that he might turn to her when the time came for him to put his grief aside. Then Celia had come into the house, and Celia was a girl who looked like Sharon. After a moment Ann made a quick,



despairing gesture, and left her typewriter. She stood by the window, trying to quell the tumult in her heart.

It was necessary to be fair, she told herself. She looked back to her schooldays, when she had always tried to bring this same fairness to girls who were charming and pretty, and surrounded by eager, admiring boys. It had been a simpler matter then, because she had not cared deeply for any of these boys; she had merely missed the pleasing emphasis they might have put upon her own value as a woman. But, with Jeffrey involved, it was difficult to suppress a burning resentment towards the girl who attracted him.

She blinked her eyes, fiercely, against the threat of tears, and reminded herself that no one but Jeffrey was to blame for the situation. It was Jeffrey, blinded by a pretty face, who could not see that Celia would be happier with someone of her own kind. . . . And even as this thought occurred to her, her eye fell on Carl Lennox, working on the car in the driveway.

SHE walked out across the lawn towards the chauffeur, trying to assume the air of one strolling about the grounds in a completely casual fashion. This sort of deception was not native to her. She paused by the car and murmured some lame comment about the polish. At his mildly puzzled glance she began to regret the impulse that had led her here; yet she prolonged the talk, bringing out words that sounded brittle and foolish, even to her own ears. She spoke of Celia James.

"I've been thinking she must be rather lonely, Lennox?"

"Why?" he asked, and ran the chains over the car door. "If she hadn't wanted the job she wouldn't have taken it."

"People have to take the jobs they can get! But an attractive girl like that wouldn't want to spend her whole time with a child, would she?"

"I don't know." He paused and levelled clear blue eyes upon her. "Do you mind telling me what you're getting at?"

"I'm not getting at anything," she said quickly. "It had simply occurred to me that a young man like you might want to take a lonely young girl to the movies once in a while."

He smiled and shook his head. "I don't get mixed up with girls who work in the same place with me. As a matter of fact, I have plenty of friends on the outside, Miss Minor."

"I've no doubt about it," she said, flushing a little.

"But I had to let you know where I stood," he told her, with pity in his voice as well as a faint hint of amusement. "If you want the girl out of your way, you'll have to figure some other way to work it."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she said. "I was merely interested in finding some amusement for Miss James."

"Of course," he said blandly.

Ann's cheeks were still smarting with shame as she made her way back to the house. . . .

After that day she could only look on helplessly while Jeffrey recapitulated a relish for life he had thought forever lost. She knew that

he was still unaware of his own emotional state.

There were times when, irrationally happy, he would fling open a window in his workroom and speak in almost lyric notes, of the coming of spring. There were other times, equally without reason, when he would fall into unaccountable fits of abstraction, forgetting his work or losing the thread of his thought in the midst of some dictation to Ann. He was a man in love, she thought miserably, and soon he, himself, would be forced to recognise that fact.

He had been seeing more of Celia than he would have seen of any other nursemaid, even before an incident occurred which was to draw them even closer. Following a suggestion from Celia, the old-fashioned summerhouse in the garden had been made into a playhouse for Wendy. Celia, Mrs. Murtry, and Lennox had done the work themselves, painting the table and benches a cool sky-blue and filling the walls with pictures of an adventurous rabbit.

Wendy loved her house, and, now that the weather was warm enough, she was permitted to have her lunches there with Celia. Then came the day when Wendy's father was invited to join them.

On this gay and lighthearted occasion Jeffrey was a king from a neighboring realm, visiting a queen and her daughter, the beautiful Princess Wendy. Celia had made Wendy a crown of forsythia blossoms and Jeffrey had found a fine, smooth birch branch as a sceptre for the princess.

"We're having ice-cream!" Wendy told them.

"That's only proper for people of royal blood," said Jeffrey.

"They'd have ice-cream morning, noon, and night," Celia added.

Wendy stared at her. "For breakfast?"

"And why not?" Celia asked. "They'd have heaps and heaps of vanilla ice-cream all covered with scoops of butterscotch sauce and whipped cream, and right on top the biggest cherry in the world!"

Jeffrey laughed as his daughter's eyes grew even rounder. "You know how to talk to little royal people, don't you, Celia! I wonder how you learned!"

"It's remembering, I suppose. When I was a child all I could think of was ice-cream, and when I was going to have it, and who would be giving it to me. We were poor," she added without embarrassment. "Ice-cream was something pretty special."

He was moved by the confession, and even more moved, a few moments later, to see Celia contemplating her dessert with a pleasure as keen and unabashed as his daughter's.

"You're still a child," he said.

"I'm more sophisticated than you think," she told him solemnly.

He had never found her more charming. He was sorry when the luncheon was over and Mrs. Murtry appeared to take charge of the princess, crown, sceptre, and all.

"I'm going to the village to do some shopping for the house," Celia explained. "Mrs. Murtry said she'd rather stay home and take care of Wendy."

"How were you planning to go?"

"I'm taking the bus."

"No," Jeffrey said, and shook his head with some firmness. "Lennox can drive you in, and take care of your packages."

Celia's eyes widened in astonishment. "That isn't necessary! I'm used to going places in a bus, Mr. Harmon. It would seem much too elegant having a car and chauffeur."

Jeffrey laughed aloud, for he was feeling very gay. "Who'd have a better right to them than the queen herself, I'd like to know?"

Permitting no further words, he piloted her to the garage, where they found the chauffeur polishing the car. Lennox was informed that he was to put himself at Miss James' disposal for the rest of the afternoon.

"Certainly, sir—" The chauffeur glanced at Celia in respectful inquiry. "Shall I bring the car around now, miss?"

"It would be nice of you—" she began uncertainly.

Jeffrey was touched by the girl's shyness. They strolled back to the front of the big house and waited on the broad steps. "Stay out as late as you like," he told her. "Mrs. Murtry won't mind coping with Wendy."

He stood watching as the car pulled up and Lennox came around to open the door. Celia hopped into the back seat and sat in a corner, erect and dignified.

She was, Jeffrey noted with a smile, ignoring Lennox and turning a bland gaze upon the landscape. She seemed to be picturing herself as a white-haired dowager of seventy. . . . Still smiling, Jeffrey went reluctantly back to his work.

Celia continued to study the shrubbery bordering the drive until it gave way to the high hedge that protected the Harmon estate from prying eyes. She permitted her gaze to rest, then, on Carl Lennox's flat, uniformed back, but for a few minutes more they continued to ride in silence. It was not until they were safely out of sight of the estate that Lennox pulled the car to the side of the road and turned around with a grin.

"You can get in front now, baby," he said. Celia got out of the car and opened the door to the seat beside him and slipped comfortably into her place.

"Carl! It was so hard to keep my face straight! Was I acting grand and elegant enough?"

"Maybe you overdid it a little. I think from now on you might begin treating me as if I were a human being. It would be more natural."

"Is that the way Mrs. Harmon treated you?"

"Well, she was a lady, and she'd know how to treat the help. She was friendly, but not in a way that would ever make them get fresh. It's hard to explain. You'll just have to try to get the knack of it."

Celia sent the chauffeur a rather resentful glance. "I think I'm doing very well! About the whole thing, I mean. Jeffrey Harmon hasn't the faintest idea about my knowing you, or anything else."

Lennox nodded, and with his left hand fished a crumpled packet of cigarettes from his pocket. "I was watching the two of you in the summerhouse. You're doing all right, Cele."

"Maybe," she said slowly, "but I'm glad we've got a chance to talk."

He gave her a reassuring smile.



"There's a little joint I know we can go to," he said. "None of Harmon's friends would come within a mile of it."

A few minutes later he had swung the car into the parking lot by the tavern. Celia did not like the place. She was displeased by the half-cleaned table and the dark, greasy-looking walls. Perhaps she was becoming too accustomed to having things nice, she told herself wistfully, and turned a worried gaze on her companion.

"Carl, I'm not sure it was such a good idea," she said. "Sometimes I'm even — scared."

He started slightly, and then laughed. "You've really picked it up, haven't you? That trick of Sharon's — that little hitch before a word. You've got real good at it."

"It's natural now," Celia said, shaking her head. "That's the queer part of it."

"All the better. And as for being scared—" Lennox paused while the barman put two glasses of beer on the table and moved unhurriedly away. "Why should you be, Cele? What are you scared about?"

"Mr. Harmon might find out about us," she said. "He might find out this whole thing was a put-up job."

"He won't—but what if he did? You wouldn't go to gaol for it, honey."

"I'd feel mean," she said in a low voice. "I'm feeling mean, even as it is."

"There's no reason for that," he said. "You like the kid, and you're taking good care of her. So everybody's happy! What's this 'mean' business?"

She considered him for a few moments, as if to draw comfort from his pleasant smiling face. She had known Carl Lennox for several years, having met him first at a party given in one of the restaurants where she had been employed.

Their acquaintance had been more or less casual, however, until the evening she had run into him at an orangeade bar and told him that she was in desperate need of a job. Then he had been very kind to her, in his easygoing way. Even before that evening he had spoken of her resemblance to Sharon Harmon.

Now, studying her, he had recalled how devoted the Harmons had been and had wondered if Jeffrey Harmon, at that time earnestly looking for a nursemaid for his child, might be attracted by a young woman who would remind him of the child's mother. Warming to the possibilities in his plan, he had made Celia feel as if she were an actress, chosen not only because she was small and dark but because she was beautiful as well, and quick to learn. For Lennox, not content with her superficial resemblance to Sharon, had spent some time coaching her in her role.

It had been simple for her to master the little hesitancy over her words, simple to acquire some proficiency with the Chopin etude, and even simple to shop for lilac perfume. From the first the adventure had sped along with exhilarating success.

But Celia turned her eyes from the chauffeur now and looked miserably down on her untouched drink. "I hadn't thought of it as being mean when we were planning it," she explained. "It seemed sort of exciting. But I hadn't known that Jeffrey Harmon was going to

be so nice to me. Maybe I could have got the job if you'd just introduced me to Mr. Harmon as a friend of yours and asked him to give me a chance at it."

"With no references?" Lennox shook his head. "Not with Harmon feeling the way he does about that kid of his! You know yourself that you wouldn't have had a hope, Cele. And where's the harm in it? This way everybody's happy, like I said." Lennox smiled at her. "As a matter of fact, you've hit Harmon harder than I thought. Ever think you might wind up as the second Mrs. Jeffrey Harmon?"

Celia caught her breath. "No!"

"Meaning, 'No, thank you?' Now, Cele, honey, let's face it! It would be a good break for a girl."

"It's not that—" she began, and colored as she looked away from him. Actually, ever since the evening in the orangeade bar she had thought Carl Lennox was beginning to take more than casual interest in her. She was confused now and her pride was hurt, but she tried to give no hint of these emotions. "I'm not even in Jeffrey Harmon's class," she went on hurriedly. "Of course I'd never thought of—of marrying him!"

Lennox laughed. "Being a chauffeur, I've seen a lot of people moving out of their class. It can be done—especially with somebody who learns as fast as you do. And I'd like to see you having things nice and soft for yourself. I'm on your team, you know!"

"Yes," she murmured, "you're a good friend, Carl."

"Sure I am, and don't you ever forget it." He touched her hand briefly. "Now we'd better be getting back on the job."

She rose quickly, eager to end this disturbing conversation. The rest of their time together was devoted to errands, and Celia came back to the house as she had left it, in the back seat of the car.

**J**EFFREY, waiting impatiently for her return that day, had suddenly realised that he was in love with Celia James, and as deeply in love with her as he had been with Sharon. He was like a man reborn. In the following days there were regular luncheons in the summer-house, and in the evening he and Celia dined together in the large dining-room. He was deaf to worried mumblings from Mrs. Murry and blind to the level, accusing gaze of his secretary. He had concern only for Celia, whom he did not wish to frighten with love-making that might appear too impetuous.

He came into the workroom late one morning, whistling blithely, and pushed back the casement window in order to sniff the sweet-scented air. "It's a beautiful day," he said.

"Not too beautiful to get some work done, I hope," Ann said. Color flooded over her face. "I'm sorry," she said. "I should not have said that."

At once his eyes were intent upon her, probing her own eyes anxiously. "Ann, what's this? We've been friends for years. If I've been neglecting my work, you're the girl to tell me so."

She turned back to the files, and flipped over the cards with shaking fingers.

It was his kindness to her, she thought, that was the most intoler-

able thing of all. She would have preferred anger, abuse, a blow from his fist—anything but kindness, a pale substitute for love, passionless and insulting. The typed words on the cards were shifting crazily before her eyes.

"Ann!" He put his hands on her shoulders, and gently turned her towards him. "Ann, if I've had a slack spell, it's nothing to worry about too much, is it?" He smiled at her. "I assure you I'm not taking to drink. I'll be giving you more work than you can handle before the summer's over!"

She was aware of the rapid beating of her heart, and she thought he must be aware of it, too. She eased herself away in a graceless gesture. "It doesn't matter," she stammered. "You're less concerned with your own interests than I am, that's all. I'm a fool."

"No," he said, "you're not a fool, Ann. You're one of the best friends I have in this world. But the plain fact is you've been a bit overtired lately. I've noticed it."

"Overtired?" she said blankly.

"Yes, that's it—and the prescription is a long vacation with pay."

"Are you trying to get rid of me?" She was instantly aware of her blunder, but the question was out. She managed to smile and to shake her head in self-disparagement. "Pay no attention to this! I know I'm talking foolishly. I'm out of sorts. It's nothing. It's really nothing at all."

He considered her in some doubt for a moment, but she evaded his gaze and walked quickly to her office, the filing cards in her hand. Shortly he heard the even, staccato clatter of her typewriter in the other room.

Yet he couldn't put the conversation out of his mind. Later in the morning, when Wendy had wandered into the garden to plant a wilted, sad-faced pansy, he turned to Celia with a faint frown.

"Celia," he began abruptly, "has Ann ever tried to make friends with you?"

Celia shook her head. "I don't suppose she's had much chance. She spends most of her time here working in her office. And, of course, I'm only a nursemaid—"

"Ann isn't a snob!" he cut in.

"No, I didn't mean that," she assured him. "I just meant we probably wouldn't have much in common."

Jeffrey's frown deepened. "I'll admit a man can't know much about friendships between women. Still, I'd like you to help me with Ann if you could. I'm concerned about her. She obviously needs a rest, but I can't get her to see it that way. I sometimes think she's more devoted to my work than I am."

Celia sent him a covert glance. It was rather distressing to hear him speak so warmly of Ann—for, ever since the talk in the tavern with Lennox, Celia had found herself daydreaming about how life would be if she were reigning mistress of the Harmon estate. But she spoke pensively, after a moment: "Poor Ann! I'll do anything I can to help her."

"I'm sure you would! You're so much like Sharon."

"Sharon—?"

"Yes," Jeffrey said. "Sharon was always trying to make Ann take it a little easier."

Celia wondered for a moment if the late Mrs. Harmon had known



that her husband's secretary was in love with him. She must have known. Any fool would have known. She dismissed the thought. "I'll talk to Ann Minor this very day," she promised. "I'll try to persuade her to go to the mountains or somewhere. I'll be crafty about it."

Jeffrey laughed. "Imagine you being crafty!" he said.

He forgot Ann, then, and devoted his adoring attention to Celia for the rest of their time together. But soon Wendy had come hurrying back from her planting.

"The pansy thanked me," she told them rather breathlessly. "I gave it some water and it said, 'Thank you, Wendy!'"

"And what did you say?" Celia asked.

"I said, 'You're welcome, pansy. You're very welcome!'" cried Wendy, laughing and throwing herself into Celia's arms.

Celia's talk with Ann took place later that afternoon. The two girls had met in Mrs. Murtry's big, gleaming kitchen.

Celia had turned from the refrigerator as Ann appeared at the doorway. "I was getting Wendy some milk," she explained. "Would you like some?"

Ann shook her head. "No, thank you. I have coffee at this time of day."

"I'd like to have a cup with you if you don't mind," Celia suggested. She would tell Jeffrey about the coffee, she thought. "I was crafty," she would insist, and look as innocent as Wendy when she said it.

"I was wondering if I might call you Ann," Celia began diffidently. "It seems so formal to be calling you Miss Minor all the time, when we work in the same house."

If Ann hesitated, it was only for the space of a breath. "Of course, Celia." Then she began eyeing the other girl curiously. "But why are you staring at me like that?"

"I'm sorry!" Celia said. "I was thinking how tired you look, that's all."

Mr. Harmon was saying how tired you are."

Ann flushed. "Do you talk about me with Mr. Harmon?"

"Oh, we don't really talk about you!" Celia assured her. "But we were agreeing that you needed a vacation."

Ann spent a moment or two brushing crumbs from the table. Even when she spoke she found it difficult to keep her voice calm and cool and to avoid saying the challenging words that could never be unsaid. "I'll catch up on my sleep this weekend," she murmured. "As it happens, I know I'm necessary to Mr. Harmon, and I've no intention of taking a vacation."

Celia smiled kindly. "It's wonderful how loyal you are," she said. "I'm sure Mr. Harmon appreciates it."

Ann stared at her for an instant, then rose abruptly and took her cup and saucer to the sink.

It rained that afternoon, and Celia stayed in the nursery with Wendy, cutting paper dolls for her and showing her how to color them with crayons. Sometimes she could become as absorbed as Wendy herself in selecting the right shade of blue for the ribbon in a paper doll's hair, but today her thoughts were wandering.

Several times, in the tavern which had become their rendezvous, Carl Lennox had spoken of a possible marriage between herself and Jeffrey. The idea, at first startling, had begun to seem feasible. She was no longer content merely to

admire the luxurious setting around her; she was beginning to envisage it as her very own. Nor could there be any further doubt in her mind about her attraction for Jeffrey, although she couldn't help being somewhat wary about this attraction.

Celia had been brought up in a hard world, and from the very years of her adolescence it had been necessary to fend off the men who regarded her as an appetising little morsel, theirs for the grasping. Men had offered her an avid admiration; they had not offered her their names. But now she found herself hoping that Jeffrey would be different from the others, that he would be chivalrous in any approach to her. And if his desire for her caused him to propose marriage, as Carl Lennox had predicted, then Celia would only have to take what was offered her, as any sensible girl would do in such a case.

She was aroused from the dream by an unabashed yawn from Wendy. "The nap!" said Celia.

"A story," said Wendy, picking up the ritual that was a familiar part of their afternoon.

Some minutes later Jeffrey came into the nursery and bent over his sleeping daughter. "She's smiling in her sleep, Celia! You and Wendy must have been playing one of your games."

"The paper dolls went to a party," Celia explained gravely. "Lemonade and coconut cake were served—and the crickets played the violin."

He checked his laugh and drew her away from the sleeping child. "I've found the perfect gift for Wendy's birthday," he said, lowering his voice. "It's an old album I've come across, full of pictures of her mother. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, of course—" Celia said.

That was not true, but she could not understand why she should shrink from seeing the pictures of Sharon Harmon. She accompanied Jeffrey to the small sitting-room at the head of the stairs, and he brought a faded, leather-bound volume out of the desk. Celia sank into a chair, and slowly began turning the pages.

"Sharon, at almost every age," Jeffrey explained, peering over her shoulder. "She had a brother who was a camera addict, and she was patient with him. . . . Sharon was patient with everyone." He went on, after a pause. "She had an extraordinary gift for entering into other people's joys and sorrows. It was always difficult to make her think of herself. She'd laugh, and tell me that other people were more interesting."

Celia made no immediate reply. She was studying the pictures of Sharon as a little girl. "She looks like Wendy," she said at last.

"Wendy looks like her mother," Jeffrey corrected with a smile.

"Yes—yes, that's what I meant."

There were pictures, now, of Sharon as an adolescent, and as an enchanting young person on the threshold of womanhood. In every picture it seemed that Sharon's face was radiant.

"Was she always happy?" Celia asked as she closed the book.

Jeffrey reflected a moment. "Most of the time. She could find happiness where other people found a blank."

Celia looked away from him, and reminded herself that Sharon had not been brought up in a cramped, shabby flat in San Francisco. It should have been easy for someone like Sharon to find happiness . . .

She placed the book on the desk with a careful hand.

In the moment of silence she was conscious of the pulse beating at her temple. The moment was important. "You can move in on that fellow some time when he's in a mellow mood," Lennox had told her. "You'll have to be on the watch for that moment. Don't let it slide past you." The moment was here. Celia rose and walked to a window; she looked pensively down on the leaves of a rhododendron bush, still sparkling with rain. She sensed that his eyes, following her, would be a little puzzled.

"I was just thinking," she said, "how sad it must have been to lose Sharon."

"Yes. It's only in the last month of two that I've begun to accept it—at least, not to rebel against it."

SHE spoke in a voice so low it could scarcely be heard. "There could never be anyone like her," she said. "You could never possibly love anyone else."

Celia. . . . She turned to him slowly. He walked to her and took her hands. She saw that his eyes were very warm as they rested on her. "From the beginning you've reminded me of Sharon," he said, "and I suppose that was the reason I began to fall in love with you. But I love you for yourself now, Celia. It isn't because you're like Sharon."

It was necessary not to reveal a quick acceptance of an easy triumph. She lowered her eyes. In another moment he had put his arms around her.

"Celia—" he said urgently.

Then she lifted her eyes and smiled at him, and he brought his lips to her own. It was the first time that any man had kissed Celia James with anything but an impersonal passion. The gentleness in Jeffrey's kiss came as a curious shock to her, and she drew away.

"Is there something wrong?" he asked quickly.

"No—no, Jeffrey!" She stepped back into his arms, and in that moment she had no thought of Lennox, or of the report she should make of her success.

Reluctantly, some minutes later, Jeffrey allowed her to go back to the nursery, for it was time for Wendy to be wakened from her nap. Deprived even so briefly of Celia's company, it became necessary to speak of her, to have someone marvel with him over his happiness. At once he thought of Ann.

He walked into her office and stood by the door, smiling at her broadly. "I bring great news from the outer world," he said.

She looked up, her fingers still resting on the typewriter keys. As she looked at him her heart seemed to stop beating. Then it pounded wildly against her ribs. She had never seen Jeffrey looking so young, so absurdly happy. She suspected his news, and her first anger was directed against him. It seemed monstrous that a man could be so blind, and so cruel.

"Well!" he demanded eagerly.

"Why don't you tell me what the news is?"

"I should think you'd know! You're pretty smart about everything that goes on in this house. But I'll give you a clue! We'll be drinking champagne tonight, to celebrate. Does that tell you anything?"

She forced herself to meet his



eyes. "I suppose it should, but I'd rather you tell me straight out."

"Very well, then," he said, beaming on her. "Ann, Celia has promised to marry me."

Ann was prepared for the words, but again she had to moisten her lips. "I congratulate you," she said in a careful sing-song voice. "I hope you'll be very, very happy." She saw then that his smile had faded, and that his eyes were mirroring some sudden shock. She crossed her arms on the typewriter keys, and put her head down on her arms.

In a moment he was standing beside her, and she felt the compassionate touch of his hand. She moved her shoulders, rejecting the caress, but she did not look up. "I'm sorry, Ann, believe me, I thought you would be happy for me. I don't know what to do," he said helplessly.

"I think you'd better go back to Celia," she said in a muffled voice. "I'm not leaving you like this, Ann—" His first amazement had given way to pity, and now pity was yielding to a hideous embarrassment.

Ann lifted her head, and considered him miserably. "I know what's going through your mind right this minute. You're wishing you were anywhere else on earth, aren't you?"

"No, but I'm somewhat concerned."

"Don't be. The fact that you're aware of my feelings for you doesn't change the situation—" She paused a moment, and went on in a steadier voice: "I was in love with you all during the time you were married to Sharon, and it made no difference. It won't make any difference now. I'm a good secretary, and I think that's all that matters."

Avoiding her eyes, he picked up a rubber band again and yanked it about, making a crude cat's cradle between his fingers. "Perhaps it might be better for you to find a new job," he said.

She felt the blood rushing to her face, and receding as quickly. "Don't send me away, please. I need my job, and you need me. You may need me more than you imagine."

Jeffrey knew only an overwhelming desire to escape. "I'm sure everything will work out all right," he said hastily. "We'll talk about it later."

It was Ann, however, who avoided any occasion for that talk, making every effort to keep on the old companionable basis with her employer. There were times when Jeffrey felt he must have imagined her recent outburst. She seemed so composed as she sat at her desk, her capable fingers swift and sure as they struck the typewriter keys. It was not possible, in any case, to give much thought to Ann in these days that were filled with the wonder and delight of his love.

**J**EFFREY and Celia were married quietly in a little church in New York, with two of Jeffrey's college friends as witnesses to the ceremony. When they returned from a honeymoon in Bermuda, Wendy greeted Jeffrey and Celia with an impartial rapture.

She clung to Celia and patted her cheek. "Mummy!" she said.

"I told her that was your name now," Mrs. Murtry said, beaming. "She could hardly wait for you to come home."

For a moment Celia considered the

housekeeper with some misgiving, but it was plain that Mrs. Murtry's goodwill was not assumed. Any doubts she might have had about Celia had been dispelled, as if magically, by her marriage to the master of the house.

She was welcomed a bit more restrainedly by Ann Minor; yet she saw that Ann, too, had resolved to make the best of the situation. She felt a pang of sympathy for Jeffrey's secretary, whose face had grown thinner in the past two weeks and whose eyes were faintly shadowed. Celia told herself that she must be especially kind to Ann, in some sort of vicarious atonement.

More embarrassing, in any case, was her relationship with Carl Lennox. She had nursed a secret hope that he would leave Jeffrey's employ after her marriage, but he had not given any hint of such an intention. He had met Celia and Jeffrey at the airport and had driven them home, but he had spoken only in the way of a correct manservant. Celia did not see him alone until the third day after her return, when he drove her on a shopping trip.

He proceeded in silence, as he always had, until he passed the high hedge. Then he pulled on the brakes, and turned to her with a smile. "Here we are, Mrs. Harmon, my sweet."

"No—" she said, and went on quickly: "I don't think I should get in front with you any more."

His brows knit in perplexity. "You always have," he reminded her. "I don't see how your being married makes any difference."

"Somehow, it does," she said. "It makes me feel more deceitful, as far as Jeffrey is concerned."

"Are you sure it's that? Maybe it's simply because you're the lady of the house—and I'm just a chauffeur."

"No, it's not that!" she said, flushing at the hint of reproach in his tone. "It's not that at all—" She leaned forward and put her hand on his arm as he started to put the car into gear. "Wait a minute. I'll get in beside you, Carl."

Yet he was still looking a bit hurt and aloof when they resumed their journey a few seconds later. She eyed him in some dismay, but he continued to keep his gaze fastened on the road ahead.

"Carl, I think you're being awfully unreasonable," she said.

"Do you?"

"Yes! You know I'm not ashamed of being a friend of yours! It's Jeffrey's not knowing about it that makes me feel so guilty. I'd like to tell him the whole story, and be done with it."

He shook his head. "You can never tell him, Celia."

"Why not?" she asked slowly. "He's an understanding person."

"Sure, but there'd be limits to it, you know! You couldn't expect a man to understand a thing like this." Lennox shook his head sorrowfully. "Look at it the way he would, honey. Here you were a girl out of nowhere, coming into his life with a phony act. Pretending to be like Sharon! Deliberately taking an advantage of a man's being all broken up over his wife's death. Scheming to get him for yourself—"

"Oh, no!" Celia cried. "I never planned to marry him! I simply needed that job so badly—"

"I know that, and you know that—I'm just trying to get you to look at this thing from his point of view."

"Yes—" she said after a moment. "I'm in a bad spot."

"Why do you say that?" He gave her a quick, reassuring smile. "After all, this is between you and me, and he'll never find out about it. Don't you worry for a minute, Celia."

As he spoke he pulled the car up to a parking meter on the main street of the town. Celia spent an hour over her shopping, coming out of the last shop on her list to discover her chauffeur at her command, touching his cap and opening the door of the car. For the first time it struck her that he was like an actor, playing a role almost too perfectly, and she felt a complete revulsion for her own part in the distasteful comedy. That was not fair, she told herself at once. Lennox had proved to be the best friend she had ever had.

On the homeward way he did not suggest that she come to sit beside him. She was grateful for that. But the circumstance made her a bit self-conscious, and she was at pains to keep up a flow of easy, intimate talk.

"The great thing," he said at last, "is your being happy."

"I owe it all to you," she said humbly. "I've never thanked you enough."

"You make too much of it, Celia! It was something any right guy would do for a friend—" He paused a moment. "That was a nice letter you wrote me from Bermuda. I've been meaning to tell you I appreciated it."

"I had to tell you how wonderful everything was!"

"But not many girls would have found the time on their honeymoon. I'll always keep that letter," he added softly.

"And I'll always feel we're good friends"—she hesitated and went on resolutely—"even if you should go away, and I shouldn't see you again."

"Go away?" He turned his head slightly and sent her a curious look. "What gives you that idea? This is a good, soft job, and I intend to hang on to it. You wouldn't want me to lose my job, would you, Celia?"

"No—" she said. "I didn't mean that."

"Well, you had me worried for a minute," he said, his eyes back on the road. "I thought you wanted to kick me out of the picture. And this wouldn't be a good time for it," he went on musingly. "I've been losing money on the horses."

Celia's heart gave a queer little lurch. "That's a shame," she said at last, lamely.

"Think nothing of it, honey! I can get it back fast enough next Saturday at the Belmont. That is, if I had a little something to work with. You could let me have a couple of hundred for old times' sake, couldn't you, Celia?"

"I couldn't ask Jeffrey—"

"You wouldn't have to ask him! He's giving you an allowance, isn't he, for your clothes and all that sort of stuff?"

"How did you know?" she asked him slowly.

"Old Murtry told me one time how big-handed he was with the first Mrs. Harmon. And you take a guy like that, he'll run true to form. He wouldn't baby the first wife and be tight-fisted with the second. . . . And I suppose he's taking care of that aunt of yours in California?"

Celia's eyes filled suddenly. "Yes! He's had a specialist on the coast called in for her, and he's had her moved to a private sanatorium. He's



good to me, Carl. But for that reason I don't want to spend the money he gives me in ways he doesn't know about. Oh, don't you see how I feel?"

He shook his head. "All I see is, the big friendship deal breaks down the minute I ask you to give me a hand."

"Well," she said miserably, after a moment. "Well, just this once."

Afterwards she kept calling back her own words, and trying to persuade herself they had been firm. "Just this once," she had told him. Surely Carl himself would see how embarrassing it would be if he were to ignore what she had said. Yet this was specious reasoning, and in her heart she knew it. Soon after the Saturday at Belmont, Lennox came to her with another tale of ill-fortune, and she could not pretend, even to herself, that this was surprising to her.

HE had put his request politely enough, but, as she looked at him in sick despair, she saw the mocking gleam in his clear blue eyes, and the slight, ugly twist of his narrow lips. And she had always thought he had such a good, honest face, she thought dazedly. She put her hand to her throat, swallowing, and trying to find some words of protest, but knowing, even then, that neither protest nor entreaty would help her in the least.

"I'll make it easier for you, Cele," he said softly. "I don't want to keep taking you off guard. Suppose you let me have my regular take every month out of your allowance — a simpler thing all round."

Again she tried to speak, but her detestation of him, and her fear, choked back her words. After another moment she nodded, and turned swiftly, forcing herself not to run like someone pursued across the wide lawn that separated the house from the garage.

From that day it was difficult to play the part of a carefree little wife, and it was to become increasingly difficult. For a time, however, Jeffrey was deceived. He was a contented man, living in a world without flaw.

"It's amazing," he said, as they sipped cool drinks on the terrace. "Since I've been married to you, everything tastes better — sounds better — and looks better." He paused, and smiled at her. "Are you as happy as I am, Cele?"

"Yes, of course," she said, and looked down into her glass.

"It's a fine life! Only one problem in the offing—but that's a small one. I'm going to fire Lennox."

Celia put her drink down on the low table, for her fingers were too stiff and cold, suddenly, to hold the glass.

"Lennox?" She had repeated the name slowly, as if it were not quite familiar to her. "But why? Isn't he a good chauffeur, Jeffrey?"

"Yes, he's done his job well. But he has been insolent to Mrs. Murtry, I understand, and that's something I won't put up with. I'll give him a cheque tomorrow and let him go."

Celia lowered her head, trying to give no hint of the terror that was gripping her. She could well believe that Lennox might tell the truth about their relationship if Jeffrey were to dismiss him. Of course, he could receive his payments by mail, but if he were angered, he might find a greater satisfaction in hurting her. Finally she picked up her

drink again, and smiled at Jeffrey over the rim of her glass.

"Sometimes Mrs. Murtry gets a little mixed up about things," she murmured.

"This time I think she has a proper grievance. She tells me the man has been getting a bit too big for his boots lately—and last night he really went over the edge. Snapped at her because his steak was overcooked; told her she'd better begin thinking about retiring and letting a real cook come to work in the place. Incredible, isn't it? He's always seemed like such a clean-cut fellow."

Celia chose her words with care: "Aren't you going to let Lennox tell his side of the story?"

His eyes warmed as they rested on her. He smiled. "That's like you, dear—a kind word for the underdog. I'll tackle the matter right now, if you like."

"Please," she said, as he started to rise, "let me tackle it, Jeffrey. You told me I could run the house and—take charge of the servants. So this would be my first real opportunity, don't you think?"

She had managed to put the question charmingly, even to invest it with a certain coquetry; she was immeasurably relieved when he smiled and waved her towards the door.

"The problem's yours," he said ...

She found Lennox in the servants' hall adjoining the kitchen. He was checking the margin of a racing form, and he looked up casually at her entrance. He did not rise.

She closed the door behind her and looked at him steadily.

"Well, Cele?"

"I came here to tell you that you can't be rude to Mrs. Murtry and expect me to protect you. There's no explanation I can make to Jeffrey. Mrs. Murtry has been like one of his own family ever since he can remember— Suddenly her formal manner deserted her. "It was crazy of you, Carl!" she concluded in despair.

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Take it easy, baby. Relax."

Celia came to stand by the table, gripping the back of a chair with tight hands. "You think because you have a hold over me you can behave as you like in this house—but that's not true!"

He smiled at her in the boyish way she had once found attractive. "Well, maybe I was in a bad mood, and I took it out on the old biddy. You've got to admit, Cele, this whole situation is pretty tough for me."

"Tough for you?" she cried. "Well, sure! Here I let my girl marry some other guy—"

"I'm not your girl! I never was!"

He laughed. "But you could be, Cele, and you'd like to be. There's only one thing I can't be fooled about, and that's women. I'm the man for you, honey."

"You really can't believe that—"

she began in a shaken voice. He seemed very much amused. "If anything happened to Harmon, you'd admit it fast enough. And, come to think of it, it would be simpler all round if you were a rich widow. Then we could really come to an understanding, couldn't we, baby?"

She stared at him incredulously. "Don't you know I'd be rid of you if anything happened to Jeffrey? Don't you realise I only put up with you because I'm afraid of hurting him?"

Lennox laughed aloud. "You're cute when you're mad, Cele! But

you don't mean a word of it. You were in love with me before you got married, and you only married the bigshot for his money. You'd come back to me all right if he was out of the picture—and wouldn't we be sitting pretty?"

"There's no use trying to talk to anyone as conceited as you," she said with an effort. "Nothing's going to happen to Jeffrey. He's a young man, and he's strong and well."

Lennox reflected a moment. "Sure, but such an absent-minded guy could have an accident any day—such a thing could happen, Cele."

"But it won't!" she cried distractedly. "I don't know why you're talking like this—"

"You wanted to talk to me, didn't you?"

"About Mrs. Murtry!"

"Oh—oh, yes, Mrs. Murtry."

"If you intend to stay here," Celia said, "you'll have to apologise."

"Sure," he told her. "I'll fix it up."

"You've got to try, but I don't know how you'll manage it."

He gave her a slow wink. "I'll turn on the charm," he said. "It never fails. Watch me."

She regarded him with a troubled frown for a moment; then she opened the door, and he followed her into the kitchen. The housekeeper turned from the stove, and looked questioningly from one to the other.

"Lennox has something to say to you, Mrs. Murtry," Celia said.

Lennox was smiling at the older woman in the sheepish way of a well-mannered schoolboy. "I want to apologise for my behaviour last night, Mrs. Murtry," he said. "I would be grateful to you if you would overlook it."

She stiffened slightly. "I'm not one to overlook impertinence, Lennox!"

He rubbed his hand along the side of his jaw. "It was more a joke than anything else—like I was telling Mrs. Harmon here."

Celia looked pleadingly at the housekeeper. "He is sorry for his rudeness, Mrs. Murtry. I thought you might give him one more chance."

Mrs. Murtry put her head on one side as she weighed the matter. "We'll let it go as a joke this time," she said at last ...

A few moments later Celia had returned to the terrace. "It's settled!" she announced.

"Oh—? Fast work!" Jeffrey said. "What happened? Did he eat crow?"

"Yes, and everything's all right again. You can ask Mrs. Murtry yourself!"

He sent her a quick, puzzled glance. "Why did you say that, Celia? I'd take your word for it, you know!"

"I know, but you were so annoyed with Lennox—"

"Naturally!"

"Oh, yes! He shouldn't be rude, of course, especially to an old lady. I can see that as well as you can, Jeffrey."

"But the matter's settled, you say?"

"Completely!" she assured him.

"But you're still looking distressed, and I can't see why—"

He offered her a cigarette, and struck a flame from his lighter for her. "We're giving this fellow another chance, and that's the end of it. Let's forget about Lennox."

No more was said about the inci-



dent, but it marked Jeffrey's first awareness of some disturbing change in Celia.

When she had first come to the house, she had seemed to him like a carefree child, with a zest for life very much akin to Wendy's, and conveying the same quality of innocence. Since their marriage he had found a growing sweetness in her, a feminine tenderness that made him feel warm; but lately he had also come across Celia in moments of obvious despondency.

One day he came into the living-room to find her standing by the wide window, her little handkerchief held to her eyes. She started guiltily at the sound of his step and tried to tuck the handkerchief out of sight, but he dismissed the small deception.

"You've been weeping, Celia!"

She smiled at him. "Weeping? sounds more serious than 'crying.' More—more adult."

"And weren't they adult tears?"

"Not really—women cry for no good reason. Didn't you know that?"

"It's a theory," he said. "I'm not sure there's any truth in it."

"Of course there is," she said earnestly. "Didn't Sharon ever cry?"

"Not too often. She was a happy person, as I've told you."

The question had not surprised him. It seemed that Celia never tired of asking questions about Sharon, or hearing little stories about her. But now, to his dismay, she was cuffing back the fresh tears that had welled to her eyes.

"Sharon loved you," Celia said, "and she was happy, and she was good!"

Jeffrey put his arms around his wife, and drew her close. "And what about Celia? We can say the same thing about her—" He looked down at her with a smile. "If you're worrying about your own state of perfection, you can relax. Even Mrs. Murtry says you're an angel. Who can ask for a better recommendation?"

"I'm all right now," she told him. "You just had to go and marry a cry-baby, that's all—" She drew away from him, and stood erect. "Now! I'd better see what Wendy is up to."

He was diverted for the moment. "Some mischief," he said. "You can bet on that."

He followed her into the garden, where they found Wendy crouched intently over a tulip bed, pulling the tulips up by the roots.

"I want to see if they're ready!" she said, beaming at them.

Jeffrey laughed as Celia flew to rescue the flowers. "My daughter has a scientific mind," he said . . .

Celia wondered how long it would be possible to draw Jeffrey's attention away from the signs of her growing panic. It was becoming increasingly difficult, after she had driven to town with Lennox, or had one of their furtive talks in the garden by the garage, to meet Jeffrey a few minutes later with a bright, confident gaze, a serene smile. She had not only the problems entailed by her initial deceit but a problem she had not anticipated.

Lennox had not kept to his bargain, and she wondered, wretchedly, why she had ever thought he would do so. The luxury with which Jeffrey had surrounded her seemed to increase Lennox's sense of grievance and, correspondingly, his demands upon her; after the first month he had not been content with his share of her allowance.

At any hint of protest on her part he had only to remind her that he still had the letter from Bermuda. Smiling at her pleasantly, he would quote the equivocal words: It would be so dreadful if Jeffrey were to find out I don't deserve this happiness he has given me. I owe everything to you, Carl, and I'll never forget it . . .

"I think Harmon would put his own construction on the letter," he told her one day. "If he didn't, I could always get Louis to have a little talk with him."

"Louis—"

"The waiter at the Blue Moon. You remember Louis! He could tell Harmon how we used to sit in the place and have a good laugh over him."

"I never laughed at him!"

"But that's how Louis would tell it," Lennox said, and put out his hand for the money he wanted . . .

At last came the moment Celia had been dreading. It came without warning one evening when she was brushing her hair, seated at the dressing-table. She was suddenly aware that Jeffrey was standing behind her, smiling at her image in the mirror.

"You're beautiful!" he said. "Even after I've cold-creamed my face?"

"Especially then!"

She laughed a little. "Then I must be beautiful! Either that, or you're as blind as a bat!"

"There's nothing the matter with my eyesight," he said, and continued to regard her with pleased interest. "I like the off-beat blue of that negligee, or whatever it is." He paused. "It's the color of the dress you wore at our first dinner party, a few weeks after we were married."

Unaware of her action, Celia ran the stiff bristles of the hairbrush over the palm of her hand. "It was a pretty dress," she said slowly. "It was much too expensive."

"A dress like that has to be expensive, doesn't it? I wouldn't want you to be picking out dresses in a bargain basement. But I'm glad it came to mind." He went on hesitantly, "I don't want you to be upset about it, but I had a letter from Mendel's in the late mail."

"I haven't paid them!"

JEFFREY nodded. "They said they'd had no cheque from you, in spite of their statements. I sent them their money and told them off for going over your head and writing to me. But I made a mental note to tell you about it. You've got to be reasonably careful about your credit, Celia."

"It was bad of me—" she stammered. "But I'm not used to accounts and chequebooks. I keep getting mixed up."

"I didn't marry a bookkeeper," he reminded her with a smile. "But I might ask Ann to look after your accounts for you—"

"No! Please don't ask her!"

His concern gave way to amazement. "Celia, you're looking at me in downright fear!" he said.

"I know I've been extravagant," she explained miserably. "I haven't bought many things—but, even so, I haven't much to show for what I've spent—"

"But nothing could be more natural!" He slipped his hands down over her shoulders and pressed his cheek, for a moment, against her scented hair. "Don't look afraid

of me again, Celia. I'd not expect you to be very wise in the handling of money. I'd just like to help you get the hang of it."

She pulled away from him and buried her face in her hands, fighting a mounting hysteria. No one could have been more sensible about money than little Celia James, who had learned the value of money in a harsh childhood. Married to Jeffrey, she could have handled the generous income he had arranged for her as cleverly as Sharon had managed before her, but Sharon had not had Carl Lennox waiting for her in the garage, ready to snatch the money from her.

Celia bit her lip savagely now, remembering how far she had stretched the money Lennox had left to her, how prudent and painstaking she had been. On her trips to New York she had searched the ten-cent stores for toys that would please Wendy; she had bought necessary additions to her own wardrobe in obscure little shops; she had shampooed her own hair and manicured her own nails, never letting Jeffrey suspect that she was not patronising the town's leading beauty salon. Her pride in her own good management was outraged. Still it was necessary to seem like an appealing little fool.

She took her hands from her face, and saw the anxiety in Jeffrey's eyes. "Please don't scold me," she said.

After that evening Jeffrey made no further comment on the subject, but it lay unresolved between them, no less disturbing because it was ignored. Nor could Jeffrey be satisfied with any of the explanations Celia gave to account for her nervousness, her loss of weight, and the deep shadows under her eyes. She submitted docilely enough when he asked her to pay a visit to the family physician, but Dr. Kenney had only been able to advise a complete rest and a change of scene.

The doctor's timing, as Jeffrey observed later, couldn't have been better. A friend of Jeffrey's, on his way to Europe, had suggested that the Harmons make use of his lodge in Vermont that winter. So it was arranged that Mrs. Murtry should have a month's holiday, and that Wendy should stay with her grandparents in New York. But Ann was persuaded to come along, for Jeffrey had decided that he could not altogether abandon his work.

In the past weeks Jeffrey's secretary, sensitive to everything that concerned him, had been aware of a growing tension in the house. She didn't know the cause, but had begun to wonder when Mrs. Murtry had given a lively account of her quarrel with Lennox, and of Celia's subsequent intervention.

"She's going to turn out a regular peacemaker, just like the first Mrs. Harmon," the housekeeper said with a chuckle.

"Before I knew what I was about, I was saying to myself, all right, if that Lennox fellow is prepared to eat humble pie, I'll not be the one to do him out of his job. 'Harmony for the Harmons,' I said to myself."

Ann looked at her curiously. "I'm not so sure Sharon Harmon would have defended a chauffeur in a case like that. Why was Celia so concerned about Lennox, I wonder?"

"She just wants peace in the house," Mrs. Murtry said.

Ann had not dismissed the incident from her own mind. Observing Celia and the chauffeur to-



## THE IMAGE OF SHARON

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gether, she was almost convinced of some hidden current playing between them. Still, Ann was aware that she could not be dispassionate in any estimate of Celia's character. In the past weeks it had seemed wisest to avoid Jeffrey Harmon's wife, and to push aside the torturing thought of her.

Late one afternoon, however, she had come to the door of the living-room and found Celia standing before the fire. Celia was wearing a trailing hostess gown of coffee-colored velvet, with bands of soft brown fur about the neck and sleeves, but she seemed cold, for she was standing close to the fire, holding out her hands to warm them. She started a bit, and turned quickly, as Ann stepped into the room.

"Oh, hello. You startled me. You walk so quietly in those flat-heeled shoes."

"They're sensible shoes for a sensible person," Ann said dryly, and glanced away from Celia's frivolous little satin slippers. "I hadn't meant to bother you. I was looking for Mr. Harmon, as a matter of fact. I have to line up some appointments before we leave for Vermont."

"He took Wendy for a walk in the snow-suit she's so proud of," Celia curled up in the big wing-backed chair by the fire. "Do sit down a minute, Ann. Haven't you worked enough for one day?"

Ann perched on the arm of the sofa and looked down at Celia enigmatically. "I enjoy the work," she said. "Mr. Harmon's study of American aviation is a rather important work. I wonder if you realise what a really good writer he is?"

Celia shook her head. "I'm not a very well-educated person. You can appreciate that side of Jeffrey much better than I can."

Ann smiled and said nothing. But it was cold comfort, she thought, to share the intellectual side of a man's life. Again she glanced at Celia's beautiful little shoes, and again she glanced away.

"I suppose I must seem pretty much of a featherhead to someone like you," Celia went on, in a rather wistful tone. "But I've often wished I could know you better than I do, Ann. It would be wonderful if we could be friends, really good friends!"

"And why shouldn't we be?" Ann countered lightly, keeping her lips fixed in the stiff, bright smile.

It was a relief when Jeffrey and the child appeared and put an end to the scene. There had been too great a temptation to reject Celia's naive advances—"the crumbs," Ann thought wearily, "from a rich woman's table..."

A certain restraint was entering Celia's relationship with Jeffrey, and she knew he found it increasingly difficult to understand her troubled silences, her feverish little bursts of talk, her growing nervousness.

On the eve of their departure for Vermont, as they were lingering over their after-dinner coffee, she could not control a slight start of apprehension when he addressed her with sudden gravity.

"Celia, I've been wondering—" He paused and looked at her in bewilderment. "I was simply going to ask you something about the equipment for the trip. But these days—every time I speak to you—" He paused again and shook his head despairingly. "What is it, Celia? I can't believe you're afraid of me. But I don't know what else to believe!"

There was a little clatter as she put her cup down in its saucer. "I'm not afraid of you, Jeffrey. It's not that."

"But you seem afraid—and you're obviously unhappy. I can't go on being blind to the fact, Celia."

"It's not worth talking about," she said, looking away from him.

There was a long silence. "In Bermuda," he said at last, "I was sure you loved me. Now I'm not so sure. In fact, I'm almost sure I've lost your love. And I don't know why."

She looked up at him slowly. "You haven't lost my love, Jeffrey."

He tried to smile. "You're not in a witness-box, my dear. I don't intend to go on probing and prying. If you don't love me, it's not your fault. But if you're afraid of me, it must be mine."

He began to speak, then, of the equipment for the trip. His tone, as always, was gentle and courteous. But she knew the hurt she had inflicted went very deep.

The semblance of accord continued, and was even more painful than an open rift would have been. The long drive to Vermont would have been difficult enough, anyway, but the presence of Lennox made it almost intolerable for Celia. He was becoming ever less discreet. Careful though he was to address her in the tone of a well-trained servant, she thought that even the others must have noticed the flicker of mockery in his eyes. The look implied that his attraction for her was not easy for her to resist, and that the secret bond between them was providing a certain relish, even to her.

At the same time she knew he was beginning to rebel against the need to cater to her in outward ways.

Some careless word on her part might rouse a vindictiveness even stronger than greed; at any moment he might be tempted to reveal some measure of the truth. She counted the miles.

Once at the lodge, she told herself, it would be possible to keep out of his way; and her relief was enormous when they came, at last, to the rambling stone house.

On their arrival, Jeffrey and the chauffeur were occupied with bringing in wood for the great fireplace, with a drive to the nearest country store for foodstuffs. Celia and Ann aired the house and made the beds, and saw to all the cleaning that was necessary. There was a makeshift meal, then Jeffrey bolted the door and turned back to the group.

"I imagine we're all about ready to hit the sack," he said. "It's been quite a day."

Lennox had been straightening the logs in the wood basket. He dusted his hands and sent his employer an inquiring glance. "Do you know when you'll be wanting me tomorrow, sir?"

"Directly after breakfast," Jeffrey said promptly. "About nine, I should say. But that reminds me of something I've been meaning to ask you, Lennox. I think you once told me you'd done a bit of skiing in your time."

Lennox nodded. "That was when I worked for Major Ferris."

"How would you like to go out with me tomorrow?"

Lennox hesitated for a long moment, then he spoke rather quickly: "I'd appreciate it, sir!"

"There's a practice slope around here, they tell me. It shouldn't be too difficult."

The chauffeur gave his tone a hint of diffidence: "If you'd rather tackle the Ellingford itself, sir, I'm game to try."

"But that's the big mountain run!" Jeffrey exclaimed in surprise. "Sure it won't be too steep for you?" Lennox looked at him directly. "I'm not afraid of it, sir; but, of course, it's up to you."

Jeffrey straightened. "Naturally, I'd vote for it!" he said.

In their bedroom later, Celia considered him with a puzzled frown. "Wouldn't a run like that be rather dangerous for you and Lennox?" she asked. "I thought it was for the experts."

"I wouldn't say that!" he declared at once. "I don't pretend to be anything but a dab on skis, and I suppose Lennox is even worse. But we're not a couple of frail old men, you know."

She saw that she had touched his pride. "I really don't know much about it," she explained hurriedly. "I've just seen people ski in the movies."

"Lennox and I won't be much like people in the movies," he admitted, "but we'll be all right."

Celia smiled at him; then she turned back to the mirror over the small walnut dressing-table and began to brush her hair. In the early days of their marriage the brushing of her hair had been an intimate little joke between them; seldom had the brush been allowed to finish its hundred strokes. But now he was turning away from her smiling face. He muttered something about checking the position of the fire screen downstairs, and left the room in some haste, as if he were escaping either from her or from his own desire for her.

Celia lay awake that night long after he had gone to sleep. Her thoughts took a thousand chaotic forms, each without substance, vanishing as she tried to bring it to some purpose, some decision. Only one feeling connected her thoughts, and that was her fear of Carl Lennox.

When she fell asleep at last she dreamed that Lennox was pursuing Sharon Harmon across an endless plain of ice. Sharon was crying to Celia for help, but Celia could not move because the ice had hardened to lead. Celia awoke to find a thick blanket twisted around her feet and, having pulled the blanket loose, she tried to lie still. Beside her, Jeffrey stirred and muttered incoherent words out of some troubled dream of his own. At last, as dawn was breaking, Celia slept again.

WHEN she came out of her sleep Jeffrey was no longer beside her, and the light streaming into the room had deepened to a clear gold. She sat up with a start and stared in surprise at the small clock on the bureau.

She hurried through her shower and put on a dress of warm, persimmon-colored wool that was one of Jeffrey's favorites. Then she pulled a soft white cashmere sweater over her shoulders and ran downstairs.

"Good morning," she said, finding Ann in the kitchen. "I'm a late one this morning. Where's Jeffrey?"

"I'll reheat the coffee," Ann said, "and you'll have everything else in a minute."

"Where's Jeffrey?" Celia asked again.

"He and Lennox drove to town for more supplies. How do you want your eggs?"

"Please don't bother about eggs for me. I'm not very hungry."

"Didn't you sleep well?"



"Not too well—" Celia admitted. She was standing by the kitchen window moodily contemplating the magnificent scene spread before her eyes. In the distance the Ellingford, white-capped, towered above the lesser mountains ringing the valley. "I wish we hadn't come here," she went on slowly. "It's more beautiful than I'd ever imagined, but—oh, I wish we hadn't come here at all!"

"I know what you mean," Ann murmured. "The pleasures of the rich always seem pretty rugged to me."

"This isn't rugged. It's not that. It's—" Celia broke off and turned from the window. "It's all right if Jeffrey has a good time. It's a good place for skiing, I suppose."

"So they tell me," Ann said, as she brought the coffee-pot to the table. "I'd almost like to go along this morning. On skis, Carl Lennox must be something to watch."

"What do you mean?" Celia asked with a faint frown. "Do you think he'll make such an exhibition of himself?"

Ann grinned. "There's quite a bit to our friend, Lennox, more than meets the eye. I've always suspected. One day, when he was driving me to Elmsport, he happened to mention that he was a crack skier."

Celia moistened her lips, not yet understanding the fear that was tightening her heart. "He was bragging. He's very conceited."

Ann paused, glancing at Celia. "No, he wasn't bragging," she said. "Lennox is a born athlete. He has all the necessary strength, speed, and co-ordination, as far as I can gather. But going in for any kind of sport would bore a man like that."

"Of course it would."

Ann nodded. "That's what gives the thing its rather amusing side. Lennox had to turn into a skier and boxer and tennis player in spite of himself. It seems he had a job with a man named Major Ferris, who'd been a champion of just about everything in his day, and Lennox was supposed to play all his little games with him. That was part of his job."

"Lennox never told me."

"Why should he have told you?" "No reason," Celia said, coloring. "But it never came up in any of my conversations with him. That's all I meant."

"It's something he wouldn't talk about, or even think about, in the ordinary way," Ann said. "I'll admit there's something ironic in that, of course. Mr. Harmon would give a year's income to be an all-out blazing wonder on a pair of skis. I suppose people are never satisfied with their own achievements."

Celia was no longer listening. She sat tensely, icy hands pressed together. "Ann—it was Lennox who suggested the Ellingford for today. Not Jeffrey. It was Lennox who wanted a steep run. And it was like a challenge to Jeffrey!"

"He wants to show off," Ann said. "Why?" Celia demanded. "If it's something that bores him, as you said?"

Ann was looking at Celia intently. "I don't see that it matters, one way or the other. Why should you be so worked up about it?"

Celia ignored the question. She had pushed her chair back from the table, and now she was pressing her hands, hard, against the table's edge. She was hearing not Ann's voice but the voice of Carl Lennox. Words to which she had given no importance at the time had become

grim and meaningful in this moment. . . . Come to think of it, it would be simpler all round if you were a rich widow. . . . Then she was remembering, in gathering terror, the words that had followed. . . . Such an absent-minded guy could have an accident any day. . . . "I must stop them," she said, almost in a whisper.

Ann leaned forward. "Why?" Celia looked at her blankly. "An accident could happen—so easily."

Ann controlled a rising tide of excitement. "Celia, this is nothing but double-talk. Tell me what's wrong. I can help you. You know that."

"All I have to do—" Celia began and paused suddenly.

She could not tell Jeffrey that she did not want him to let Lennox ski with him, and fail to give any reason. She could convince Jeffrey that an expert skier could arrange a fatal accident for a trusting novice, but there was no safe way to express a doubt of Lennox without giving away her secret.

"All you have to do—" Ann prodded.

"Never mind—never mind—" Celia stammered in distraction.

Ann shook her head. "You're in some trouble I don't understand—and you don't trust me." She paused. "Celia, don't you have to trust somebody?"

The kindness in the tone broke down Celia's defences as nothing else could have done. She looked at her husband's secretary imploringly. "Lennox could kill Jeffrey! It would be quite safe for him, Ann. He could kill Jeffrey!"

"Do you know why he'd want to?" Ann kept her voice quite steady, and calm. "You must know Lennox better than I'd thought."

"Yes, I know Carl Lennox very well indeed!"

Carefully Ann felt her way: "You knew him before you were married?"

"Yes!"

"Celia, you may as well tell me the whole story, don't you think?"

Celia nodded humbly. She told Ann, then, of her relationship with Lennox, from its very beginning, and she made no attempt to spare herself. In conclusion, she made a gesture of despair. "Carl has the crazy idea I'd run if he whistled—if anything were to happen to Jeffrey. I don't know how to make you believe that!"

"I believe it," Ann said dryly. "Some men are monstrously sure of their physical charms. I've no doubt Lennox is one of them."

Celia fastened trusting eyes upon her. "Will you help me, Ann?"

"I'll help Jeffrey," Ann countered, her voice hardening a little.

"But I mean that, of course! It may even be a question of saving Jeffrey! And nothing else matters."

"No—and it's all rather clear, isn't it? Telling the truth will save him."

"I've realised that," Celia said slowly. "I'll tell him the truth."

A full moment passed before Ann spoke again, and she spoke softly: "And then you'll live happily ever after, like the people in one of Wendy's fairy stories? Is that it?"

Celia stared at her. "You're laughing at me!" she cried incredulously.

"I think it's my turn to laugh a little, don't you? I have another question for you, Celia."

Ann was not smiling now. "Even if Jeffrey should forgive you, do you think he could ever truly trust you again? Or go on imagining himself in love with you?"

Celia had turned very pale.

"Why wouldn't he think your confession was just another smart little move on your part?" Ann went on. "You may simply have decided to keep all the money for yourself, and cut out any further threat from Lennox. How could Jeffrey ever be sure?"

It seemed the room had widened. Celia could see Ann's cold, accusing, oddly triumphant face only at a far distance. For a few irrational moments the face seemed to be detached from Ann herself; it was a face sitting in judgment, a face on which Celia must cast herself for mercy. It was supremely important to change the expression of the face, which, conceivably, could become understanding, even friendly.

"I'd explain to him about Sharon," she said softly.

"Sharon?"

"Yes, I pretended to be like Sharon. I copied the things Lennox told me about, and then I found out more things about her from Jeffrey, and I copied those things, too."

But after a while it wasn't a game any more. I hated to be like Sharon—for Jeffrey's sake and for my sake, too—" Celia broke off and clasped her hands together in a manner instinctively prayerful. "And if I were to tell Jeffrey that, wouldn't he believe me? Wouldn't he forgive me?"

ANN'S eyes were sparkling, and her thin cheeks were flushed, for the hatred that ran in her veins was headier than any wine, wiping out everything except the taste of revenge. Pent-up hate and frustration can do strange things, and the Ann Minor who had come to work for Jeffrey Harmon, who had stayed to love him and to serve him with mute, unquestioning devotion, had little resemblance to the Ann Minor who was confronting Celia now, mocking the entreaty in her voice.

"Why would he believe you, Celia?"

"Why would he forgive you?"

Celia shook her head in bewilderment. "I don't understand," she said. "You don't want me to tell him—?"

Ann smiled again. "It might be better if you were simply to leave him. You and Lennox belong together, really, and you could leave together. That would be the better thing to do, Celia—simpler all round."

Simpler all round. . . . It was a favorite phrase of Lennox's. And now Ann's words had blurred and become senseless. Again Celia was listening to Lennox: Simpler all round if you were a rich widow.

"Why don't you leave Jeffrey?" Ann was insisting, more harshly. "Why can't you see that's the only thing to do?"

"Yes!" Celia said. "He'll want me to leave—after I've told him the truth—"

"It's too late for that now, Celia," Ann said wearily. "They said they were going directly to the mountain from town. They'll have reached the lodge by this time, and there's no telephone up there. You'd better just leave and hope Lennox falls or changes his mind. It's too late to do anything, and either way Jeffrey will know the truth about you and Lennox today." Ann's smile was bitter now.

Celia's eyes widened in shock. "To the lodge? Why didn't you—? No! It can't be too late—I've got to stop him! I've got to—"

"Celia! Wait—" Ann put out a hand, but Celia eluded her and ran from the room, sobbing and stum-



## THE IMAGE OF SHARON

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 28, 1953

bling like a blind woman. Ann stayed at her place at the kitchen table, stunned, staring vacantly at her plate. She had gambled that Celia's hysteria would drive her into unreasoning panic. She had gambled that Celia would run, and that Jeffrey would need a trusted friend to cushion the shock of his betrayal.

So Jeffrey was to find her, half an hour later, the pot of cold coffee at her hand, the two breakfasts untouched.

"Daydreaming?" he asked. "You look like the Sphinx!"

She started at the sound of his voice, and turned to stare at him.

"As Lennox and I were driving in it struck me you and Celia might like to come with us to the lodge."

No need to explain his longing to be with Celia, to try again to patch the growing rift between them.

"Where is Celia, Ann?"

"I don't know," Ann said. "She's around somewhere, I suppose."

He considered her for an instant. "You said that in a queer sort of way. Anything wrong?"

"Why, no, Jeffrey."

"Then where is she?"

"She may have gone out." Ann walked to the sink with the plates she had stacked. "Lennox put gas in that old car in the garage, you know."

"She doesn't like to drive," Jeffrey said slowly. "She's a poor driver—"

Suddenly he strode to the sink and seized Ann by the shoulders. "Where has she gone?" he demanded.

Ann flushed crimson. "She was carrying on with Lennox, if you want to know the truth! And she'd made up her mind to tell you—"

She was frightened then, and tried to twist away from him. "She seemed to think you had gone directly to the lodge and she ran out to stop you, yelling something about saving you from Lennox. I think she was hysterical. I tried to stop her, but she wouldn't listen—"

"You mean she's gone to try that slope?" he asked incredulously. "You knew we were coming back here, and you didn't stop her? Why did you—?"

"I couldn't stop her! I—Jeffrey, please believe—it wasn't my fault—"

He waited to hear no more. He let his hands drop and turned abruptly—to find Lennox blocking the door.

"Get out of my way, Lennox!"

A spark flashed in the chauffeur's eyes. "I'm not taking orders in that tone—" he began.

Jeffrey's whole anger was in his knotted fist. For a scholarly man, it was a solid fist. There was a shrill cry from Ann as that fist struck Lennox's jaw. In the next second Lennox was sprawling on the floor. Before he could scramble to his feet Jeffrey brushed past him.

The soul-satisfying warmth of

rage was gone even before Jeffrey had started to run from the door to the big car in the drive. It had been replaced by a fear coiling within him like a cold snake. He was shaking with that cold as he headed the car, with reckless speed, up the winding road to the lodge.

He found a small, excited crowd at the lodge on the mountaintop, and shouldered his way to the centre of it. There was talk of some seemingly insane or suicidal stunt on the part of a girl skier. Holding hard to some measure of control, he questioned first one speaker, then the next, all close to incoherence.

But he gathered that the distraught girl had made inquiries about two men, one fair-haired and one dark; having been told that they had just taken the run, she had followed before anyone could protest. Their voices rose, now, in a confused chorus:

"The doctor's with her now! Someone said he had reached her—he was the blond man, and there was a dark boy with him—"

"Never saw anything so wild—"

"As if she were possessed—"

"But the doctor wasn't in time!"

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

I heard she was dead when he got there—"

"Oh!" said a dark-haired girl softly, looking at Jeffrey. "She's someone belonging to you."

"Yes—" Jeffrey said, for a moment aware of the dark girl's compassionate face. "She's someone belonging to me."

He turned back to the car for his boots, and for the skis and ski poles. In his frantic impatience his fingers were awkward and fumbling, but by the time he had adjusted the bindings on his skis he had gained command of himself. It would not help Celia, he thought grimly, if he were to come to grief on his way to her. Still, he could have few illusions about his skill, his ski-ing having been limited to short hills at best. Tackling the Ellingford under happier circumstances would have been high adventure.

He glided over the first stretch of level terrain, flexing his knees and forcing a forward lean. In another moment he was looking down on the steep run, seeing the great masses of rock to be circled and the scattered clumps of trees through which he must thread his way. He started down the run, remembering to keep his weight on the balls of his feet, and for some seconds he seemed to be flying through dazzling white space. He made a stem turn with reasonable skill; in the next instant he had

fallen. He pushed himself up and went on, falling often, but not pausing to rest with the fall.

At last he saw two men kneeling in the snow by a huddled little figure at the bottom of the slope. He swung his skis at right angles and skidded to a stop in a great spume of snow. Then he floundered over to the others. He could not force his voice to a question. Celia was dead, he thought—Celia was dead. But the elder of the two men looked up and shook his head.

"No!" he said, as if Jeffrey had spoken. "No; it isn't as bad as we'd thought at first. She fell on soft snow, and I don't think there's much likelihood of skull injury or cerebral hemorrhage. No; it isn't as bad as we'd thought."

Still Jeffrey could not speak—but he, too, knelt by Celia and gently touched her hair.

They let him see her again in the hospital after the passing of an hour that seemed interminable. She had fractured a rib, they told him, and she was suffering from shock. At first she had been forbidden to receive any visitors; then they saw she would have no rest until she talked to her husband.

She had spoken with surprising steadiness, and she concluded with a simple statement. "I know you'll forgive me," she said, "but I don't know if you'll trust me ever again."

"I'll tell you something they never put in the dictionary," he said after a moment. "Forgiveness and trust are part of the verb 'to love' . . . and it happens that I love you very much, my Celia."

"And I love you, Jeffrey!" she said, her blue eyes radiant in her pale face.

He scowled at her. "You didn't need to risk your life to prove it! What did you think? That I'd fall on my face and that Lennox could finish me off with a rock? . . . I'm not such a dub as all that, you know!"

"No, darling," she said meekly. "I imagine you're a better skier than anyone would ever believe."

He laughed, and checked the laugh; then gently he lifted her hand and kissed the palm. "Don't try to talk any more, even to bolster my masculine ego. And don't worry about anything! Lennox and Ann are going out of our lives this very day. And the minute you leave the hospital we'll head for home. We're going to have a whole new life."

She let her head fall back on the pillow and looked at him blissfully. "I want to go home," she whispered. "I want to make everything perfect for you and Wendy and me."

"It will be—" He paused a moment, trying to control his voice. "There will be harmony for the Harmons, as Mrs. Murtry has always hoped."

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## THE KITTEN

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

THE campers had been gone a fortnight now. Like Arabs they had folded their tents and stolen silently away in the night. It was thought that they had come from the west country and had probably gone back there, but no one knew anything about them for certain. They were what rural folk call "didicals"—people who led a vagrant life but were not true gipsies.

They had arrived in September and paid a month's rent down for a site on the bit of flat ground near the pond. Their caravan was towed by a shabby old saloon car. For additional accommodation they pitched a tent alongside it. In the tent slept the two boys. The little girl slept in the caravan with her parents.

The man appeared to have neither craft nor trade, but to rely on casual work for his livelihood. He had been taken on at Halsey's farm up the road, for it was a time when extra help was welcome. After harvest and threshing were over he was put on to digging a drainage ditch across one of the pastures. This took him until the end of November, for the land was heavy and he was single-handed. When it was done the farmer paid him off. There was no other work to be had in the neighborhood, so after a few days the family moved on. Their going caused little comment and no regret. The woman was a slattern and her children were not encouraged to play with those of the cottagers.

It was from Halsey's farm that the man had brought the striped kitten. It was one of the constantly fluctuating feline population of the yards and byres and granaries, and it was about two months old when the man picked it up and asked if he could keep it. Mrs. Halsey assented readily. There were too many cats about the place because Halsey hated having to drown them.

The kitten took gladly to its new life, which was a considerable improvement on the rough, precarious existence from which it had come. The family were kind to it and entertained by its antics. It was much fondled and amply and regularly fed. In the bright autumn days it played around the camp, chased leaves, or followed the children when they went to gather mushrooms or late blackberries in the evenings. It sat under the table while the family were at supper, and at night it slept in the bunk bed beside the little girl.

With the shortening of the days it spent less and less time outdoors and more in the caravan, learning for the first time the new and delicious luxury of warmth. With the

lamp lit and the paraffin stove hissing under the cook pots the caravan was a cosy place. The harsh days of the farmyard receded from the kitten's memory and were only recalled at times by reminiscent sights and smells—the Trims' chickens, a truss of straw, cow-dung on the hill tracks.

It had been a good summer and a mild, dry autumn. The weather did not harden till December. Frost came with the turn of the moon in the first week—on the night when the caravan family pulled out. At dusk they were there as usual. Next morning they were gone, leaving behind them a patch of trampled grass, a heap of charred rubbish and empty tins; an unpaid bill for eggs and honey they had had from Mr. Trim—and the striped kitten.

As Mrs. Mostyn said, watching from her garden gate as it wandered over the camp site mewing its bewilderment, "They seemed so fond of it, the little girl especially. Whatever came over them to leave it behind?"

Mrs. Reece leaned her large bosom on the dividing wall and gave it as her opinion that it was only what you'd expect of that lot.

"Too mean to feed it, I dare say, now it's half grown. Must be four months old now."

Mrs. Mostyn decided to take the kinder view.

"Or too hard pressed, maybe. An extra mouth is an extra mouth, when all's said, even if 'tis only a cat's, and casual work's not easy to come by in the winter."

"Why doesn't he get a regular job, then? There's plenty going."

"Glory knows," said Mrs. Mostyn. Her eyes were still fixed on the abandoned kitten. Its unusual marking—black tabby-rings on a dun ground, with white nose and feet—made it conspicuous even from a distance. "Tis a pretty little thing, I'd take it myself if it wasn't for the old dog. He'd never abide it, not at his age." Her gaze swivelled to Mrs. Reece in tentative inquiry. But Mrs. Reece shook her head.

"No use looking at me," she said. "I've got two of me own to feed, and with pieces eightpence a pound at the fish shop I don't want another, and that's flat."

"Maybe it'll run back to the farm."

"Sure to, I shouldn't wonder. Best not to take any notice of it. It'll make off when it gets hungry."

Mrs. Reece was right. After a day and night of continuous but fruitless mewing, the kitten seemed at last to realise its extremity. Feeling the tug of old associations it moved off in the direction of the farm. It went slowly and with extreme reluctance, in case the caravan should reappear as unaccountably as it had vanished. Three

times, after hovering a little way off, it ran back to be reassured. Finally it seemed to come to a decision. Mrs. Reece saw it trot away up the lane.

"It's got that much sense, then," she said to herself. "Farm cats has to live on short commons, but at least it'll have shelter." She went next door and shouted through the kitchen window to Mrs. Mostyn. "It's gone up the road!"

"Best thing it could do," Mrs. Mostyn shouted back. "Hope it'll stay there, pore little critter, now the weather's broken."

It didn't, for reasons beyond its control.

The instinct which led the striped kitten back to the hay-barn where it was born did not prepare it to meet a hostile reception. The old she-cat had recently had another litter and she savagely attacked the intruder within a few minutes of its arrival. Crying repeatedly in its terror and pain the kitten fled down the lane and did not stop running till it was back in the hamlet, half a mile away. Its cheek was gashed and its coat fouled with farmyard muck. There was an old broken wall round the pond and on to this the kitten climbed. Here it crouched shivering, trying to clean itself, and here it slept.

The cottagers did not notice it till next morning. Mrs. Reece saw it first. When she opened her door to shake the mats she found it sitting on her step.

Gave her quite a start, she said later. She pushed the door to hastily. Once let a stray come indoors and you'd never be rid of it. Didn't do to feed it neither, come to that, if you didn't want to keep it. All the same, couldn't stand by and see it starve. Two days now since the campers went. Drat and drat them, thought Mrs. Reece fretfully, why couldn't they take their dratted pet with them—or at least find another home for it, instead of turning it loose to pester other people?

After a few minutes of fuming irresolution she filled a pie-dish with bread and milk and went out by her back door. She went round the angle of the wall—her cottage was at the north end of a row of three—across the green to the pond, and on to the flat ground beyond it. She called, "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and the striped kitten bounded out through the front gate and came flying after her. Having deposited her offering at a point, she hoped, far enough distant from the cottages to be unidentified with any particular occupant, Mrs. Reece stood back and watched the kitten lapping eagerly. She did not stoop to fondle it, for fear—as she said—of encouraging it. But she noticed



the wound on its face, from which a trickle of blood had congealed and blackened, and she was shrewd enough to guess the cause.

"Drive you away, did they? Well now, what's to be done with you, I wonder? Us'll have to put our heads together."

Later that morning, after their menfolk had gone to work, Mrs. Reece, Mrs. Trim, and Mrs. Mostyn forgathered in Mrs. Mostyn's kitchen over cocoa and ginger biscuits. The hope, privately entertained by two of them, that Mrs. Trim might be induced to solve the problem of the homeless kitten was short-lived. Mrs. Trim had a large family and neither room nor time for domestic pets. On top of which there were Mr. Trim's feelings to consider. He was bitter about the egg bill. She knew exactly what he would say if the matter were put to him. He would say it was hard enough that he should be twenty-five bob to the bad on account of them campers, let alone be expected to harbor their cat for 'em.

"And you couldn't blame him, really," Mrs. Trim said.

Mrs. Reece and Mrs. Mostyn were obliged to assent.

"I don't see it starving, not really," Mrs. Trim went on, "not while there's mice and birds to be had. It'll go wild before long, I shouldn't wonder."

"Be kinder to have it put away," was Mrs. Reece's opinion.

"But that'd be a proper shame, that would. It's a taking little thing. I seldom see a prettier-marked little cat."

No solution was reached. The only point on which three minds were strongly agreed was the iniquity of the persons responsible for the whole vexing matter. It was at this stage that a squeaking sound was heard outside and the three heads turned to watch a tall figure wheeling a bicycle down the rough path to the lane. Simultaneously, another point of agreement presented itself. Whatever happened, whatever was done, if anything — the person best fitted by circumstances to offer a happy solution to the problem was unlikely even to be approached. To adopt a homeless animal was not a thing you could ask of someone with whom you were barely on speaking terms.

Of the two detached cottages in the hamlet, each standing in its walled plot, one was at present unoccupied. It was the holiday cottage of a London businessman and was only used during the summer. The other belonged to Miss Coker. Her gaunt figure in its Burberry raincoat and stout boots was a familiar sight in the neighborhood, yet little more was known about her now than when she had first come to live there. She was rumored to be comfortably off. She was a solitary, and she was reticent. This was counted against her. In a small rural community where gossip is the chief recreation it is considered that anyone who keeps her mouth buttoned up, as that one did, must be afraid of spilling secrets.

Poor Miss Coker had, in fact, no secret save the tragic and pitiful cause of her residence in the hamlet. She had been a schoolteacher and was one of a large and affectionate family living in Blackheath. Miss Coker was the eldest of three sisters — and the only plain one. But she was witty and generous and was

## THE KITTEN

popular at the school where she taught, not only with the pupils but with other members of the staff. At the age of thirty-eight, to her immeasurable surprise, she became engaged to be married. Mr. Collins, a man with a mind as rich and lively as her own, was one of the co-principals of the school. They were ideally suited to each other.

Since he had no home save his rather comfortless rooms in the school building, it was natural that Arthur Collins should be invited to spend Christmas week with the Coker family that year. They were all there — the two married sisters and their husbands and children — making the most of their wartime reunion. The year was 1940. German air attacks on London ceased for the few days of the Christmas festival; but on the night of the 29th came the great fire raid on the city. One of the raiders, on its way home across the Thames, jettisoned a bomb that fell squarely on the house at Blackheath and obliterated it.

THE reason why Miss Coker did not share the fate of her entire family and her fiancé was because she was not in the house at the time. She had gone out to look for her mother's cat which, perhaps warned by some super-normal instinct, had run away the previous day. She never found the cat, and she never forgave it for saving her life. She lay in hospital for many months in a serious condition, the result of grief and shock. When she recovered she was a changed woman, irritable, morose, shunning human kind. Being left well provided for, she gave up teaching and travelled the south-west of England in search of a habitation remote from any town or village. She found it in the isolated hamlet where she had now lived, completely alone, for fifteen years. She neither paid calls nor received them. She seldom spoke to the other cottagers except to make a complaint. Mrs. Mostyn's radio had been too loud; the Trim children had thrown stones on to her roof; Mrs. Reece's cats had trespassed in her garden. This last infuriated her. Her grievance against one particular cat had somehow extended till it embraced all and sundry.

She was not yet aware even of the existence of the deserted kitten — nor, if she had been, would its plight have moved her. No living creature was allowed to disturb her solitude. She lived with the ghosts of those she had lost, and with the memories that surrounded them.

The kitten first brought itself to her notice on the fifth day of its ordeal. It was Saturday, a grey and lowering afternoon. She had bicycled back from the village and was pushing her machine up the track over the green when she saw a small animal sitting on the path outside the Trims' front door. As she passed, the door opened a few inches and Mr. Trim's large red face appeared in the crack. "Be danged if it ain't still there!" he shouted. A missile of some sort — it looked like an old cloth cap — hurtled out and narrowly missed its target. Then the door slammed with a fearful noise like a thunderclap. But to Miss Coker's surprise the animal, which she now observed to be a small striped cat, did not move. It continued to sit there, staring patiently at the closed door.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 30, 1956

She saw it again next morning when she looked out of the dormer window of her bedroom. This time it was prowling round the empty cottage adjacent, plainly seeking for a way in. She made a mental note to keep her own door firmly fastened.

The kitten soon gave up trying to get into the empty cottage and returned to the occupied ones. Now it took up its daily vigil outside the Mostyns'. It was not yet noticeably thinner, for Mrs. Reece refilled the pie-dish with bread and milk whenever she thought of it, and the Trim children threw out scraps which they took from the chicken pall. It was not food so much as the sounds and smells and warmth of human dwellings that the kitten sought. Its longing for warmth was actuated by association with human presences and not by physical necessity, for as yet it did not suffer in this respect. It had a thick coat and was catching an occasional mouse or sparrow to supplement the food put out.

There was heavy frost each night, but so long as the weather held dry and windless the cold did not matter. Wind and rain are the winter foes of soft-coated creatures. Their soft fur is a poor defence against either. Dry, it is ruffled and pierced by the wind. Wet, it holds the water and chills the skin. Sleeping in the open becomes a torment. The kitten had made a bed for itself on an old straw mattress thrown out by the campers. It still smelled faintly of the bodies of the boys who had slept on it.

So long as the rain held off the kitten fared reasonably well. But the spell of frosty-keen bright weather was ending. The barometer in the Trims' hallway had been falling steadily for twenty-four hours, and the elms along the lane had begun to tremble and creak. Birds stayed close to their roosting places in prescience of the coming storm. Whirling gusts whipped up the last of the leaves and flung them peevishly about. Fowls went early to bed. The cottage women fetched in coal and kindling and they filled extra pails from the pump to save going out once the storm had broken. Miss Coker made the rounds of her casement windows, making sure they were fastened.

The striped kitten was worried, restless. It was aware of an acuter need to find shelter, but had learned the futility of seeking it at the cottages. There was not a shed, an outhouse, or even a privy whose door was left unlocked at night and into which an intruder might creep. This was due to the deep-rooted fear of tramps which exists in most lonely settlements.

There was a derelict hut which the kitten had discovered in a coppice on the other side of the lane, but feared to enter because it stank of the old wild tomat which had once lived there.

It was reluctant to leave the camp site for two reasons. First because the straw mattresses and the strewn rubbish were the last relics of its haven, and secondly because from this vantage point it could look across the green to the group of cottages and watch their windows light up at twilight. The eyes of the kitten were as irresistibly held by the chain of lamplit squares in the dusk as a child's by a row of bright beads.

The pleasure was shortlived as a rule, for with nightfall the curtains



were drawn, and it was only when a door opened to let someone in or out, or a curtain hung askew, that a shaft of yellow broke the black dark. So long as there was a chink or a glimmer to be seen the kitten watched, unblinking.

It stood now irresolute in the rising wind, uncertain whether to go or stay. Finally, it seemed to compromise between the two alternatives and settled down in the lee of the broken stone wall. It had chosen wisely, for the wind was blowing from the east and the wall gave what shelter was to be had. But during the night the wind veered to the north.

When dawn came the hills were blotted out behind a sullen grey blanket whose fringes were drenching diagonals of rain and sleet. By the time it was full daylight the ground was soaked, and the kitten with it. It got up, but could scarcely stand against the wind. Half walking, half blown, it made its way over to the camp site to see if there were anything left to eat in the pie-dish. The dish was no longer there. It had been whirled into the pond, along with the mattress and the other loose refuse.

**C**ROUCHING by the spot where the pie-dish had been, the kitten waited for Mrs. Reece to appear. It waited hour after hour in the stinging icy sleet, until it was almost too stiff to move. Then it began to scratch forlornly among the half-buried tins on the rubbish heap and unearthed one that held, miraculously, a crust of meat-like substance round the upper rim.

Mrs. Reece did not appear that day or the next. Her husband had been taken queer with gastric symptoms caused by a form of food poisoning. In the connection of this emergency no one remembered the striped kitten. They did not remember till yet another day had passed. Then it was Mrs. Trim who volunteered to go and look for it, taking with her a plateful of fat bacon and a left-over fillet of fish. The "black norther," as it was called in these parts, had not yet blown itself out. The trees still thrashed and groaned and the sleet had turned to snow.

Mrs. Trim could not see the kitten, so she put the scraps down in the accustomed place and scurried back to her warm kitchen. Directly she had gone the air above the camp site became alive with wing-beats and strident cries. The severity of the storm had driven a flock of gulls inland from the estuary and they had been circling over the hamlet trying to swoop on the fowl-run at feeding time. This unexpected feast so delighted them that instead of moving off to the ploughed lands around the farm they stayed close, in hopes of further bounty.

Mrs. Trim did not see the kitten because it had at last found a refuge from the weather. The discovery was the result of a combination of circumstances, including a terrible fright.

On the second night of the storm, driven jointly by hunger and the inability to find a dry sleeping place, it had gone to hunt for wood-mice in the coppice. And there it was surprised by a fox, a thin young vixen as hungry as itself, with cubs to provide for. The vixen hesitated before making her spring. She had

not taken a cat before, though her mate had done so several times since the coney burrows were emptied by disease. That moment's uncertainty saved the kitten. It fled like the wind, with the sharp muzzle and slashing jaws very close but gradually falling back as the cottages were neared. The kitten headed for Miss Coker's, the nearest, leapt on the garden wall, and thence into a crab-apple tree. The vixen waited a while; then a sound from one of the cottage bedrooms scared her and she padded away in the direction of Halsey's farm. The kitten was glad enough to descend. In its weakened state it had difficulty in clinging to the wind-tossed branches.

As it jumped down on to the wall a shaft of moonlight struck from the storm-racked sky on to Miss Coker's coal-shed a few yards away, revealing strangely enough — the interior. The latch having worked loose, the door had blown open and been wrenched off its hinges by the gale. Now it lay flat in the long grass beside the path. Scarcely believing its good fortune, the kitten crept inside. Picking a way over the coal heap and between the wheels of Miss Coker's bicycle to the rear-most corner of the shed it came upon an empty sack smelling of rats and potatoes. On this it curled itself, thankful to escape at last from the torment of the wind and the wet.

It was still there when Miss Coker came to fill her coal scuttle next morning. She was annoyed to find the door wrenched off, but as snow was now falling heavily she did not stop to investigate the damage in detail. She scooped up some coal and hastened back indoors. She had not seen the kitten lying drowsily in the far corner where little light penetrated. It stayed there until midday, sleeping.

Intensified cold awakened it. It crept out to find a strange white world. The snow was thin in some places and thick in others where the wind had piled it in freakish eddies; but it lay everywhere as far as the eye could see. The outlines of the frozen pond and of the familiar tracks across the green were quite lost. It was a different landscape, and the kitten did not know what to make of it at all. The very ground underfoot had undergone some strange transformation. It was yielding, treacherous. The kitten was afraid of it, so after a cautious examination it returned to the shed. It had no food that day. Even if hunger had tempted it to venture as far as the green its journey would have been fruitless. The scraps put out had long been snatched up by other mouths.

It lay quietly watching the white flakes swirling in the space between the doorway of the shed and the back of the cottage. As the afternoon wore on it became accustomed to the spectacle. It yawned, but it did not sleep. It was waiting for daylight to fade. For on the previous evening, when it found its present refuge, the kitten had made another marvellous discovery.

Miss Coker's cottage, though it stood apart, was sited so that it faced over the green like the others.

All five gateways gave on to the same footpath, and this factor had its advantages in so lonely a place as a source of entertainment. The comings and goings of the residents were visible from every front window.

Miss Coker, however, disliked both the sound and sight of her fellow men, so she had adapted the interior of her cottage to the requirements of seclusion. What had been the parlor became her kitchen — in which, with only herself to cook for, she spent little time. The old kitchen, at the back, she had turned into a comfortable, even luxurious, living-room. From its two small windows looking on to the bare hill-side she could neither observe nor be observed by anyone. The sole drawback to the arrangement was that the old kitchen, though spacious, was extremely dark. Miss Coker had quickly remedied this defect. She had had a french door installed in the south wall, giving on to her yard, and this served the purpose of a back entrance as well as an extra window. The door was panelled with frosted glass and was not curtained on the inside.

Thus, though the interiors of other cottages were illumined only during the time between the lighting of lamps and the drawing of curtains, this door of Miss Coker's shone out every evening until almost midnight. Visible from nowhere save the walled yard, it presented to the occupant of the coal-shed its full and glorious aspect, a glowing rectangle of amber-gold. The kitten lay basking happily in the delusion that heat as well as radiance emanated from it.

During the night the wind dropped and the sky cleared. The cottagers awakened to an ice-blue, glittering morning — a grand day for a shopping excursion to the village, for the frozen snow was firm underfoot. A little party set off soon after breakfast, the children in bobbled wool caps pulled down over their ears, sliding and shouting and getting ticked off by their elders for making the path slippery.

Miss Coker heard them go by.

"Off to spend their money on Christmas rubbish," she said with a sniff. She often spoke her thoughts aloud, though she tried to curb the habit, for she knew its danger. She herself did not "keep Christmas" — it was her way of revenging herself on the God. Her rejection of the festival went so far as switching off her radio every time its approach, or anything connected with it, was mentioned. She did this now, for she had caught the words of an introductory announcement — "a programme of carols from —" The snap of the switch reminded her that her accumulator would need recharging if it was to last over the holiday period.

She put on her Burberry and her boots and went to the shed for her bicycle.

It was then that she found the striped kitten, and she angrily shoed it out. It went a little way, then turned and looked at her and mewed. She shouted at it again.

So unusual was it for any sound to shatter the monastic silence of Miss Coker's abode that Mr. Reece, who was up and about but had not yet gone back to work, came over to see if the old girl was in trouble. When he saw the cause of the outburst he chuckled.

"So that's where he got to, the awful little cuss."

"Who does this animal belong to?" Miss Coker demanded.

"Don't belong to nobody. Bin knocking at all our doors, like, askin' someone to take it in."

"Well, I won't. And what's more,



## THE KITTEN

Supplement to The Australian  
Women's Weekly — August 29, 1938

I won't have it hanging around here. I don't care for cats. If I did, I'd have got one years ago," Miss Coker snapped. ("Proper old battle-axe she is," said Mr. Reece when recounting this episode. "Get no change out of her. Gawd 'elp us!")

"No one's asking you to feed it," he explained patiently. "My missus'll go on doing that. She's not one to see an animal suffer. But 'twouldn't hurt you to let it sleep here while the cold's so bitter. Come the summer I dare say he'll run off to the woods."

"It can run where it likes. I won't have it in my shed," Mr. Reece pushed back his cap and gave her what he described later as a sarky look. Then he shifted his gaze pointedly to the gaping entrance of the shed.

"Puzzle you to keep him out, won't it?"

He followed this up with a piece of his mind.

"I'd have offered to hang the door on yer, seein' it's only five days to Christmas and a time for folks to feel charitable and neighborly, like. But I misremembered. I've got other things to do." He marched off, leaving Miss Coker trembling with rage. She tried to pick up the door in order to prop it against the entrance, but it was made of old oak timbers and was so heavy that she could not lift it.

The kitten, meanwhile, had wandered on to the slope in front of the cottages, where it sat hopefully waiting for someone to appear with food. Eventually it was Mr. Reece who, in his wife's absence, ostentatiously brought out a basinful of bread soaked in gravy. He did not wait to see the offering consumed, having been sternly told to go out in the cold as little as possible.

The kitten had eaten no more than a mouthful before it was beset by the gulls, who had now been joined by a company of rooks and jackdaws. Buffeted on all sides, twice knocked off its feet and terrified of the savage perks that were aimed at its eyes, the kitten ran off to its old haunt under the wall. Here it crouched and watched till the squawking quarrelling gang had emptied the basin and flown off. Then it went back to the shed, where it spent the rest of that day.

It had given up its patient siege of the cottages. After being homeless for a fortnight it seemed content to have found at least a dry sleeping place. More than this, when daylight faded it had something that compensated for hunger pain, for loneliness and cold—it had the desire of its small concentrated being, the jewel that shone for it alone. Hour after hour with its paws tucked under its body it stared, steadfast and unblinking, at Miss Coker's golden door.

On two more occasions it tried unsuccessfully to snatch a meal under the vicious attack of its winged competitors. After that, it ceased to try. It did not leave the shed at all.

Miss Coker made no further attempt to drive it away. But this did not mean that she had yielded an inch. On the contrary, her resistance had stiffened, if that were possible. Not only had Mr. Reece's impudent rebuke affronted her, but she had seen through his strategy at once. He had intended that frequent sight of the kitten would ultimately break down her opposi-

tion to it. Thus it would find a home and the consciences of those whose doors were barred to it would be conveniently salved.

No doubt, he assumed, like so many others, that no one lived a solitary life for choice, and that by foisting on to her a stray cat as lonely as herself they would be doing both parties a kindness. Well, they assumed wrong. They were not to know, of course, the main obstacle to their intention. But for a cat she would not be here now, dragging out her empty and unwanted life. She would be with Arthur. She willed herself to put the whole matter out of her mind, to ignore it, forget it. And she was both annoyed and perplexed to find that she could not do so.

At frequent intervals while she sat by the fire, her slipped feet in the hearth, the image of the striped kitten came between her and the book in her lap. She saw it, as she had seen it for the last three mornings, lying on the sack at the back of the shed. She tried again to thrust it from her mental vision. After all, she had been assured that it was getting food—and now it had shelter as well. Many a stray was worse off.

All the same, there was a disturbing feature somewhere—she could not identify it, but neither

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

could she get rid of it. It was with her now, nagging like a toothache. Whatever it was, it had started fairly recently; she was sure of that. It had something to do with—oh, botheration! Whatever it was it couldn't possibly matter. She switched on her radio set for the nine o'clock news.

"In many parts of the country fresh snow has fallen," said the voice of the announcer. "Road and rail services are not yet affected and with only two more shopping-days before Christmas the traffic has been heavier than—" Miss Coker switched off. But her hand stayed on the knob, arrested with the thought that had suddenly come to her. In this district there had been a fall of snow forty-eight hours ago, but none since then. The nagging discomfort at the back of her mind had some connection with this circumstance, and with the kitten.

Knowing she would not be able to concentrate on her book or on anything else until she made a final effort to disperse the aggravation, she took her reading-lamp and went out through the french door into the yard. After the warmth of her sitting-room the air was so biting that it hurt to draw it into her lungs. Freezing again, she thought as she hurried over the few yards to the doorway of the shed. Holding the lamp high in an arc as she looked round the walled yard, its white carpet was unscuffed from corner to corner, save for the heavy imprint of her own boots and the tiny arrow tracks of birds.

And at last she knew what it was that disturbed her. There were no paw marks. Now, if this animal had gone out to eat the food provided for it during the past two days, there would be a double set of tracks between the coal-shed and the garden wall. So it had not gone.

Presumably it was not hungry. But how could it possibly not be hungry? There were no rats or mice in the shed to her knowledge. There used to be; they used to eat her carrots and potatoes and even the daffodil bulbs. But now she no longer stored anything there the vermin had decamped. It was a puzzle about the cat. It looked very thin. It might be ill, of course. In which case, in this bitter cold, it would probably not last much longer. The best thing would be to leave it alone in the hope that death would come quickly.

She returned to her sitting-room and warmed her numbed hands. She banked up the fire and took up her book. But the words she read did not seem to make sense. She began to fume with annoyance at herself and at the wretched creature that disturbed her peace and could not be ejected. Why hadn't it gone elsewhere? Why does it have to lie there watching, waiting—waiting for what? I won't give in. Why should I? It has no claim on my conscience. Let the nagging go on. I can stand it. She stood it for one more day.

Shortly before her suppertime on Christmas Eve she suddenly got out of her chair, took the lamp and strode out to the shed. The kitten lay as before, its eyes fixed on the golden door framed in the darkness. It stirred as she approached, lifting its head. She stooped and with an abrupt awkward movement passed her hand over its body. It was the first time in fifteen years that she had allowed herself to fondle a living creature, animal or human, lest this, too, should be taken from her. The touch of the soft fur caused something to happen inside her, some easing of the frozen heart. The kitten struggled to its feet, arching itself under her hand. The white parts of its coat were blackened by coal-dust. She understood then that it was too weak to wash itself, let alone go in search of food.

Miss Coker straightened her back and went indoors. To a nature like hers, compromise was as foreign as indecision. She set two saucers side by side on her kitchen floor. One she filled with warm milk. In the other she put a slice of chopped raw liver which represented half her own supper. Out of a cupboard in the hall she took an old knitted shawl, and this she spread over the seat of an armchair in the sitting-room. She pulled the chair up close to the fire beside her own. Then she opened the french door wide and stood, outlined in the soft, rosy glow, looking across the yard. There was no need to call. Invitation was explicit to the eyes of the watcher.

The kitten had followed her a little way when she left the shed. Now it hovered in the snowy path, a few yards away from where Miss Coker stood. Its tail was flattened, its eyes round with the blending of hope and disbelief. It advanced a few steps into the pool of light. A few more, then a tottering run, till it was on the threshold, breathing the warmth of the firelit room.

Miss Coker stood for a moment listening to the voices of the Trim children singing carols. Behind the voices, faint but clear and sweet in the ice-bound stillness, came the sound of bells from the church.

The kitten was aware of one sound only—the closing of the golden door behind it.

(Copyright)

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



# WON £1000 PRIZE

● Here are the color schemes which won first prize of £1000 in our Color Scheme Contest for Mrs. D. W. Hill, of Horsham, Victoria. The lounge-room is designed in clear colors with large glass areas to present a fresh, airy, daytime appearance the whole year round. Full-length gold cotton curtains are drawn at night to create a cosy atmosphere. Bright colors in the kitchen help to relieve the monotony of the housewife's daily chores. The dream bathroom makes clever use of every inch of space, but delicate pastels prevent any impression of overcrowding. Each room features a mural wall. These color drawings accompanied Mrs. Hill's entry.



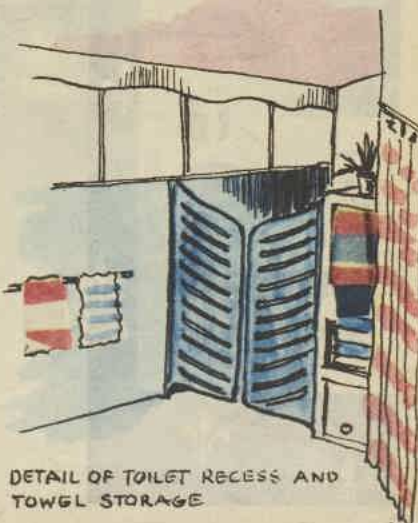
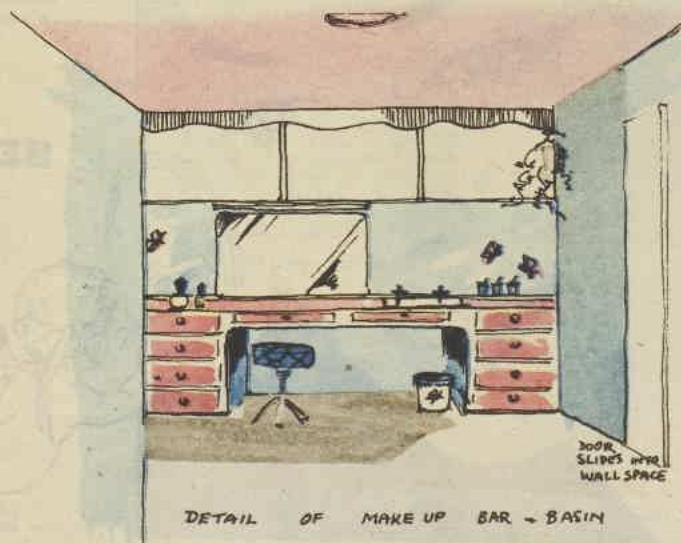
FOCAL POINTS in this colorful kitchen are the dramatic two-part floor and the mural over the stove. White ceiling, cupboards, and all main equipment offset royal-blue and lime walls. Pelmet, stool, bench tops, and doorknobs are all bright red. The buffet divider (above right) has shelves and cupboards for crockery and silver used in the adjoining breakfast area, which would be decorated in the same blue, lime, red, and white.



FOR THE BATHROOM, Mrs. Hill combines pastel pink and blue with white and silver-grey. Cloud effects with a butterfly motif behind the bath and make-up bar create an illusion of greater space. Blue swing doors open into the toilet recess. Unusual feature is the fluted white pelmet boards which frame the pink bath and high windows. In one corner (not shown) is the shower, curtained off from the room by pink-and-white striped plastic.



BATH RECESS





WRITERS rarely have new books published long after their death, but "Laughter in the Camp," by John Fairfax, came off the presses recently.

This collection of Army and other stories stems from the years the author served as a trooper in World War II and later as a war correspondent for the "Sydney Morning Herald." Publication is due to his mother, Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, of Point Piper, N.S.W. Mrs. Fairfax collected every word her son wrote until his death in 1952, and with the help of Mr. Archer Russell selected the stories for publication by the author's son-in-law, Mr. David Warwick Boyce.

The book is dedicated to the author's grandchildren: Peta, Mark, and Deborah Boyce, and Susan-Mary, daughter of Charmian and Francesco Michahelles, of Florence, Italy. John Fairfax, born in 1904, was a kindly, humorous, much-loved man, who was happiest when out of doors.

He wrote the biography of his great-grandfather, the John Fairfax who founded the "Herald," in a caravan near Jervis Bay, and he shot the Beloka Gorge, in the Snowy Mountains, in a canoe in flood-time.

John Fairfax was reticent, even with his friends, about his many acts of kindness.

He had only to read or hear about a family in need and he would fill his old car with pounds' worth of food and deliver it personally—and never give his name. He was that sort of man.

TO Cecil Beaton's party at London's Cafe Royal the Duchess of Kent wore a short (almost knee-length) white evening dress with a tasselled, beaded skirt and a bandeau of diamonds on her head.

# Worth Reporting



## Giant karri in Perth

A GRAND old man of the forest—a 378-year-old, 110-ton karri tree, big enough to provide the wood for nine timber houses—was recently "planted" in King's Park, Perth, to commemorate the Festival of Trees.

The karri, worth about £1500, came from Donnelly River Mill and measured 119 feet to the first limb. With a 25-foot circumference at its base, it had to be sawn into three logs for the 70-mile lift from Waroona to Perth, where it was mounted on cement blocks.

More than a thousand schoolchildren took turns in planting trees at Swanbourne Beach during the festival.

At Perth's Government House, the Governor, Sir Charles Gairdner, and Lady Gairdner each planted a lemon-scented gumtree.

WOMEN are not the only people who moan about having "not a thing to wear." Our favorite story of the week is about a young-man-about-town who claimed he couldn't lunch any more at Sydney's newest and smartest Continental underground cellar.

"I've run out of waistcoats," he explained.

## Dates with popcorn

NEWEST thing for American teenagers, we're told, is the "Cheapskate Party." It works this way: a group of boys hire a bus; they take their girl-friends to dinner at a place that advertises "all you can eat for a dollar" (9/2), then by bus to a movie, where the girls get a bag of popcorn (6d).

Parents trying to break up "steady dates" approve.

## Have you one or two voices?

TALKING of accents, B.B.C. producer Kenneth Hudson has produced an interesting theory about "occupational" voices which, he claims, give us all away.

There are One-Voice people, Two-Voice people, and the Elastic-Voice people, says Mr. Hudson.

One-Voice people include bank managers (they always sound the same), Navy men (the same as Army, but more jovial), policemen, and models.

Two-Voice people: Chauffeurs and telephonists, who have both an on-duty and an off-duty voice.

Elastic-voice people are those whose livelihood de-

pends on the ability to meet a wide range of people of all backgrounds. Two examples: Salesmen and Members of Parliament with marginal seats.

CHIVALRY is flourishing, it seems, in Brisbane. A young girl got on a tram one recent morning and found she had left her purse at home.

The gallant conductor, however, took an understanding view of her plight and before the tram reached the city returned to ask her if she needed any money to see her through the rest of the day.

Yes, she is a very pretty girl!

## Davis Cup for women?

A SCHEME now being hatched by women councillors of the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association may end up as a Davis Cup competition for women.

They plan to ask the L.T.A.A. to approve a scheme for sending an official team of Australian women regularly to compete in international matches.

If successful, they hope the move will lead to an international contest for a trophy for women.

"We've tried unsuccessfully to get Australians included in the Wightman Cup—a trophy for which British and American amateur women players compete annually," says Mrs. Roland Conway, chief instigator of the idea, and 30 years a councillor of the N.S.W.L.T.A.

"In tennis it's been a man's world far too long," she says.

## THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

- Here are this week's winners of The Laugh Was On Me. Each week we award £2/2/- to the two best entries.

TOGETHER my daughter and I swotted out the intricacies of new sums and sorted out nouns and verbs. I was feeling very pleased with my efforts.

My ego was quickly deflated when she turned to her High School brother and said: "Will you go over these sums and analysis and see if they're right? Mummy helped me with them."

£2/2/- to Mrs. H. G. Wheeler, 225 Cheapside Street, Maryborough, Qld.

AS a seasoned air traveller I felt a little superior to a friend on a plane trip from Sydney to Dubbo. Looking out the window I said: "You see that river! That would be the Macquarie. We'll soon be landing at Dubbo."

Just then the hostess announced: "As passengers may have noticed, we turned around recently and are about to land in Sydney for engine repairs."

£2/2/- to Mrs. C. Champion, P.O. Box 379, Albury, N.S.W.

- Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

you could have wished to meet. The jovial way he would jump with both feet on the faces of opponents on the football field and the suavity of his deportment when chucked out of the Empire on boat-race night won all hearts.

"Beefy, as we used to call him, was a fourteen-stone ray of sunshine in those days. And what is he now? The passing of the years has turned him into what a mutual friend of ours—Elsie Bean, who once held office as housemaid under Sir Aylmer Bostock, at Ashenden Manor—would call an overbearing dishpot. What he needs, of course, is a wife."

"Ah," said Pongo, who had recently acquired one, "now you're talking. If he had someone like Sally—"

"Or like my own dear Jane. There's no real substitute for the holy state. When you get a wife, you've got something. It was the worst thing that could have happened to Beefy when Barbara Crowe handed him his hat."

"Barbara Crowe? Isn't she a movie star or something?"

"Certainly not. She's a partner in Edgar Saxby and Sons, the literary agents. Ever heard of them?"

"No."

"Well, I don't suppose they've ever heard of you, which even things up. I've known Barbara for years. She's the widow of an old friend of mine, Jimmy Crowe, who was killed in the war. I introduced her to Beefy, and was delighted when she told me that they were planning to put up the banns. And then I heard that it was all off. Terrible pity. She's lovely, she's got a wonderful sense of humor, and her golf handicap is well in single figures. Just the wife for Beefy. In addition to improving his putting, always his weak spot, she would have made him human again. But it was not to be. What did you say?"

"I said 'Bad show.'"

"And you could scarcely have put it more neatly. It's a tragedy. Still, there's always a bright side. If things are not all that one could wish on the Bastable front, they're fine in the Johnny Pearce sector. I see a bright and prosperous future for him."

"Who is this girl he's marrying?"

"I told you at lunch. Belinda Farrington, commonly known as Bunny."

"No, I mean, who is she? What does she do?"

"She's a commercial artist."

"Any money?"

"I imagine not. Still, what's money? You can't take it with you."

"No, but you can do a lot with it here."

"True. And one of the things you can do with yours," said Lord Ickenham, as they drew up at the entrance of Lord's, "is pay the cab."

They entered the ground, and Pongo, cordially invited to remain at his uncle's side, shivered a little and said he would prefer to be pushing along. It was his settled policy, he explained, never again, if he could avoid it, to be associated with the head of the family in a public spot. Look, he argued, what happened that day at the dog races, and Lord Ickenham agreed that the episode to which he alluded had been in some respects an unfortunate one, though he had always maintained, he said, that a wiser magistrate would have been content with a mere reprimand.

A good deal of walking about and hullo-ing is traditionally done by the patrons of the Eton and Harrow match, and for some little while after parting from his nephew Lord Ickenham proceeded to saunter hither and thither, meeting old

from page 18

acquaintances and exchanging amiable civilities. Many of these old acquaintances had been contemporaries of his at school, and the fact that most of them looked as if they would never see a hundred and four again was a reminder of the passage of time that depressed him, as far as he was capable of being depressed. It was a relief when he observed approaching him someone who, though stout and florid and wearing a top hat with a dent in it, was at least many years from being senile.

"Beefy, my dear fellow!"

"Ah, Frederick."

Sir Raymond Bastable spoke absently. His thoughts were elsewhere. He was sufficiently present in spirit to be able to say "Ah, Frederick," but his mind was not on his half-brother-in-law. He was thinking of the modern young man.

At the moment when Lord Ickenham accosted him, there had just risen before his mental eye a picture of the interior of the Old Bailey, with himself in a wig and silk gown cross-examining with pitiless severity the representative of that sub-species who had knocked his hat off.

When the hat he loved had suddenly parted from its moorings and gone gambolling over the pavement like a lamb in springtime, Sir Raymond Bastable's initial impression that it had been struck by a flying saucer had not lasted long.

A CLAPPING of hands and the sound of cheering from across the street drew his attention to the smoking-room window of the Drones Club, and he perceived that it framed a sea of happy faces, each split by a six-inch grin. A moment later he had seen lying at his feet a handsome Brazil nut, and all things were made clear to him. What had occurred, it was evident, had been one more exhibition of the brainless hooliganism of the modern young man.

Sir Raymond had never been fond of the modern young man, considering him idiotic, sloppy, disrespectful, inefficient, and, generally speaking, a blot on the London scene, and this Brazil nut sequence put, if one may so express it, the lid on his distaste. It solidified the view he had always held that steps ought to be taken about the modern young man, and taken promptly. What steps he could not at the moment suggest, but if, say, something on the order of the Black Death were shortly to start setting about these young pests and giving them what was coming to them, it would have his full approval.

With a powerful effort he removed himself from the Old Bailey.

"So you're here, are you, Frederick?" he said.

"In person," Lord Ickenham assured him. "Wonderful, running in to you like this. Tell me all your news."

"News?"

"How's everything at home?"

"Phoebe all right?"

"She is quite well."

"And you?"

"I also am quite well."

"Splendid. You'll be even better when you're settled down at Dovetail Hammer. Jane tells me you've taken Johnny Pearce's Hammer Lodge place there."

"Yes. I shall be moving in shortly. Your godson, isn't he?"

"That's right."

"I suppose that is why Jane was so insistent on my taking the house."

"Her motives, I imagine,

To page 40

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were mixed. She would, of course, for my sake be anxious to do Johnny a bit of good, but she also had your best interests at heart. She knew Dove-tail Hammer was just the place for you. Good fishing, golf within easy reach, and excellent fly-swimming to be had in the summer months. You'll be as snug as a bug in a rug there, and you'll find Johnny a pleasant neighbor. He's a capital young fellow."

"Young?"  
"Quite young."  
"Then tell him to keep away from me," said Sir Raymond tensely. "If any young man attempts to come near me, I'll set the dog on him."

Lord Ickenham regarded him with concern.  
"Your manner is strange, Beefy. Why this bilious attitude towards the younger generation? Doesn't youth with all its glorious traditions appeal to you?"

"It does not."  
"Why not?"  
"Because, if you must know, some young thug knocked off my hat this afternoon."

"You shock and astound me. With his umbrella?"  
"With a Brazil nut."  
"These are deep waters. Who was this fiend?"

"All I know is that he belongs to the Drones Club, which to my lasting regret is situated immediately opposite the Demosthenes. I was standing outside the Demosthenes, waiting for a cab, when something suddenly struck my hat a violent blow, lifting it from my head. I looked down, and saw a Brazil nut. It had ob-

viously been thrown from the room on the ground floor of the Drones Club, for when I looked up the window was full of grinning faces."

Sir Raymond started. A thought had occurred to him. "Frederick!"

"Frederick!"  
"Still here, old man."  
"Frederick, I invited you to lunch with me at the Demosthenes today."  
"And very kind of you it was."

"You declined because you had a previous engagement to lunch at the Drones Club."  
"Yes. Agony, of course, but I had no option."

"You did lunch at the Drones Club?"  
"Heartily."

"Did you take your coffee in the smoking-room?"  
"I did."

"Then I put it to you," said Sir Raymond, pouncing, "that you must have seen everything that occurred and can identify the individual responsible for the outrage."

It was plain that Lord Ickenham was impressed by this remorseless reasoning. He stood musing for a space in silence.

"Difficult always to reconstruct a scene," he said at length, "but as I close my eyes and think back, I do dimly recall a sort of stir and movement at the window end of the room and a group of young fellows clustered about someone who had . . . yes, by jove, he had a catapult in his hand."

"A catapult! Yes, yes, go on."

## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

from page 39

"He appeared to be aiming with it at some object across the street, and do you know, Beefy, I am strongly inclined to think that this object may quite possibly have been your hat."

"Who was he?"  
"He didn't give me his card."

"But you can describe his appearance."

"Let me try. I remember a singularly handsome, clean-cut face and on the face a look of ecstasy and exaltation such as Jack, the wife of Heber, must have worn when about to hammer the Brazil nut into the head of Sisera, but . . . no, the mists rise and the vision fades. Too bad."

"I'd give a hundred pounds to identify the fellow."

"With a view of instituting reprisals?"

"Exactly."

"You wouldn't consider just saying 'Young blood, young blood' and letting it go at that?"

"I would not."

"Well, it's for you to de-

picked it up, "I do not intend to let the matter rest. I shall most certainly do something about it."

"But what? That is the problem we come up against, is it not? You might . . . no, that wouldn't do. Or . . . no, that wouldn't do, either. I confess I see no daylight. What a pity it is that you're not an author. Then you would be on velvet."

"I don't understand you. Why?"

"You could have got these views of yours on the younger generation off your chest in a novel. Something on the lines of Evelyn Waugh's 'Vile Bodies'—witty, bitter, satirical, and calculated to make the younger generation see itself as in a mirror and wish that Brazil nuts had never been invented. But in your case, of course, that is out of the question. You couldn't write a novel if you tried for a hundred years."

"Well, goodbye, my dear fellow," said Lord Ickenham, "I

continued unabated, there were moments, many of them, in the weeks that followed when only the iron Bastable will kept him from giving in and abandoning the project. As early as the middle of Chapter One he had discovered that there is a lot more to this writing business than the casual observer would suppose.

However, as that poet fellow Swinburne would have reminded them, even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea: and came a day when Sir Raymond was able to point at a mass of typescript on his desk, the top sheet of which was inscribed:

"COCKTAIL TIME"

By ANTHONY BLUNT

and to point at it with pride. His whole soul had gone into "Cocktail Time"—a biting title with its sardonic implication that that was all the younger generation lived for—and he knew it was good. Dante would have liked it, so would Juvenal, and it was an infernal shame, he felt, that circumstances compelled him to hide his identity under a pseudonym.

It is all very well for your Dantes and your Juvenals to turn out the stuff under their own names, but a man who is hoping for the Conservative nomination at Bottleton East has to be cautious. Literary composition is not entirely barred to those whose ambition it is to carve for themselves a political career, but it has to be the right sort of literary composition, a scholarly Life of Talleyrand, for instance, or a thoughtful study of conditions in the poppet-valve industry. You cannot expect to get far on the road to Downing Street if you come up with something like "Forever Amber."

And, he was forced to admit as he skimmed through its pages, there was no gainsaying the fact that in both tone and substance "Cocktail Time" had much in common with Miss Winsor's masterpiece. Sex had crept into it in rather large quantities, for while exposing the modern man he had not spared the modern young woman.

His experiences in the divorce court—notably when appearing for the petitioner in the cases of Bingley versus Bingley, Botts and Froisher, and of Fosdick versus Fosdick, Wills, Milburn, O'Brien, french-french, Hazelgrove - Hazelgrove, and others—had given him a low opinion of the modern young woman, and he saw no reason why she, too, should not have her share of the thunderbolts.

Yes, he mused, "Cocktail Time" was unquestionably outspoken—in one or two spots, particularly Chapter 13. A Raymond Bastable, revealed as the man behind Chapter 13 and in a somewhat lesser degree Chapters 10, 16, 20, 22, and 24, could never hope to receive the nomination for the impending election at Bottleton East. A prudish Conservative Committee would reject him with a shudder and seek for their candidate elsewhere.

Into the early vicissitudes of Sir Raymond's brainchild it is not necessary to go in any great detail, for it had much the same experiences as any other first novel. He sent it from an accommodation address to Pope and Potter, and it came back. He sent it to Simms and Shoter, and it came back; to Melville and Monks, and it came back; to Poppood and Grooly, Bissett and Bassett, Ye Panache Presse, and half a dozen other firms, and it came back again.

It might have been a boomerang or one of those cats which, transferred from Surbiton to Glasgow, show up in Surbiton three months later a little dusty and footsore but full of the East-West-home's-best spirit. Why it should

eventually have found journey end in the offices of Alfred Tomkins Ltd. one cannot say but it did, and they published it in the spring, with a jacket featuring a young man with a monocle in his right eye doing the rock-n-roll with a young woman in her step-ins.

After that, as is customary on these occasions, nothing much happened. It has been well said that an author who expects results from a first novel is in a position similar to that of a man who drops a rose netal down the Grand Canyon of Arizona and listens for the echo. The book had a rather limited Press.

The "Peebles Courier" called it not unimproving, the "Basingstoke Journal" thought it not uninteresting, and "The Times Literary Supplement" told its readers that it was published by Alfred Tomkins Ltd. and contained 243 pp, but apart from that it received no critical attention. The younger generation at whom it was aimed, if they had known of its existence, would have said in their uncouth way that it had laid an egg.

But Fame was merely waiting in the wings. At two minutes past five one Tuesday afternoon the venerable Bishop of Stortford, entering the room where his daughter Kathleen sat, found her engrossed in what he presumed to be a work of devotion but which proved on closer inspection a novel entitled "Cocktail Time."

Peeping over her shoulder, he was able to read a paragraph or two. She had got, it should be mentioned, to the middle of Chapter 13. At 5.5 sharp he was wrenching the volume from her grasp, at 5.10 tottering from the room, at 5.10 in his study scrutinising Chapter 13 to see if he had really seen what he thought he had seen.

He had.  
At 12.15 on the following Sunday he was in the pulpit of the church of St. Jude the Resilient, Eaton Square, delivering a sermon on the text "He that touches pitch shall be defiled," which had the fashionable congregation rolling in the aisles and tearing up the pews.

The burden of his address was a denunciation of the novel "Cocktail Time," in the course of which he described it as obscene, immoral, shocking, impure, corrupt, shameless, graceless, and depraved, and all over the sacred edifice you could see eager men jotting the name down on their shirt cuffs, scarcely able to wait to add it to their library list.

In these days when practically anything, from Guildford undertaker bitten in leg by pike to Ronald Plumtree (11) falling off his bicycle in Walthamstow High Street, can make the front page of the popular Press as a big feature story with headlines of a size formerly reserved for announcing the opening of a world war, it was not to be expected that such an event would pass unnoticed.

The popular Press did it proud, and there was joy that morning in the offices of Alfred Tomkins Ltd. Just as all American publishers hope that if they are good and lead up-right lives their books will be banned in Boston, so do all English publishers pray that theirs will be denounced from the pulpit by a bishop. Full statistics are not to hand, but it is estimated by competent judges that a good bishop, denouncing from the pulpit with the right organ note in his voice, can add between ten and fifteen thousand to the sales.

Mr. Prestwick, the senior partner, read the "Express," the "Mail," and the "Mirror" in the train coming from his Escher home, and within five

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Shuff & Tuff

by TIM



cide, of course, but it's rather difficult to see what you can do. You can't write to 'The Times.'"

"Why not?"  
"My dear fellow! It would be fatal. Jane was telling me the other day that you were going to stand for Parliament at . . . where was it? White-chapel?"

"Bottleton East. Frampton is thinking of retiring, and there will be a by-election there next summer probably. I am expecting the nomination."

"Well, then, think of the effect of a letter to 'The Times' on the electorate. You know what the British voter is like. Let him learn that you have won the Derby or saved a golden-haired child from a burning building, and yours is the name he puts a cross against on his ballot paper, but tell him that somebody has knocked your top off with a Brazil nut and his confidence in you is shaken. He purses his lips and asks himself if you are the right man to represent him in the mother of Parliaments. I don't defend this attitude, I merely say it exists."

It was Sir Raymond's turn to muse, and having done so he was forced to admit that there was truth in this. Bottleton East, down Limehouse way, was one of those primitive communities where the native sons, largely recruited from the costermongering and leaning-up-against-the-walls-of-public-houses industries have a primitive sense of humor and think things funny which are not funny at all. Picturing Bottleton East's probable reaction on learning of the tragedy which had darkened his life, he winced so strongly that his hat fell off and got another dent in it.

"Well," he said, having

must be moving along. Lot of heavy Hullo-there-how-are-you-old-boy-ages-since-we-met-ing to be done before yonder sun sets. Sorry I could not have been of more help. If anything occurs to me later, I'll let you know."

He tripped away, and Sir Raymond was conscious of a mounting sense of indignation. He strongly resented that remark about his not being able to write a novel if he tried for a hundred years. Who was Ickenham to say whether he could write a novel or not?

Anything in the nature of a challenge had always been a spur to Sir Raymond Bastable. He was one of those men who take as a personal affront the suggestion that they are not capable of carrying to a successful conclusion any task to which they may see fit to set their hand. Years ago, when a boy at school, he had once eaten seven vanilla ice creams at a sitting because a syndicate of his playmates had bet him he couldn't. It sent him to the sanitarium for three days with frozen gastric juices, but he did it, and the passage of time had in no way diminished this militant spirit.

All through the rest of the day and far into the night he brooded smoulderingly on Lord Ickenham's tactless words, and rose from his bed next morning with his mind made up.

Write a novel?  
Of course he could write a novel, and he would. Every man, they say, has one novel in him, and he had the advantage over most commencing authors of being in a state of seething fury. There is nothing like fury for stimulating the pen. Ask Dante. Ask Juvenal.

But though his theme was ready to hand and his rage

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DEBBIE MAKES . . .

# Slashed and savory cheese-ring

**T**HIS week Debbie, our teenage chef, makes her favorite cheese-ring and fills it with a combination of luncheon meat, gherkin, and cheese. This savory treat is shown at right.

For special occasions Debbie likes to use ham in the filling, or she may make a change with any variety of cold cooked or tinned meat that has appetite appeal. A combination of finely chopped celery, onion, hard-boiled eggs, and tuna or salmon usually makes a hit with everybody.

Debbie's family and friends like this savory ring, which is quite simple to make, for tea, lunch, or supper.

The ingredients used by Debbie for this slashed cheese-ring are: 12oz. self-raising flour, 2 dessertspoons powdered milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. grated tasty cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup water.

For the filling Debbie uses: 8oz. diced luncheon meat, 3 or 4 gherkins, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Her method of making the ring is shown in the illustrations below.



**LEFT:** Sift flour, powdered milk, salt, and pepper into basin, rub in shortening. Add cheese and beaten egg. Mix to a soft dough with water. Knead lightly on floured board. Roll to oblong shape about 2in. in thickness.



**RIGHT:** Chop gherkins and meat into small dice to avoid difficulty of dragging large pieces through the dough when cutting. Wash board immediately after chopping highly seasoned foods to prevent the odors from penetrating the wood.



**LEFT:** Brush dough with melted butter, cover with chopped meat. Sprinkle with gherkin, cheese, and parsley. Moisten edges, roll up as for Swiss roll, starting from the longest side. Join in a ring, place on greased oven-tray.



**RIGHT:** Slash ring with a sharp-bladed knife at 2in. intervals, cutting through to centre of ring. Turn each section sideways so filling shows. Brush surface with milk and bake in hot oven for 30 to 40 minutes.





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## Prize Recipes



● Egg-glazing and a coating of breadcrumbs give a delicious, crunchy topping to the inexpensive sausage dish which wins the main prize of £5 this week.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of £1 each are awarded to recipes for an unusual apple cake and a coffee-flavored steam pudding served with orange slices sautéed in butter and with rum or sherry added.

All spoon measurements are level.

### RICE AND SAUSAGE SAVORY

One pound thin pork sausages, 3 apples, egg-glazing, flour, salt and pepper, breadcrumbs, oil or good shortening for frying, 1 cup rice, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup tomato puree, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, parsley.

Place sausages in saucepan with cold water, bring to the boil; remove from heat and allow to cool slightly in water. Remove skins from sausages, coat in seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Cook in heated oil or fat until golden brown. Meanwhile peel, core, and slice apples in 1/4-in.-thick slices. Fry lightly in a little melted butter. To prepare rice: Cook rice until soft in large quantity

boiling salted water; drain. Stir in tomato puree, salt, cayenne pepper, and cheese. Spread rice mixture over large platter, arrange sausages on top in a cart-wheel fashion, pile sautéed apple slices in centre. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Kiesey, 117 Marmion St., Cottesloe, W.A.

### SWEDISH APPLE CAKE

Four ounces sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 desertspoons almond meal, 1 egg.

Filling: Four cooking apples, 1/2 cup sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, little water.

Cream sugar and shortening thoroughly, add sifted flour, salt, and almond meal. Add beaten egg; mix to a stiff dough. Divide into two sections, making one piece twice the size of the other. Meanwhile peel, core, and thickly slice apples. Place in saucepan with sufficient water to prevent burning. Cover and simmer until apples are soft. Drain apples, rub through a sieve. Add sugar and lemon rind, allow to cool. Roll both pieces of pastry out to 1/4 in. thickness on board. Brush inside of a 7 in. cake-tin with melted butter, coat with a little sugar. Line base and sides of tin with two-thirds of the pastry, cover with half the

**SAUSAGE MEAT**, formed into small balls, could be used to give variety in this economical rice and sausage savory dish. See recipe.

apple puree. Divide balance pastry in half, place one section over apple layer. Cover with balance of apple, and lastly the remaining pastry. Prick top with a fork and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Allow to stand 10 minutes before turning out. Sprinkle top with sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Griffin, 64 Lillipilli Point Rd., Lillipilli, N.S.W.

### COFFEE NUT PUDDING WITH ORANGE SLICES

Two ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 1/2 cup milk, 2 oranges (peeled and thinly sliced), extra 1oz. butter, little rum or sherry.

Beat butter or margarine with brown sugar and coffee essence until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg and fold in the sifted flour and salt alternately with the nuts and milk. Fill into a greased pudding mould, cover with greased paper, and steam for 2 hours. Melt extra butter in small frying-pan and lightly fry the orange slices on both sides. Pour over the rum or sherry and serve around the pudding. Trickle any remaining juices over top.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Grath, 23 Park St., West Tamworth, N.S.W.

### FAMILY DISH

**THIS** week's family dish is a savory pie in which tinned or freshly cooked flaked fish combines appetisingly with tomato, onion, celery, and eggs. It costs 5/- and serves four or five.

#### SAVORY FISH PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 tomato, 1/2 cup cooked chopped celery, 1/2 cup finely sliced onion, 1 tablespoon margarine, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1/2 cup milk, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1 cup flaked tinned or cooked fish, chopped parsley.

Line a 7 or 8 inch tart-plate with pastry, cook until golden brown in moderate oven. Skin tomato, cut in halves, remove seeds and juice. Cook onion in melted margarine until softened but not browned. Add evaporated milk and other milk, stir until hot, then add salt, pepper, and beaten eggs. Arrange fish, celery, and sliced tomato in pastry-case. Season well. Spoon in egg and onion mixture, and bake in moderate oven until set. Serve topped with parsley and garnish with lemon wedges.

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### HOLIDAY TRAVEL

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse.

**DURING** the September holidays, many mothers will be travelling by train or car with their children to places far from home.

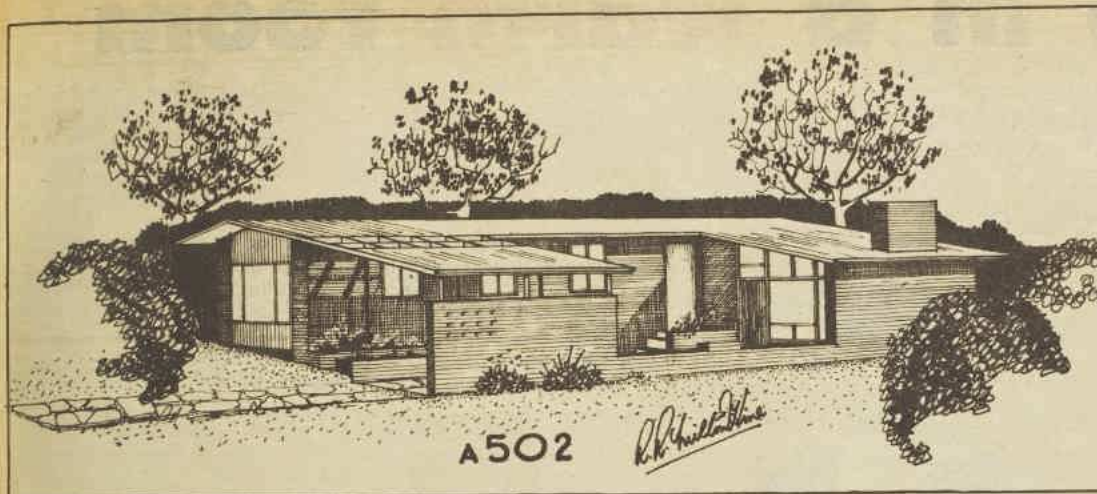
Part of the holiday may be spent camping or travelling by caravan.

Mothers will find holiday travelling much easier and safer if they organise beforehand to overcome problems of the children's food, clothing, suitable playthings, and other items.

A leaflet giving useful travelling and holiday hints can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when writing for leaflets.





OUR HOME PLAN No. A502 has a carport that is an integral part of the design. Equipped with a barbecue and flower-boxes, and screened from the street, it becomes a delightful open living area. Glass is used plentifully to lighten the home's appearance and to admit winter sunshine. The low-pitched roof is a feature.

## FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY

● Our home plan this week is an interesting house for a family and, in spite of its individual features, it is economical.

**T**HIS attractive house would be suitable for either town or country. It is one of our "signature" plans and was designed by Adelaide architect R. Milton Hume.

Estimated cost of building it would be approximately:

In South Australia: Brick, £3975; timber, £3455; asbestos, £3350.

In Canberra: Brick, £5625; timber, £4065; asbestos, £3925.

In New South Wales: Brick, £5535; timber, £3945; fibro, £3835.

In Victoria: Brick, £4925; brick veneer, £4455; timber, £3595; asbestos, £3485.

In Queensland: Brick, £5525; timber, £3595; fibro, £3485.

The plan can be bought at our Home Planning Centres in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Geelong, Adelaide, and Canberra. These Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

**STANDARD PLANS** are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published each week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

**HOME-PLAN LEAFLETS** are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 HOME PLANS" and "21 HOME PLANS." Price 2/6 each plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

**PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED** to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from any of our standard plans.

**FREE ADVISORY SERVICE** on any aspect of home planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is

given by our Centres. These services include site inspections, ground-plan sketches, sketch perspectives.

**MAIL ORDERS:** When ordering plans by mail, readers should give the number of the design and the building material to be used.

Our Home Planning Centres are established in the following stores:

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

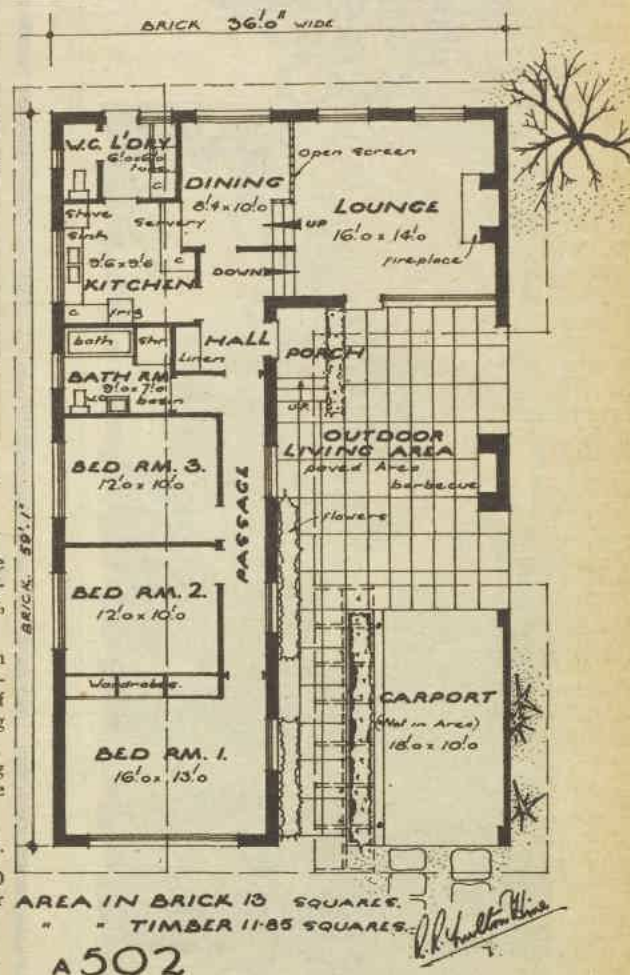
MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

## Home plan with individuality



They're featherlight, fashion-right... this summer choose

## Federal AUTHENTIC Fabrics

Clothes made from Federal Authentic Fabrics —

- Will never bag or sag
- Will remain permanently wrinkle free
- Are guaranteed to dry clean perfectly
- Will hold their shape indefinitely
- Will wear exceptionally well.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL—Your guarantee of authentic world fashion... in Australia's world standard quality fabrics.

Share the world fashion spotlight this summer! Yes, you! In exclusive Federal Fabrics that won't be public in Europe and America for months yet!

Federal have exclusive Australian rights to textures, designs and colours decreed by the few who dictate world fashion, and this means that all Federal Fabrics are fashion leaders!

So be cool, be fashion-right this summer in Federal wool featherweights. Don't gamble — don't hope to be fashionable; be certain — with Federal Fabrics.



**FEDERAL WOOLLEN MILLS LIMITED, GEELONG, VIC.**

36 Flinders Lane, Melbourne; 181 Clarence Street, Sydney; c/- A. W. Randles, Barlow Buildings, Lindes Lane, Adelaide; c/- J. W. Tuckfield & Co., 68 Queen Street, Brisbane.



# wake up in a **warm** room



The bleakest day seems brighter if you don't have to drag yourself out of warm blankets into an icy room. An inexpensive sheathing of Cane-ite Insulating Board between outside and inside walls helps keep the chilling cold of winter out, reduces costly heating bills. In summer it reverses the process, keeps rooms up to 15 degrees cooler.



Only half-an-inch thick, Cane-ite sheathing goes between outside and inside walls as shown here.

## Every home can afford year-round insulated comfort with **Cane-ite**

You can use Cane-ite as a sheathing between outside and inside walls of timber-framed homes as shown above. Or you can *insulate* and *decorate* at the same time by using the Cane-ite sheets for the interior walls and ceilings.

### About £36 to sheathe your home with Cane-ite

This is all it costs to buy enough Cane-ite to sheathe a ten-square

house. Small price for such comfort. The  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick Cane-ite insulates against extremes of heat and cold as well as 8" of brick or 12" of concrete.

### Cane-ite absorbs noise

Cane-ite acts as a barrier to outside noise and helps keep dust and dirt from seeping through the outside weatherboards or asbestos cement sheets.

Cane-ite Insulating Board is available in easy-to-handle lengths of 6', 7', 8', 9', 10' and 12', and widths of 3' and 4'. It gives coverage of up to 48 square feet with a single sheet.

### Cane-ite is white-ant proofed

For free advice and literature on Cane-ite Insulation, write or 'phone your nearest C.S.R. Building Materials Showroom.



# Cane-ite

*The only building board that insulates as it decorates*

Manufactured by The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd., Building Materials Division

Showrooms at: Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.

Other products made by Australia's largest supplier of building materials are: Gyprock Plaster Board, Timbrock Hardboard, Timbrock Pegboard, Timbrock Tileboard, Vinylflex Wall and Floor Tiles, Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings, Flat Sheets, Corrugates & Accessories, De Luxe Fibrock, Concord & Brunswick Plasters, Ceilsound Plaster Acoustic Tiles.

### Primed Cane-ite

In addition to Standard Cane-ite there is Primed Cane-ite for interior walls and ceilings, ready for immediate painting.



### Ivory Cane-ite

Smooth, ivory-coloured surface is especially suitable for ceilings because of its light-reflecting qualities.

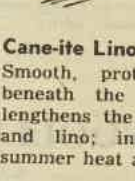
### Cane-ite Acousti-tile

Absorbs 65% of harmful noise. Two sizes, 12" x 12" and 24" x 12". Two new patterns, Diagonal-stripe and Random-pattern, are available in the 12" x 12" tile.



### Cane-ite Ceiling Batts

Quick do-it-yourself insulation for existing homes. Just place end-to-end between ceiling joists. No nailing, no gluing. Sufficient Batts for a 10 ft. x 10 ft. room cost about £3.



### Cane-ite Lino Base

Smooth, protective cushion beneath the floor covering lengthens the life of carpets and lino; insulates against summer heat and winter cold.





# Care can save the life of your child

● Accidents are the main cause of death in all children between the ages of one and 14 years, and they account for one-third of all deaths in childhood. They far exceed infections. Polio and meningitis are mere trifles beside them.

IN the United States in 1950, pneumonia, tuberculosis, poliomyelitis, cancer, leukaemia, gastroenteritis, kidney disease, and heart disease all added together killed fewer children than accidents.

More than six hundred children in Australia die every year from accidents—beautiful normal children, mostly loved and well cared for by their parents.

You as a parent must do something about it, and there are two things you can do. Learn something about accident prevention and something about first-aid.

It is actually while the child is in the care of his parents that most accidents occur, so it is our responsibility to prevent accidents and teach the child good safety-first habits.

## Main killers

The last few years have shown a fall in the accident rate in the ten to fourteen age-group—fewer traffic accidents and fewer drownings.

This seems to be due to the work done in schools teaching children swimming and road drill.

Education of parents and older children has proved worth while in two fields, yet

the deathrate in the one to four age-group is no smaller; in fact, the poisonings and the traffic deaths are increasing.

The main causes of death in children between one and fourteen are burns, scalds, poisoning, drowning, falls, and traffic accidents.

One to four is a tender age, easily shocked and much more seriously hurt by small burns than older children.

This age-group has to be protected, but it is a very enterprising and curious age-group.

Parents not only have to put away dangerous things, they have a great responsibility to teach the child a healthy respect for heat and electricity at a very early age.

We should train ourselves to put matches away and only to have one or two boxes in use, so that we know if one has disappeared.

We can do a sort of "stove drill"; firm, flat-bottomed saucepans that do not tip over easily, handles and spouts away from the front of the stove, and no toddlers near the stove.

We can be careful about the kitchen floor, so that we will not trip or slip carrying hot liquids.

Toddlers so often pull boiling liquids on themselves or get in mother's way and these

are terrible accidents: disfigured faces, blindness, shock so severe that a child can die simply from a burnt face.

So keep the tinsies right away when you are cooking: better screaming in a playpen than crawling around the stove.

## Teaching need

We can teach the child, too. A fifteen-month-old infant can learn the meaning of "hot."

I am horrified at the suggestion of some doctors that the parents should deliberately give the child a small burn, for his reaction will undoubtedly be that the most loved person on earth has deliberately hurt him.

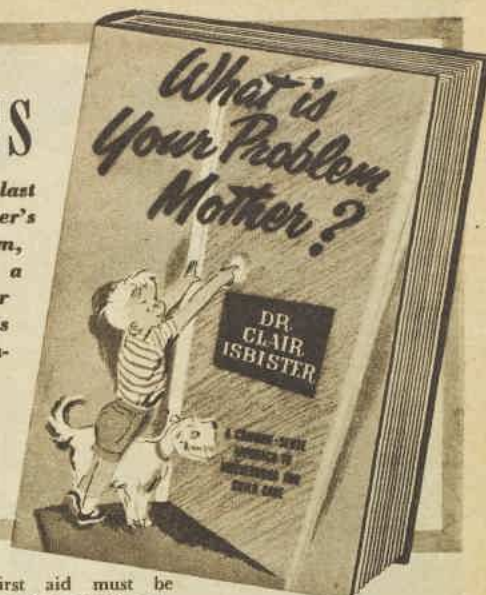
However, I am entirely in favor of letting him touch something hot in the course of his explorations, under mother's supervision.

The same applies to matches. You may hide every box in the house and lock the cupboards, and even though he knows that hot things hurt, fire is still fascinating, and every three-year-old is a pyromaniac at heart.

By four he will have got a box of matches and set something on fire, so surely it is better to let him have a fire in the backyard, burn paper, and strike the whole boxful, in-

## HELP FOR HOUSEWIVES

● This is the seventh and last extract from Dr. Clair Isbister's book "What is Your Problem, Mother?" It comes from a section on emergencies for every mother, which also deals with traffic accidents, drownings, falls and head injuries, convulsions and asthma. The book, recently published by Angus and Robertson, is on sale at most bookshops.



cluding burning his fingers, all under your supervision.

Then he will learn that this is something he must not do alone, that it can hurt and be very dangerous, and he feels no need to do it in secret.

Two is the age of electricity exploration. The sex most interested is male, of course, so watch those boys.

It is not the depth of a burn that matters; it is the extent and the site. A quarter of the body surface means death, but one-twentieth can be fatal if the face is involved.

Cotton clothing, particularly flannelette, will flare up and envelop a child in a few seconds; so if your child wears flannelette, then keep him away from fires.

The treatment of burns changes with every new advance in medicine, but the main risks are infection and shock, so your doctor should see all but minor burns in children.

Your first aid must be directed at relieving pain, preventing infection, and combating shock.

If the burns are extensive, cover them with clean material to keep off germs and air, wrap the child in a blanket to keep him warm, and get to hospital as quickly as possible.

Do not put on butter, or carron oil, or antiseptics, or tannic acid, since it only complicates treatment in hospital.

## Keep him warm

If the area is less extensive, call the doctor or take the child to the surgery, but keep him warm.

Burns are intensely painful at first, and this is largely due to exposure to air. So cover the burn with clean material, dry or moistened with baking soda in water, until you can get some petroleum jelly gauze, or have the burn properly dressed by a doctor.

Small burns are better dressed at once with boracic

ointment, petroleum jelly gauze, or one of the antibiotic creams for skin use, not containing an antibiotic that is taken by mouth.

Do not burst blisters; that enables infection to get in, and, once the dressing has been properly done, do not disturb it for a few days.

The pain passes off in the first hour or so, but aspirin may help, and the hurt, shocked child needs rest, warmth, plenty of fluids, and a light diet for a few days.

A little point to remember in relieving pain is always to elevate the limb that is injured on a pillow or a sling, for it hurts more hanging down.

Burns more than any other accident cause shock and delayed after-effects that need watching, so take even the mild ones seriously in the sense that you see they are properly dressed and the child treated for shock.



### COTTON INTERLOCK 'PIXIE PANTS'

Tailored sports brief for the younger woman in snug-fitting, no-shrink, absorbent cotton. The perfect fit brief with guaranteed stay-put elastic waistband. Easy to wash and wear 'Pixie Pants' in Tea Rose and White — SSW to OS.

6/11

Price varies slightly in some States

### KAYDREAM 'PIXIE PANTS'

Silk-finish American styled briefs with exclusive diamond knit pattern for perfect fit. Budget priced 'Pixie Pants' with stay-put waistband are in a wonderful range of colours — popular standard shades and exciting fashion colours — SSW to OS.

5/11

Price varies slightly in some States

### STRETCH NYLON 'FIT-ALL' BRIEFS

Only Kayser stretch nylon briefs are fully fashioned for perfect wrinkle-free fit — and the no-pant line is ideal for slim skirts and slacks. 'Fit-all' briefs with double gusset and guaranteed waistband are in 15 exciting colours.

13/11

Price varies slightly in some States





## I wanted a healthy, longer-lasting mattress so . . . I bought Dunlopillo!



With two active, growing boys, I needed a mattress that would give sound healthy sleep for many years. I found Dunlopillo guaranteed for twenty years. I knew the tiny air cells actually breathe, renewing the air constantly, so no dust or germs can accumulate, making it allergy free. I found that those air cells give perfect insulation, so the Dunlopillo is warm in the winter, cool in the summer. And this same resilient structure means the mattress springs back in to shape, with no lumps or hollows, doesn't have to be turned, is easy to make, so saving in housework . . . and imagine, all this costs me less than a penny per night. Is it any wonder I bought Dunlopillo?

# Dunlopillo

Your Dunlopillo sleep investment is available on easy terms at your favourite store. Choose from the economical 2' 6" "Famous Four" to the luxurious 4' 6" "Fantasy". 2' 6" priced from £16/8/-. Prices slightly higher in Western Australia.

IF IT'S NOT LABELLED IT'S NOT DUNLOPILLO MATTRESSES . . . PILLOWS . . . CUSHIONS . . . FURNITURE



# Colorful hibiscus

● Hibiscus belongs to a variable family that includes annuals, evergreen and deciduous shrubs, and small trees. All bear beautiful flowers, some of them single and others double, in lovely colors.



**HIBISCUS MRS. GEORGE DAVIS** produces double blooms of a lovely rosy pink.



**ROSE SCOTT** is single rose-pink with dark eye, white on reverse side of the petals.



**HIBISCUS MUTABILIS** is deciduous. Its white double blooms turn red with age.



**MRS. D. J. O'BRIEN** has large single blooms of a red-dish apricot. A fine type.



**AGNES GALT** is cerise shading to old rose. This is the largest evergreen variety.



**GEORGE HARWOOD** is a hibiscus with large pink flowers. In the picture above they have been removed from the bush and wired on to thorns of branches from a lemon tree by Mrs. G. Boreham, of Bundaberg, Qld.

THERE are three popular species of hibiscus. They are *rosa sinensis*, which is a tropical and sub-tropical native, and *mutabilis* and *syriacus*, which are deciduous and can be grown in many areas of Australia, except the hottest parts.

The *mutabilis* hibiscus can be grown in Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and as far north as Rockhampton. The flowers are double white, but turn red as they age.

The *syriacus* or Rose of Sharon can be grown in Hobart, Adelaide, Melbourne, Perth, Sydney, and most of the mountainous areas. This species has flowers in many fine colors that vary from singles to semi-doubles and doubles.

The extensive hibiscus family includes several hundreds of varieties, mostly hybrids. Of them all, the sub-tropical and tropical types are probably the most popular. They need a warm climate and full protection from frost.

The hibiscus has been known for years as Hawaii's "State" flower, and there, and in many South Sea islands, cascades of hibiscus flowers of all colors except blues and violet are to be seen throughout the year.



**WILDER'S WHITE** is one of the few white varieties. It has crimson projecting pistils.

Hibiscus blooms last only one day, but if picked at dawn and put in water, or even laid out dry on a table, they will remain fresh and crisp until nightfall, when they suddenly close. Fresh buds open every day during the Australian summer.

These handsome shrubs thrive best in well-drained soil. When grown in poor sand or clay soil that is non-productive and holds water too long, they frequently shed their buds before opening.

The evergreen hibiscus should be cut back fairly hard in early spring to encourage fresh growth. Some varieties

bloom from late spring to autumn.

There are several native hibiscus species in Australia, the best known probably being the *rosella* (*hibiscus subdariffa*). It is an annual and produces yellowish flowers with purple centres and fruits or bracts that are much used for jam-making.

It should be sown from seed after frosts have ceased. It grows about 6ft. high in good soil.

Other native hibiscus varieties are *H. diversifolius* (primrose-colored blooms) and *H. huegelli* (large purple flowers in summer), which is suitable for arid country where it blooms well.



**MADELINE CHAMPION**, a large single type, is rich apricot with a strawberry-rich eye.

America's best-selling liquid detergent — in Australia at last

## A WASHING-UP MIRACLE

that's Lux-mild on your hands



HELPS YOU GET THROUGH THE WASH-UP AS NOTHING ELSE CAN

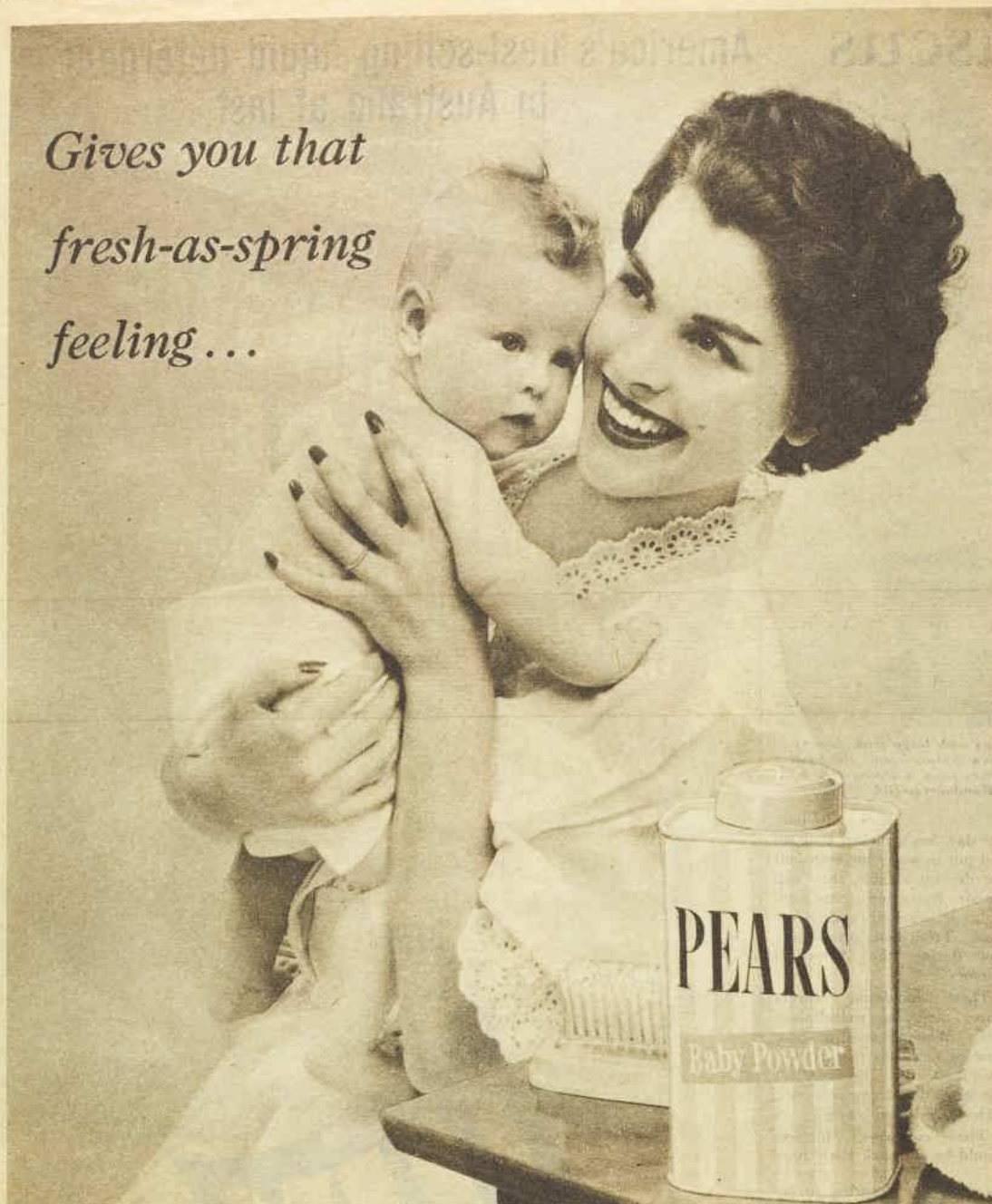
Mrs. America started it. Housewives in country after country took it up. Now the liquid detergent that's winning dish-washers all over the world is in Australia. Lux Liquid detergent is made especially for washing-up. It gets dishes sparkling like nothing else can. No need to wipe them at all. Lux

Liquid doesn't just lift the grease off — it *liquidates* it completely. You see no grease on the water — no grease around the sink. As for mildness, it's milder by far than any other leading detergent. And for what it does, Lux Liquid costs less than ANY other detergent. Unconditionally guaranteed by Lever Brothers

SUPER-SUDSING LUX LIQUID DETERGENT! ITS IN YOUR STORE RIGHT NOW!



Gives you that  
fresh-as-spring  
feeling...



## New PEARS BABY POWDER

A miracle of softness and purity



Happiest way to start the day... Pears Baby Powder! This lovely new skin care from Pears has the light touch that's right for all the family. Soothes, cools, comforts you all over.

Only the purest for baby... that's Pears! With new Pears Baby Powder you can be sure... as sure as you are of world-famous Pears Soap. It's utterly pure.

Smell its Spring-like freshness! You'll be charmed with the light 'n' lovely fragrance of Pears Baby Powder. It's *lastingly* fresh... pure pleasure for all the family.

Why don't you make Pears a family affair?

## Continuing . Cocktail Time

[from page 40]

minutes of his arrival at the office was on the telephone to Ebenezer Flapton and Sons, printers of Worcester and London, urging Ebenezer and the boys to drop everything and start rushing out a large new edition.

"Cocktail Time," which Alfred Tomkins Ltd. had been looking on all this while as just another of the stones the builder had refused, was plainly about to become the head-stone of the corner.

But there was no corresponding joy in the heart of Sir Raymond Bastable as he paced the lawn of Hammer Lodge. Ever since he had read his morning paper at the breakfast table, his eyes had been glassy, his mind in a ferment.

To anyone who paces the lawn of Hammer Lodge, that desirable residence replete with every modern comfort, a wide choice of scenic beauties is available. He can look to the left and find his eye roving over green pasture land and picturesque woods, or he can look to the right and get an excellent view of the park of Hammer Hall with its lake and noble trees and beyond it the house itself, a lovely legacy from Elizabethan days. He can also, if it is a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday, look in front of him and see a jobbing gardener leaning on a spade in a sort of trance in the garden. There is, in short, no stint.

But Sir Raymond saw none of these attractive sights or, if he did, saw them as through a glass darkly. His whole attention was riveted on the morrow and what it was going to bring forth. In writing "Cocktail Time," he had had a malevolent hope that he would be starting something, but he had never expected to start anything of these dimensions, and the thought that chilled him to the very spinal marrow was this. Would that pseudonym of his be an adequate safeguard?

If there is one thing the popular Press of today is, it is nosy. It tracks down, it ferrets out. Anthony Blunt becomes front-page news, and it is not long before it is asking itself who is this Anthony Blunt? It wants photographs of him smoking a pipe or being kind to the dog and interviews with him telling the world what his favorite breakfast cereal is and what he thinks of the modern girl.

It institutes inquiries and discovers that nobody has ever seen the gifted Blunt and that his only address is a sweets-and-tobacco shop in a side street near Waterloo station, and before you know where you are headlines have begun to appear. As it might be:

"LITERARY MYSTERY"

or

"PHANTOM AUTHOR"

or possibly

"TONY, WHERE ART THOU?"

and from that to exposure is but a step. At this very moment, Sir Raymond felt, a dozen reporters must be sniffing on his trail, and the contemplation of the appalling mess in which he had landed himself made him writhe like an Ouled Nail stomach-dancer.

He was still busily writhing when the voice of Peasemarch, his butler, spoke softly at his side. Peasemarch always spoke softly when addressing Sir Raymond Bastable. He knew what was good for him. It is no pleasure to a butler to be thundered at and asked if he imagines himself to be a barrow boy calling attention to his blood oranges.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Raymond."

The author of "Cocktail Time" came slowly out of the uneasy dream in which he had

been sustaining the role of the stag heated in the chase.

"Eh?"

"It is madam, sir. I think you should come."

"Come? What do you mean?"

"Come where?"

"To madam's room, sir. I am afraid she is not well. I was passing her door a moment ago, and I heard her sobbing. As if her heart would break," said Peasemarch, who liked to get these things right.

A wave of exasperation and self-pity flooded Sir Raymond's tortured soul. Phoebe, he was thinking, would start sobbing at a time like this when he needed to devote every little grey cell in his brain to the problem of how to elude those infernal reporters. For an instant he was inclined to counter with a firm refusal to go within a mile of madam's room.

The kindlier feelings prevailed. He accompanied Peasemarch back to the house, and found his sister sitting up in bed, dabbing at her eyes with a liquid something that looked as if it might have been at one time a pocket handkerchief.

Except that her ears did not stick up, and that she went about on two legs instead of four, Phoebe Wisdom was extraordinarily like a white rabbit, a resemblance which was heightened at the moment by the white dressing-jacket she was wearing, and the fact that much weeping had made her nose and eyes pink. As Sir Raymond closed the door behind him, she uttered a loud gurgling sob which crashed through his disordered nervous system like a bullet.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded.

ANOTHER sob shook the stricken woman, and she said something that sounded like "Cosh him."

"I beg your pardon?" said Sir Raymond, clenching his hands till the knuckles stood out white under the strain, like the hero of a suspense novel. He was telling himself that he must be calm, calm.

"Cossie!" said his sister, becoming clearer.

"Oh, Cosmo? What about him?"

"He says he's going to shoot himself."

Sir Raymond was in favor of this. Cosmo Wisdom, the fruit of the unfortunate marriage Phoebe had made 23 years ago, long before he had become influential and important enough to stop her, was a young man he disliked even more than he disliked most young men in these days when the species had deteriorated lamentably.

Algernon Wisdom, Cosmo's father, had at one time secondhand cars; at another been vaguely connected with the motion pictures, and had occasionally acted as agent for such commodities as the Magic Pen-Pencil and the Monumento Mouse Trap, but during the greater part of his futile career had been what is euphemistically described as "between jobs," and Cosmo took after him. He, too, was frequently between jobs.

He was one of those young men, with whom almost all families seem to be afflicted who are in a constant state of having to have something done about them. "We must do something about poor Cossie," were words frequently on the mother's lips, and Sir Raymond would say in the unpleasant voice which he used when addressing hostile witnesses that he had no desire

To page 51



## "You can bet your life I'd tell you!"

If you were a friend of mine, I'd certainly spell out each one of the Tampax advantages!"

Many women seem to feel it's almost their duty to tell their friends about Tampax. As a woman, ask yourself why. Isn't it because Tampax is the complete solution to a problem all women share? Look what Tampax does for you! It eliminates the cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness (Tampax is internal sanitary protection). It does away with odour... chafing... and disposal problems! It's so dainty, your hands need not touch the Tampax. Both Tampax and the handy applicator are easily disposed of. Tampax is so small, so inconspicuous, so easy to carry, that a whole month's supply goes into your handbag! Get your choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super). Available at all chemists and department stores.



### Send now for a TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 7d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

AP86



Designed for controlled baby feeding. Valve action prevents teat collapse, colic. Safe, hygienic sealing, with teat inside bottle, ideal for storage, travel. Pyrex or plastic.

**Steadiflow**

As close to nature as a bottle can be



be unduly inquisitive, but would she mind telling him what precisely she meant by the pronoun "we."

The most recent attempt on his part to do something about poor Cossie had been to secure him a post in the export and import firm of Boots and Brewer, of St. Mary Axe, and the letter his sister was reducing to pulp announced, he presumed, that Boots and Brewer had realised that the only way of making a success of importing and exporting was to get rid of him.

"What has he been doing?" he asked.

"What, dear?"

Sir Raymond took a turn about the room. He found it helped a little.

"Why have Boots and Brewer dismissed him? They have, I take it?"

"He doesn't say so. He just says he wants two hundred pounds. And I haven't got two hundred pounds."

"Very fortunate. You won't be tempted to throw it down the drain."

"What, dear?"

"Letting Cossie have it would be tantamount to that. Don't give him a penny."



"O.K., which one of you jokers snatched my laundry?"

"He doesn't want a penny, he wants two hundred pounds."

"Let him want."

"But he'll shoot himself."

"Not a hope," said Sir Raymond, with a wistful little sigh as the bright picture the words had conjured up faded.

"If he tries, he'll be sure to miss. Stop worrying. All that letter means is that he thinks he may get a tenner out of you."

"He says two hundred pounds."

"They always say two hundred pounds. It's common form."

"What, dear?"

"Phoebe, in the name of every thing infernal, must you put your head on one side like a canary and say 'What, dear?' every time I speak to you? It's enough to madden a saint. Well, I can't stand here talking. Take an aspirin."

"What, dear?"

## Continuing . Cocktail Time

from page 50

"Take an aspirin. Take two aspirins. Take three," said Sir Raymond vehemently, and whirled off like a tornado to the car which was waiting to convey him to the station.

Of the several appointments he had in London that day the first was lunch with Lord Ickenham at the Demosthenes Club. Arriving there, he found the place its old peaceful self, the smoking-room full of the usual living corpses lying back in armchairs and giving their minds a rest. He eyed them with distaste, resenting this universal calm at a time when he himself was feeling like a character in a Greek tragedy pursued by the Furies.

Though he would have said, if you had asked him, that far too much fuss was made about being pursued by Furies. The time to start worrying was when you were pursued by reporters.

His guest was late; and to while away the time of waiting he went to the centre table and picked up a paper. One glance

Lord Ickenham regarded him disapprovingly.

"It's no good saying 'Oh?' in that tone of voice, Beefy, as if you didn't care a damn. You know perfectly well that one word of encouragement from her, and you would be at her side, rolling over on your back with all your paws in the air."

"Well, really, Frederick!"

"You think I am showing a little too much interest in your private affairs?"

"If you like to put it that way."

"I'm fond of you, Beefy, stuffed shirt though you have become after a promising youth and young manhood. I wish you well, and want to see you happy."

"Very good of you. Cocktail?"

"If you will join me."

"I have had one."

"Have another."

"I think I will. Phoebe upset me this morning. Her son Cossie appears to have been getting into trouble again. You know him?"

"Just sufficiently to duck down a side street when I see him coming."

"He is trying to borrow two hundred pounds."

"You don't say? Big operator, eh? Will he get it?"

"Not from me."

"Is Phoebe distressed?"

"Very."

"And I suppose you yelled at her. That's your great defect, Beefy. You bark and boom and bellow at people. Used you to bellow at Barbara?"

"Shall we change?"

"I'll bet you did, and it was that that made her break off the engagement. But from the way she was speaking of you just now, I got the impression that your stock was still high with her, and you've only to stop avoiding her and never seeing her to start things going again. For heaven's sake, what's a broken engagement? Jane broke ours six times. Why don't you look her up and take her out to lunch, and make a fuss of her?"

"If you don't mind, Frederick, I really would prefer to change the subject."

"Do simple conjuring tricks. Sing love songs accompanied on the guitar. And, just to show her you're not such a fool as you look, tell her that you are the author of the best-selling novel 'Cocktail Time.' That'll impress her."

It is very rarely that the smoking-room of a club in the West End of London suddenly springs into spasmodic life, with its walls, its windows, its

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## Continuing . Cocktail Time

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chairs, its tables, its members, and its waiters pirouetting to and fro, but that was what the smoking-room of the Demosthenes seemed to Sir Raymond Bastable to be doing now.

It swayed and shimmered about him like something rehearsed for weeks by a choreographer, and it was through a sort of mist that he stared pallidly at his companion, his eyes wide, his lower jaw drooping, perspiration starting out on his forehead.

"What . . . what do you mean?" he gulped.

Lord Ickenham, usually so genial, betrayed a little impatience. His voice, as he spoke, was sharp.

"Now come, Beefy. You aren't going to say you didn't? My dear fellow, to anyone who knows you as I do, it sticks out a mile. At least three scenes in the thing are almost literal transcriptions of stories you've told me yourself. You've used the Brazil nut episode. And apart from the internal evidence we have the statement of Jane."

"Jane?"

"She came to London one day on a shopping binge and thought it would be the half-sisterly thing to do to look you up and slap you on the back, so she called at your house. You were out, but Peasemarch let her in and parked her in the study. After nosing about awhile, she started, as women will, to tidy your desk, and shoved away at the back of one of the drawers was a brown-paper parcel from the publishing house of Sims and Shotter, despatched by them to Anthony Blunt at some address which has escaped my memory. She mentioned this to me on her return. So you may as well come clean, Beefy. Denial is useless. You are this Blunt of whom we hear so much. are you not?"

A HOLLOW groan escaped Sir Raymond.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I don't see what you're groaning about. With all this publicity you ought to make a packet, and if there's one thing in the world that's right up your street it's money. You love the stuff."

"But, Frederick, suppose it comes out? You haven't told anyone?"

"Of course not. I assumed from your having used a pseudonym that you wanted it kept dark."

"And Jane?"

"Oh, Jane's forgotten all about it ages ago. It just happened to stick in my mind because I remembered saying something to you once about writing a novel. But what does it matter if it comes out?"

"Good heavens, it would mean the end of any hope I have of a political career."

"Well, why do you want a political career? Have you ever been in the House of Commons and taken a good square look at the inmates? As weird a gaggle of freaks and sub-humans as was ever collected in one spot. I wouldn't mix with them for any money you could offer me."

"Those are not my views. I have set my heart on getting that nomination for Bettleton East, Frederick. And there isn't a chance that they will give it to me if it's in all the papers that I wrote a book like 'Cocktail Time.'"

"Why should it be in all the papers?"

"These reporters. They find things out."

"Oh? Yes, I see."

Lord Ickenham was silent for some moments. From the

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frown of concentration on his forehead he appeared to be exercising that ingenious brain of his.

"Yes, he said, 'they do find things out. I suppose that's what worried Bacon.'"

"Bacon?"

"And made him, according to the Baconians, get hold of Shakespeare and slip him a little something to say he had written the plays. After knocking off a couple of them he got cold feet. 'Come, come, Francis,' he said to himself, 'this won't do at all. Let's become known that you go in for this sort of thing, and they'll be looking around for another Chancellor of the Exchequer before you can say what-ho! You must find some needy young fellow who for a consideration will consent to take the rap.' And he went out and fixed it up with Shakespeare."

Sir Raymond sat up with a convulsive jerk, spilling his glass. For the first time since breakfast that morning he seemed to see dimly, like the lights of a public house shining through a London fog, a ray of hope.

"Don't you know any needy young fellows, Beefy? Why, of course you do. Your nephew Cosmo."

"Good Heavens!"

"You say he wants two hundred pounds. Give it to him, and tell him he can stick to all the royalties on the book, and the thing's in the bag. You'll find him just as willing and eager to co-operate as Shakespeare was."

Sir Raymond breathed deeply. The ray of hope had become a blaze. Across the room he could see old Howard Saxby, the Demosthenes Club's leading gargoyle, talking—probably about bird-watching, a pursuit to which he was greatly addicted—to Sir Rodrick Glossop, the brain specialist, who was usually ranked as the institution's number two gargoyle, and it seemed to him that he had never beheld anything so attractive as the spectacle they presented.

"Frederick," he said, "you have solved everything. It's a wonderful idea. I don't know how to thank you . . . Yes?"

A waiter had materialised at his side. "A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is he?" Sir Raymond asked pallidly.

"A Mr. Cosmo Wisdom, sir."

"What?"

"Beefy," said Lord Ickenham, raising his glass congratulatory, "it's all over bar the shouting. The hour has produced the man."

It was in uplifted mood and with buoyant step that Sir Raymond a few moments later entered the small smoking-room which was where visitors at the Demosthenes were deposited. He found his nephew huddled in a chair, nervously sucking the knob of his umbrella, and once again experienced the quick twinge of resentment which always came to him when they met.

A social blot who was always having to have something done about him had, in his opinion, no right to be so beautifully dressed. Solomon, in all his glory, might have had a slight edge on Cosmo Wisdom, but it would have been a near thing. Sir Raymond also objected to his beady eyes and his little black moustache.

"Good morning," he said.

"Oh, er—hullo," said Cosmo, standing on one leg.

"You wished to see me?"

"Er—yes," said Cosmo, standing back to the first leg.

He was only too well aware that there he was.

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It was as the result of a telephone conversation with his father that the young man had returned into the Demosthenes this morning. Phoebe, obviously regretting her inability to produce more than ten shillings and threepence the two hundred pounds he required, had made a constructive suggestion. "Why don't you ask your uncle, dear?" she said, and Cosmo, though would greatly have preferred to enter the cage of a sleeping bear and stir it up with a port stick, had seen that this was the only way.

A tete-a-tete with Sir Raymond Bastable always made him feel as if he were being disembowelled by a clumsy officer who had learned his job through a correspondence school, but when you are up against it for a sum like two hundred pounds it is necessary to sink personal prejudices, and to the man who has got two hundred pounds Charm of manner, after all, is not everything.

So now, having taken one more refreshing suck at the umbrella knob, the stuffed the news, summoned up the blood, and said:

"Er—uncle."

"Yes?"

"Er—uncle, I don't want to bother you, but I wonder if you could . . . if you could manage . . . if you could see your way to letting me have . . ."

"My dear Cosmo," interrupted Sir Raymond blandly, "can be it that your visit has something to do with the letter I found your mother bedewing with her tears this morning?"

"Er—yes."

"She was somewhat incoherent, but I was able to gather from her that you need two hundred pounds."

Actually, Cosmo needed two hundred and fifty, but he could not bring himself to name the

sum. And, anyway, though his bookmaker, to whom he owed two hundred, must be paid immediately, his friend Gordon Carlyle, to whom he was in debt for the remainder, would surely be willing to wait for his money.

"Er—yes. You see—"

Sir Raymond was now enjoying himself thoroughly. He reached for his coat tails as if they had been those of a silk gown, and gave a sidelong glance at an invisible jury, indicating to them that they had better listen carefully to this, because it was going to be good.

"With the deepest respect," he said, "you are in error. I do not see. I am at a loss. Boots and Brewer pay you a good salary, do they not?"

"I wouldn't call it good."

Sir Raymond shot another glance at the jury.

"You must pardon me, a rude, unlettered man, if by inadvertence I have selected an adjective that fails to meet your critical approval. One is not a Flaubert. I have always considered your emolument—shall we say adequate?"

"But it isn't. I keep running short. If I don't get two hundred quid today, I don't know what I shall do. I'm half inclined to end it all."

"So your mother was telling me. An excellent idea, in my opinion, and one that you should consider seriously. But she, I believe, does not see eye to eye with me on that point, so as I have a great fondness for her, in spite of her habit of putting her head on one side and saying 'What, dear?', I am prepared to save you from making the last supreme sacrifice."

Cosmo came up from the depths. It was always difficult to understand what his relative was talking about, but there had been something

## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

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in that last remark that sounded promising.

"You mean—?"

"Two hundred pounds is a lot of money, but it is just possible that I might be able to manage it. What do you want it for?"

"I owe it to a bookie, and he—er—he's making himself rather unpleasant."

"I can readily imagine it. Well, I think I can help you out."

"Oh, uncle!"

"On certain conditions. Let us speak for a while of current



literature. Have you read any good books lately, Cosmo? This novel 'Cocktail Time,' for instance?"

"The thing there was all that in the 'Express' about this morning?"

"Precisely."

"No, I haven't read it yet, but I'm going to. It sounds hot stuff. Nobody seems to know who wrote it."

"I wrote it."

This was so obviously a whimsical jest that Cosmo felt it only civil to smile. He did

so, and was asked by his uncle not to grin like a half-witted ape.

"I wrote it, I repeat. I assume that you can understand words of one syllable."

Cosmo gaped. His hand, as always in moments of surprise and bewilderment, flew to his upper lip.

"That moustache of yours looks like a streak of ink," said Sir Raymond malevolently. "Stop fondling it and listen to me. I wrote 'Cocktail Time.' Is your weak mind able to grasp that?"

"Oh, rather. Oh, quite. But—"

"But what?"

"Er—why?"

"Never mind why."

"Well, I'll be damned if"

"And so shall I, if it ever comes out."

"Is it as bad as all that?"

"It is not bad at all. It is frank and outspoken, but as a work of fiction it is excellent," said Sir Raymond. "It is not, however, the sort of book which a man in my position is expected to write. If those reporters find out that I did write it, my political career will be ruined."

"It's a bit near the knuckle, you mean?"

"Exactly."

Cosmo nodded intelligently. The thing was beginning to make sense to him.

"I see."

"I supposed you would. Now the thought that immediately flashes into your mind, of course, is that you are in a position on parting from me to hurry off and sell this information to the gutter Press for what it will fetch, and I have no doubt that you would leap to the task. But it would

be a shortsighted policy. You can do better for yourself than that. Announce that you are the author of 'Cocktail Time.'"

"Eh?"

"I want you to give it out that it was you who wrote the book."

"But I never wrote anything in my life."

"Yes, you did. You wrote 'Cocktail Time.' I think I can make it clear even to an intelligence like yours that our interests in this matter are identical. We both benefit from what I have proposed. I regain my peace of mind, and you get your two hundred pounds."

"You'll really give it to me?"

"I will."

"Cool!"

"And, in addition, you may convert to your own use such royalties as may accrue from the book."

"Cool!" said Cosmo again, and was urged by his uncle to make up his mind whether he was a man or a pigeon.

"These," said Sir Raymond, "in light of the publicity it is receiving should be considerable. My contract calls for ten per cent. of the published price, and after all this fuss in the papers I should imagine that the thing might sell—well, let us be conservative—say, ten thousand copies, which would work out—I am no mathematician, but I suppose it would work out at between six and seven hundred pounds."

Cosmo blinked. "Six, and seven hundred?"

"Probably more."

"And I get it?"

"You get it."

"Cool!" said Cosmo, and this time the ejaculation passed without rebuke.

"I gather," said Sir Raymond, "from your manner that you are willing to co-operate. Excellent. Everything can be quite simply arranged. I

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meat and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. Shape into croquettes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry till golden brown and serve hot with sauce and vegetables, as required.

CS 15 WWFPC



ould suggest a letter to each of the papers which have commented on the affair, hotly contesting the bishop's views, which you consider uncalled for, intemperate, and unjust. And revealing yourself as Anthony Blunt. If you will come to the writing-room, I will draft out something that will set the case."

And having done so, Sir Raymond returned to the smoking-room to tell Lord Ekenham that the thing, as he had predicted it would be, was in the bag.

The announcement, appearing in the papers two days later, that Cosmo Wisdom was the author of the novel "Cocktail Time," now at the height of its notoriety had, as might have been expected, a number of repercussions. It was to name one of them, the work of an instant for J. P. Boots, of Boots and Brewer, on arriving at his office in St. Mary Axe, to summon the young man to his presence and inform him that his services, such as they were, would no longer be required.

Imp and expt merchants, whether of St. Mary Axe or elsewhere, have the reputation of the firm to think of and cannot afford to retain in their entourage employees capable of writing Chap 13 of that work. J. P. Boots did not in a many words bid Cosmo go and sin no more, but this was implied in his manner.

Alfred Tomkins Ltd. wrote him an affectionate letter telling him to come up and see them some time, and an equally affectionate letter came from Edgar Saxby and Sons, recommending Cosmo to place his affairs in the capable hands of the Saxby organisation (offices in London, New York, and Hollywood), and this Cosmo, stirred by the Saxby's almost lyrical eloquence on the subject of American, French, German, Italian, Swedish, stage, film, and television rights, decided to do.

Two little girls, Marlene Backstraw, aged ten, and Lana Dootes (12), wrote asking for his autograph, saying that he had long been their favorite author and they had read all his books. He was invited to speak at the East Dulwich Debating Society. An anonymous donor sent him a tract.

And Ivor Llewellyn, president of the Superba-Llewellyn motion picture company of Hollywood, about to return to California after a visit to London, told his secretary to go out and buy a copy of the book or him to read on the plane. Mr. Llewellyn was always on the lookout for material which, he could ease it past the censors, would give the customers a thrill, and "Cocktail Time," to judge from the notices, gave promise of being just the sort of thing he wanted.

And, finally, Mrs. Gordon Carlyle, breakfasting in the dining-room of the flat which she shared with her husband, opened her morning paper, looked at Page One, started, and said something that sounded like "Cheese!" and, lifting her attractive head, shouted: "Hey, Oily!"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Gummers," said Mrs. Carlyle, and there entered from the bedroom a tall, slender, most excessively gentlemanly man in a flowered dressing-gown, who might have been the son of some noble house or a Latin American professional ancestor.

Actually, he was neither. He was a confidence trick artist whose virtuosity won him considerable respect in the dubious circles in which he moved. American by birth and residence, he had brought his life to Europe on a pleasure trip. After years of strenuous work he proposed to take a

## Continuing . Cocktail Time

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sabbatical, though of course it something really good came up, he was always prepared to get back into harness again. The Carlyles did not spare themselves.

"Yay?" he said, hoping that his loved one had not summoned him to tell him he must wear his thick woollies. She had a way of doing so when the English summer was on the chilly side, and they tickled him. "Smatter, sweetie?"

"Want to show you some'n." Gertrude ("Sweetie") Carlyle was a strapping young woman with bold hazel eyes and a determined chin. These eyes were now flashing, and the chin protruded. It was plain that what she had read had stirred her.

"Listen, Oily. Didn't you tell me you won fifty pounds from a guy named Cosmo Wisdom the other night?"

Mr. Carlyle nodded. It was the sombre nod of a man reluctant to be reminded of a sad experience.

"I did, yes. But he didn't pay me. He turned out to be one of these forty-dollar-a-week city clerks. The woods are full of them over here. They fool you by dressing like dukes, and when it's too late you find they're office boys or something. That's what you get for coming to a strange

Even in England, she reasoned, there couldn't be two men with a name like that.

"Where does he live, this guy?"

"Down Chelsea way. One of those side streets off the King's Road."

"Then have a bite of breakfast and go see him."

"I will."

"Don't come back without those fifty smackers."

"I won't."

"Get tough."

"You better."

"And wear your thick woollies."

"Oh, sweetie! Must I?"

"Certainly you must. There's a nasty east wind."

"But they make me want to scratch."

"Well, scratch, then. They can't gaul you for scratching."

"Oh, hell!" said Oily.

It was not a word he often employed, but it seemed to him that the circumstances justified it.

It was getting on for lunch-time when he returned to the little nest, and there was nothing in his face to indicate whether his mission had had a happy ending or the reverse. The better to succeed in his chosen career, Oily Carlyle had trained his features to a uni-

said. Oh, no? I said. How about this book of yours; you can't pick up a paper without seeing all that stuff about it? I said. The money must be pouring in like a tidal wave, I said.

"What did he say to that?"

"Said it wasn't any such thing. These publishers pay up twice a year, he said, and it would be months before he could touch. I said, Well, why didn't he get something from them in advance, and he said he'd just been trying to and they'd told him it would be foreign to their policy to anticipate the customary half-yearly statement."

"Do what?"

"They wouldn't bite. Said he'd have to wait."

"So what did you say?"

"I said 'Too bad'."

A bitter sneer marred the beauty of Gertrude Carlyle's face.

"Got all fierce, didn't you? Scared the pants off him? I shouldn't wonder."

"I said 'Too bad,'" proceeded Oily equably, "and I said 'Sweetie will be vexed,' I said, and he said 'Who's Sweetie?', and I said 'Mrs. Carlyle'. And when Sweetie's vexed, I said, she generally hits people over the head with a bottle. And I told him about you and me and the vase."

"Oh, honey, we've forgotten all that."

"I haven't. Forgotten, yes. Forgotten, no. I can remember, just the same as if it had been yesterday, how it feels to get hit on the back of the head with a vase containing gladioli, and I described the symptoms to him. He turned greenish."

"And then?"

"Then I came away."

Mrs. Carlyle's lips had closed in a tight line, and there was a sombre glow in her fine eyes. Her air was that of a woman thinking in terms of bottles and making a mental note to set aside the next one that became empty.

"What's this guy's address?"

"Why?"

"I thought I'd call around and say hello."

"You won't need to. Relax, sweetie. You ain't heard nothing yet. When I told you I came away, I ought to have said I started to come away, because he called me back. Seemed worried, I thought. He was gulping quite a good deal."

"I'll gulp him!"

"And then he came clean and spilled the whole works. You know what he said? He said he didn't write that book at all."

"And you believed him?"

"Sure I believed him, after I'd heard the rest of it. He said his uncle wrote it. His uncle's a guy called Sir Raymond Bastable. Big lawyer and going in for politics, and knew that if it came out that he had written this 'Cocktail Time' thing he'd be ruined."

"Why?"

"Seems in England you can't mix writing that sort of book with standing for Parliament, which is what he's set on. So he got our Mr. Wisdom to say he'd done it. Well, I needn't tell you what I said to myself when I heard that."

"Yes, you need. What did you say to yourself?"

"I said, 'Here's where I touch the big money.'"

"I don't get it."

Oily smiled an indulgent smile.

"Look, sweetie. Use your bean. You're this Bastable character. You write a book, and it's too hot to handle, so you get your nephew to take the rap, and the papers run a big story about it's him that wrote it. All straight so far?"

"Sure, but—"

"Well, what do you do when you get a letter from the

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CUT OUT THIS RECIPE



## Try this CHOCOLATE CAKE with Clever Judy Frosting

8 oz. (2 level cups) plain flour  
4 level teaspoons baking powder  
1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda  
Pinch salt  
4 oz. (1 cup) butter  
6 oz. (1 cup) sugar  
2 eggs (separated)  
2 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa  
1 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

CLEVER JUDY FROSTING

1 1/2 cups sifted icing sugar  
1 egg yolk  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
2 level tablespoons Bournville Cocoa  
2 tablespoons top milk or cream  
1 rounded tablespoon butter  
1 tablespoon chopped nuts

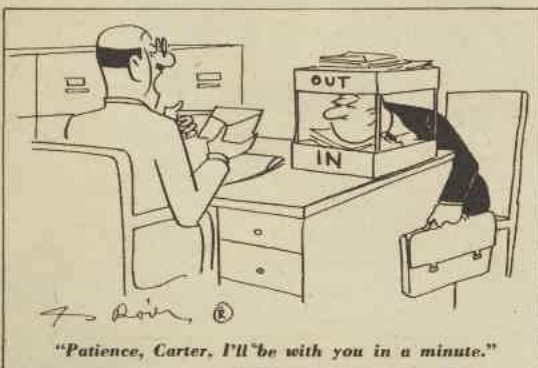
Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and bi-carbonate of soda. Cream together the butter and sugar and add the vanilla. Stir in the sifted cocoa. Add the egg yolks, beat well. Stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites alternately with the milk. Lastly fold in the Bournville Cocoa. Divide evenly into 2 well greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Cut each layer through the centre. Join together with Clever Judy Frosting and use the remaining frosting to ice the top. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

To make the frosting. Cream the butter slightly, add the sifted icing sugar and then the egg yolk and milk. Beat in the cocoa and continue beating over ice until correct consistency to spread. Flavour with vanilla.



CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

To page 63



"Patience, Carter, I'll be with you in a minute."

country. It would never have happened back home."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything."

"I'd have busted him one."

Mr. Carlyle could well believe it. Impulsiveness and a sturdy belief in direct action were the leading features of his mate's interesting character.

Some time had passed since the incident occurred and the bump had gone down now, but there still remained green in his memory the occasion when a fancied misdemeanor on his part had led her to hit him on the back of the head with a large vase containing gladioli. It had, in his opinion, spoiled the honeymoon.

"Well, too late to do anything now," he said moodily. "Just got to write it off as a bad debt."

"Bad debt nothing. He was playing you for a sucker."

Mr. Carlyle started. His amour propre was wounded.

"A sucker? Me?"

"Certainly he was. He was holding out on you. Read this."

"Read what?"

"This."

"Which?"

"This stuff in the paper here about him having written this book they're all talking about. He's got oodles of money. It's a best-seller."

Mr. Carlyle took the paper, scanned it, and said "Well, I'll be darned!" Gentlemanliness was his aim in life, for he had found it his best professional asset, and he seldom used any stronger expletive.

"Looks like you're right."

"Sure, I'm right."

"Unless," said Oily, struck by a damning thought, "it's some other Cosmo Wisdom."

His wife scoffed at the theory.

form impassivity which often caused his wife annoyance.

Though recognising the professional value of a dead pan, she wished that he would not carry it into the life of the home.

"Well?" she said.

"Rustle me up an old-fashioned, will you, sweetie?"

said Oily. "My tongue's hanging out."

Mrs. Carlyle rustled him up an old-fashioned, and, having done so, said, "Well?" again.

"Did you see him?"

"I saw him."

"What did he say?"

"Plenty."

"Did you get the fifty?"

"No. Matter of fact, I lent him another twenty."

"For heaven's sake!"

"But I got something a darned sight better than fifty pounds."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you."

In Oily's demeanor as he took another sip of his cocktail and prepared to speak, there was a suggestion of that Ancient Mariner of whom the poet Coleridge wrote. Like him, he knew he had a good story to relate, and he did not intend to hurry it.

"Yes, I saw him, and I said I'd been expecting to hear from him before this, because wasn't there a little matter of a hundred and fifty dollars or so he owed me, and he said yes, that was right, and I said it would be right if he'd come through with it, and he said he hadn't got it."

"The nerve!"

Oily took in the last drops of his old-fashioned, lit a cigarette, and put his feet on the table.

"And he couldn't raise it, he



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and fragrant  
"Old Gold" chocolate

*Mm-m-m make mine...*  
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- \* Pure milky coconut
- \* Coated all over with fragrant "Old Gold" chocolate



ANOTHER REASON YOU'LL SAY

*Mm-m-m make mine...*

*MacRobertson's*



# A REBEL GETS ANGRY

● Lean, lank-haired, 25-year-old David McCallum, the current "Rebel Without a Cause" of British films, is about to become their "Angry Young Man."

**T**HIN, sensitive features and an ability to fan resentment into a blaze of anger make McCallum the almost perfect physical embodiment of the social phenomenon known in America as The Beat Generation and in Britain as Angry Young Men.

In his newest film, "Violent Playground," a study of juvenile delinquency in the huge English manufacturing port of Liverpool, McCallum plays an arrogant, trigger-tempered leader of a hooligan gang.

Son of the leader of the B.B.C. television orchestra, David (whose mother is an oboe player) learned to play the 'cello as a child, and was expected to be a musician.

By the time he was 12 he had decided to become an actor, and he sold his cello to help pay for a dramatic course.

Later, when his father gave him the choice of going to Oxford or to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, David chose R.A.D.A.

## A stage boss

After 18 months' study he took a job as assistant stage manager with the Glyndebourne Opera Company—to gain more practical experience—and was made stage manager in 1951.

At that point National Service put its hand on Glyndebourne's stage manager, and he completed his training as 2/Lieut. McCallum, 3rd Batt., Gold Coast Regiment, in Africa—producing plays whenever he could to keep his hand in.

After his discharge McCallum spent three years in provincial repertory, and his break into films came when his agent sent Clive Donner, about to direct "The Secret Place," David's photograph.

Donner was so struck with the expressive, unusual face that he immediately saw McCallum as the ideal mixed-up younger brother of the film's star, Belinda Lee.

Young McCallum, who believes in a serious preparation for any screen role that he undertakes, spent the next week down in an East End boys' club soaking up atmosphere.



He played the role and so pleased the Rank people that he went right into a small but dramatically testing part in "Hell Drivers," with Stanley Baker, Peggy Cummings, and Patrick McGeehan.

The professional pay-off came for McCallum when director Jack Lee took him to Australia to play the role of young Jim Marston in "Robbery Under Arms," with Peter Finch and Ronald Lewis as its stars.

In this film McCallum was supposed to fall in love with pretty

*Film-Fan-Fare*  
Conducted by Ainslie Baker

21-year-old English actress Jill Ireland.

This presented no difficulty to the two young people.

Shortly after the unit returned to Pinewood to shoot interiors the couple married, and are today the parents of a two-month-old baby boy.

Jill has been seen in "The Woman For Joe," "Simon and Laura," "A Town Like Alice," and "Three Men in a Boat."

**DAVID McCALLUM, 25-year-old Rank star, who has finally turned his back on teenage roles.**

It wasn't long after the completion of "Robbery" that a script turned up calling for a young man to play a dangerous, neurotic teenager in "Violent Playground."

In a lengthy role he had to hold audience interest against the experienced opposition of Stanley Baker and Peter Cushing.

McCallum got the part, brooding and blazing his way to the top acting job of his career.

After that came a role in "A Night to Remember," epic story of the sinking of Titanic, with Kenneth More as star, and one of the big Rank Organisation releases for 1958.

Of her Angry Young Man, Jill says: "David is an idealist—about life, about people, about everything."

"If something upsets me, I try to put it right, that's all," David explains.

Whatever else may upset him, his career should give no cause for complaint: At 25, David McCallum is a highly competent professional.



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### FILM PREVIEW



JAMES STEWART as the bewitched Shep Henderson.



KIM NOVAK as Gil Holroyd, modern-style witch.

## Witches Galore

... falling in love with a human, she lost her powers as a witch.

### THE STORY

THE John van Druten comedy "Bell, Book, and Candle" comes to the screen with Kim Novak as the last of a long line of witches who, with her spell-casting family, lives in modern New York and passes herself off to the uninitiated as the owner of a curio shop.

Falling for the book publisher (Stewart) who lives above her shop, Kim uses spells and incantations to break up his romance with a beautiful girl, and then, when she falls in love with him herself, loses her powers as a witch and turns into an ordinary woman. A Columbia film, in Technicolor.



ELSA LANCHESTER as Queenie, Gil's witch aunt.

Watched by an uneasy Stewart in this hilarious scene, self-styled witchcraft expert Kovacs explains black-magic to Kim and her family, not knowing they are all witchcraft practitioners.



JACK LEMMON, Gil's warlock brother.

ERNIE KOVACS, witchcraft author.





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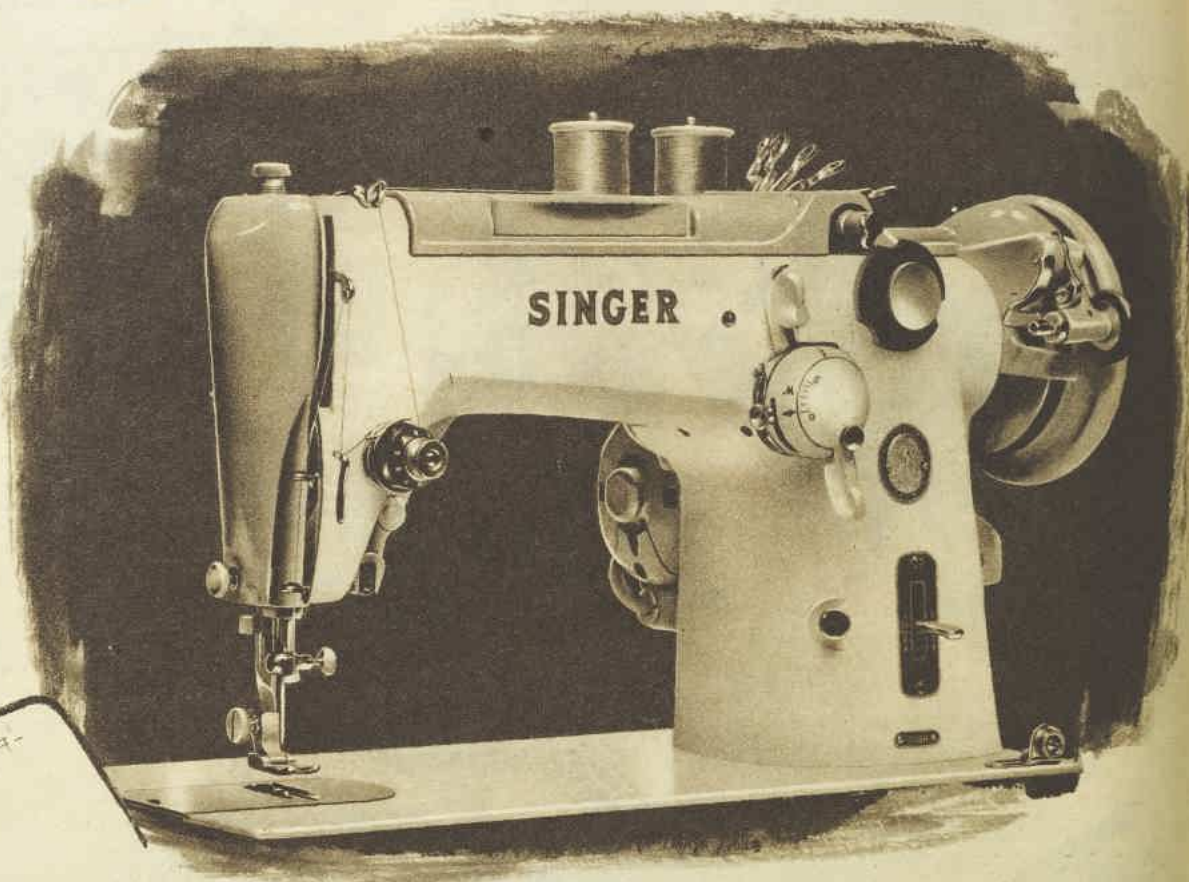


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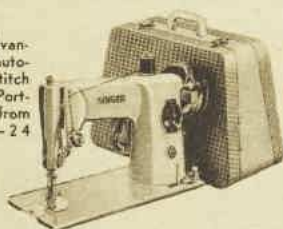
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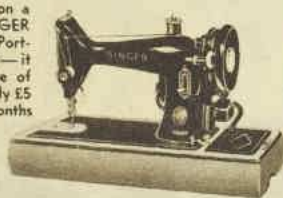
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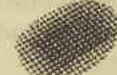
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## ★ THE CON MEN

Italian drama, with Giulietta Masina, Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart. English dubbed dialogue. Esquire, Sydney.

THIS obviously early film of the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini is interesting for its glimpses of young talent seen in its maturity in "La Strada" and "Nights of Cabiria."

Already Fellini had become strongly aware of pictorial quality, and even at this early date the dog-eat-dog post-war Italian world of those who live by their wits is handled with an insight that compensates for technical shortcomings.

Masina's appearance has changed considerably since this film, and her role is a fairly minor one. But it is fascinating to study this early development of what was to become one of the great talents of the screen.

American Crawford draws with pity and power the figure of the ageing, lonely confidence man.

In a word . . . INTERESTING.

## ★ WILD IS THE WIND

Paramount drama, with Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa. Victory, Sydney.

HERE is a brave attempt by American interests to make a story of strong human passions as it might be made by

## New Film Releases

the more adult French or Italians.

As an Italian brought to America to become the wife of her sister's widower, Magnani gives a performance of great range and maturity.

As the insensitive, sentimental Italian-American sheep farmer husband, determinedly seeing only his dead wife in his new bride, Quinn might have perhaps benefited from a slightly stronger directional discipline.

Making a very creditable showing against such formidable competition, Franciosa plays the adopted son of Quinn, to whom Magnani turns for love in her own right.

Not without its interest for Australian audiences is the large and prosperous Nevada sheep run on which the tempestuous triangle comes into being.

The frankly "pop" theme song used behind the credits is an inexplicable lapse from the artistic standards at which the film otherwise aims.

In a word . . . TEMPESTUOUS.

## ★ FRAULEIN

Fox drama, with Mel Ferrer, Dana Wynter. In De Luxe color, Cinema-Scope. Mayfair, Sydney.

BEARING all the earmarks of a serial dehydrated into a screenplay, this gives a painfully

thin (and blonder) Dana Wynter the chance to qualify as the year's most suffering heroine.

Cast as a German girl in peril of losing her virtue, first to the Russians and then the Yanks, she is as droopy a fraulein as ever escaped the conquerer's lecherous advances.

The fact that at one time she doesn't realise she is seeking shelter in an obvious call-girl apartment must be taken as a tribute to her previously sheltered existence as the daughter of a professor.

Ferrer is the U.S. officer who reappears in her life at the critical moment.

A ferry trip up the Rhine, recorded in murky color, is the only evidence that the film was considered a sufficiently important one to be made on location in Germany.

In a word . . . DREARY.

## ★ ILL DEFEND YOU, MY LOVE

Italian-French drama, with Martine Carol, Vittorio Gassman. English subtitles. Esquire, Sydney.

THE reputation of European films is in no way enhanced by this reasonably efficient but frankly commercial melodrama,

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average



JANET LEIGH-CURTIS with her two-year-old daughter, Kelly. Janet is expecting another child soon. Having a big, happy family is more important than a film career, she says.

## News from movie centres

WHEN the John Osborne play "Look Back In Anger" goes before the cameras in England later this year, explosive Richard Burton will have the star role of its angry young man. Sounds like type casting. Burton was to have co-starred with Carroll Baker in Warners' much-postponed "The Miracle."

COLUMBIA are really angry with Glenn Ford for refusing to make "The Last Angry Man," scheduled to be his final film for them under

his 12-year contract. Other studios have been informed that Ford isn't available to them until he discharges his commitment to his old studio.

SPOKEN of for the star role in the biographical film to be made on the life of French cabaret singer Edith Piaf are Christine Carere, Leslie Caron—and, for some reason not apparent, Natalie Wood. It would be too bad if the little American girl is the one chosen to play the famous French singer.

# NEW! Just the perm for today's hair styles Crest Curlette

PERMS UP TO 15 SUPPLE CURLS COSTS ONLY 5'11

- ★ to pretty-up ends and neckline
- ★ to create those new, ear-caressing curves
- ★ perfect for in-between perms

A way at last to have one of this season's lovely new hair-do's for just a few shillings. This Crest Curlette kit will give you up to 15 lovely curls—just enough for "in-between" perms when you simply want to tidy-up the faster-growing back and side sections of your hair, or for adding those touches of glamour just where you want them. And Crest curls really last—stay shiny, supple and obedient for months, thanks to Crest's creamy waving lotion and NEW FOAM NEUTRALIZER.

CREST with FOAM NEUTRALIZER means shinier, more supple curls without fuss or mess.

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Add softness to a sophisticated French-roll by using Crest Curlette to curl a short fringe in front as well as a few curls on the ends. Simply part your hair in the centre, dividing the fringe in half, and place two curls either side. Ideal for those special evenings when you want to put your hair up, smart for the office when you'd like to wear your hair in a chignon or pony tail.

Crest Curlette provides this modern version of the 1925 bob. Wide fringe brushed across the head . . . sides and back turning under and ending in a "flapper" curl over the ear. Requiring only 15 simple curls—3 for the fringe, 2 over each ear, and 8 at the back—this popular hair style is so easy to manage and requires only a quick brushing to restore it to its "freshly permed" softness.



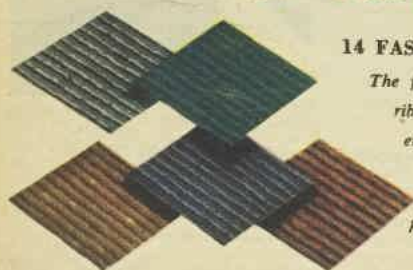
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nephew saying he's been thinking it over and his conscience won't let him go on with the ramp, so he's going to tell the world it wasn't him who done it, it was you? Here's what you do—you pay up. You say, 'How much do you want to keep this under your hat?' And you get charged as much as the traffic will bear."

Mrs. Carlyle's eyes widened. Her lips parted. She might have known, she was feeling, that she could have trusted her Oily. Gazing at him reverently, she expressed her emotion in a quick "Gosh!"

"But will he do it?"  
"Will who do what?"  
"This Wisdom fellow. Will he write the letter?"

"He's done it. I've got it right here in my pocket. I said I'd mail it for him. I explained the idea, and he saw it at once. Very enthusiastic he was. He said his uncle's got all the money in the world—you know what they pay these big lawyers—and there isn't a chance that he won't cough up practically anything."

"Protection money."  
"That's right, protection money. So I dictated the letter and brought it away with me. That's when I loaned him that twenty pounds. He said he wanted to celebrate. Now what?" asked Oily, noting that a cloud had passed over the face of the moon of his delight.

"I was only feeling what a pity it is you'll have to split with him. You will, I guess?"

"That's what he guesses, too, but, ask me, he's guessing wrong. I'm taking the letter to this Bastable after lunch—he's living in the country at a place called Dovetail Hammer—and I shall want the money right down on the counter. Well, of course, it's just possible I may decide to give Wisdom his half of it, but I doubt it, sweetie. I doubt it very much indeed."

"Oily," said Mrs. Carlyle,

## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

her eyes shining with a soft light, "there's no one like you. You're wonderful."  
"I'm pretty good," agreed Mr. Carlyle modestly.

The 3.26, Oily decided, having consulted the railway guide, was the train to take to Dovetail Hammer. It would, he pointed out, give them nice time for lunch at the Ritz, and Gertie, all enthusiasm, begged him to lead her to it.

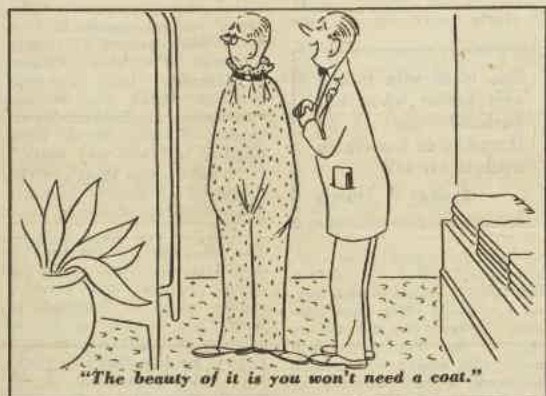
It was at about the moment when they were sipping their coffee and Oily had lighted a five-shilling cigar that Lord

from page 55

sorry, three pangs. What caused one of them was the thought that, going off to stay with Johnny, I shall be deprived for quite a time of your society and those pleasant and instructive afternoons we have so often had together. It would have been delightful to have remained in London, seeing the sights with you."

"You don't see any ruddy sights with me. I know you when you're seeing sights."

"My second pang—Pang B. you might call it—was



Ickenham, who had been taking the midday meal with his nephew Pongo at the Drones preparatory to going and visiting his godson at Hammer Hall, looked out of the smoking-room window at the Demosthenes across the way, and heaved a sigh.

"Boo!" said Pongo.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Just trying to startle you. Said to be good for hiccups."

"It would take a lot more than that to scare an intrepid man like me. Chilled Steel Ickenham they used to call me in the old regiment. And, anyway, that was not a hiccup, it was a sigh."

"Why were you sighing?"

"Because I felt a pang. No,

occasioned by looking across the street at the Demosthenes Club, for it brought my semi-brother-in-law, Beefy Bastable, to my mind. I found myself thinking of something that happened last summer. You have probably forgotten the incident, but about a year ago, seated in this window, I shot his topper off with a Brazil nut."

"Gosh!"

"Ah, I see you remember. Well, I had hoped that the experience would have proved a turning point in his life, making him a gentler, kinder Beefy, a sweeter, softer Bastable, more patient with and tolerant of his sister Phoebe. I was too sanguine."

"Isn't he patient with and tolerant of his sister Phoebe?"

"Far from it. My well-meant effort appears to have had no effect whatsoever. According to Peasemarch, his butler, with whom I correspond, his manner towards her is still modelled on that of Captain Bligh, of the Bounty, displeased with the behaviour of one of the personnel of the fo'c'sle. Of course, he could make out a case for himself, I suppose. Phoebe, poor lost soul, has a way of putting her head on one side like a canary and saying, 'What, dear?' when spoken to which must be very annoying to a man accustomed to having one and all hang upon his slightest word."

"It is when she has done this some six or seven times in the course of a breakfast or luncheon that, according to Peasemarch, he shoots up to the ceiling in a sheet of flame and starts setting about her regardless of her age and sex. Yes, I can see his side of the thing, but it must be very bad for his blood pressure and far from pleasant for all concerned. Peasemarch says it wrings his heart to listen with his ear to the keyhole. You don't know Bert Peasemarch, do you?"

"No."

"Splendid chap. About as much brain as you could put comfortably into an aspirin bottle, but what are brains if the heart be of gold? I first met him when he was a steward on the White Star-Cunard. Later, he came into some house property and left the sea and settled down in a village near Ickenham. Then, if you remember, war broke out, and there was all that bother about the invasion of England and I joined the Home Guard, and whom should I find standing shoulder to shoulder with me but Bert Peasemarch."

"We saw it through together, sitting up all night at times, chilled to the bone, but with our upper lips as stiff as our hip joints. Well, two men don't go through all that without becoming buddies. I grew to

To page 64

## Fashion

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Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"Gillian"

"GILLIAN" — Attractively styled three-piece playsuit designed for the junior miss. The material is striped seersucker; the trim white rick-rack braid. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, green and white, and lemon and white.



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love Bert like a brother, and he grew to love me like a brother. Two brothers in all. I got him his job with Beefy."

"I thought you said he came into house property."

"Quite a bit of it, I understand."

"Then why did he want to battle?"

"Ennui, my dear boy, the ennui that always attacks all these fellows who retire in their prime. He missed the brave tang of the old stewarding days. Well, a steward is practically a butler, so I advised him to make a career of that. My Coggs down at Ickenham coached him, and when Coggs said the time was ripe, I unloaded him on Beefy."

"How did he get on with him?"

"I think he found him something of a trial. But that was before Beefy moved to the country. You knew he had taken Johnny's Hammer Lodge, didn't you?"

"Yes, you told me. Nice bit of luck for Johnny."

"And, let us hope, for Beefy also. Who knows that living in the country will not improve him out of all knowledge. The quiet rural life does have a wonderful effect on people. Take me. There are times, I admit, when being cooped up at Ickenham makes me feel like a caged skylark, though not, of course, looking like one, but there is no question that it has been the making of me. I attribute to it the fact that I have become the steady, sensible, perhaps rather stodgy man I am today. I beg your pardon?"

"Eh?"

"I thought you spoke."

"I said 'Hal', if you call that speaking."

"Why did you say 'Hal'?"

"Because I felt like saying 'Hal'. No objection to me saying 'Hal', is there?"

"None whatever. This is Liberty Hall."

"Thanks. Well, I can't see it."

"See what?"

## Continuing . . . Cocktail Time

from page 63

"All this about old Bastable becoming a different man. According to you, he still bites pieces out of his sister."

"Merely because he is always coming up to London and bullying witnesses in court. This makes his progress slower than one could wish. But I am confident that the magic of Dovetail Hammer will eventually work. Give him time. If Barbara Crowe hadn't returned him to store, he would already have become a reformed character."

"I doubt it."

"I don't. I am convinced that, married to her, he would today be the lovable Beefy of thirty years ago, for she

The ideal wife is one who knows when her husband wants to be forced to do something against his will.

—Sydney J. Harris

wouldn't have stood that Captain Bligh stuff for a minute. Too bad the union blew a fuse, but how sadly often that happens. When you get to my age, my dear Pongo, you will realise that what's wrong with the world is that there are far too many sundered hearts in it. I've noticed it again and again. It takes so little to set a couple of hearts asunder. That's why I'm worried about Johnny."

"Isn't he all right?"

"Far from it."

"Doesn't he like being married?"

"He isn't married. That's the whole trouble. He's been engaged to Bunny Farringdon for more than a year, but not a move on his part to set those wedding bells ringing out in the little village church. She speaks to him of buying two

of everything for her trousseau and begs him to let her have the green light, but all she gets is a 'Some other time.' It gives me a pang. Good heavens," said Lord Ickenham, looking at his watch. "Is it as late as that? I must rush. I'm catching the 3.26."

"But half a second. Tell me more about this. Isn't she getting fed up?"

"Distinctly so. I was having lunch with her yesterday, and the impression I received was that she was becoming as mad as a wet hen. Any day now I expect to see in 'The Times' an announcement that the wedding arranged between Jonathan Twistleton Pearce, of Hammer Hall, Dovetail Hammer, Berks, and Belinda Farringdon, of Plunkett Mews, Onslow Square, South Kensington, will not take place."

"What do you think's at the bottom of it? Money? Johnny's pretty hard up, of course."

"Not too well fixed, I agree. The cross he has to bear is that Hammer Hall is one of those betwixt-and-between stately homes of England, so large that it costs a lot to keep up but not large enough to lure the populace into packing sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs and coming in charabancs to inspect it at half-a-crown a head. Still, what with running it as a guest-house and selling an occasional piece of furniture and writing those suspense novels of his, he should be in a position to get married if he wants to. Especially now that he is getting quite a satisfactory rent from Beefy for the Lodge. I don't think money is the trouble."

Pongo drew thoughtfully at his cigarette. A possible solution of the mystery had occurred to him. Devoted to his

Sally, he personally would not have looked at another female—no, not even if she had come leaping at him out of a pie at a bachelor party, but he was aware that there were other, less admirable men who were inclined to flit like butterflies from flower to flower and to run their lives more on the lines of Don Juan and Casanova. Could it be that his old friend Jonathan Pearce was one of these?

"I don't often get together with Johnny these days," he said. "It must be well over a year since I saw him last. How is he as of even date?"

"Quite robust, I believe."

"I mean in the way of staunchness and steadfastness. It just struck me that the reason he's jibbing at jumping off the dock might be that he's met someone else down at Dovetail Hammer."

"Do you know Dovetail Hammer?"

"Never been there."

"I thought you hadn't or you would not have made a fatuous suggestion like that. It isn't a place where you meet someone else. There's the vicar's daughter, who is engaged to the curate, and the doctor's daughter, betrothed to a chap who's planting coffee in Kenya, and that, except for Phoebe and Johnny's old nurse, Nannie Bruce, exhausts the female population. It's not possible for his heart to have strayed."

"Well, something must have happened."

"Unquestionably."

"You'd better talk to him."

"I intend to, like a Dutch godfather. We can't have this playing fast and loose with a young girl's affections. Letting the side down is the way I look at it. And now, young Pongo, stand out of my way or I'll roll you over like a juggernaut. If I miss that train there isn't another till five-forty."

To be continued

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## Continuing . . . The Eye Of The Beholder

from page 19

Lolling there like an old Grandpa. You get out into the passage and stroll around a bit, you'll get weak lying there in bed all the time."

He looked at her sullenly. "I don't want to."

She said lightly, being determinedly patient, "Don't want to! You sound like little Jimmy Roberts in the corner and he's only four. Come on, you don't want to be too weak for the journey home on Saturday. I'll get the screens and you get dressed like a good boy." She went away for a moment and then came back and began arranging the screens around his bed, her activity attracting the eye of every visitor in the ward.

He got dressed slowly, sulkily, dreading the moment when he would have to make his way across the ward to the door with everybody watching. She tried to get him out at visiting time, because she thought he'd feel out of things when his own parents were unable to get down to visit him. She'd probably still have decided it was better for him to get used to it, even if he had tried to explain it to her—the fact that he preferred to hide in bed than endure the curious and pitying stares, the hasty averting of the eyes that he attracted in the passageway. So he never did try to tell her.

She came back and took the screens away. He began limping across the room, concentrating fiercely to keep his back and his head straight. Anxiety and self-consciousness made him awkward so that he banged into the corner of a locker, almost falling. The man sitting at the bed sprang to his

feet to help him, but he shook off his arm angrily. Then he was outside in the passageway and he leaned against the wall, breathing hard and trembling. After a few moments he began limping along the corridor towards the corner where the lifts were and whence he could make his way to the corridor off which the linen cupboards opened, where he was unlikely to be disturbed by the visitors. Reaching the corner, he was almost knocked over by a woman who collided with him. She was middle-aged, short, and dumpy with a plain, kindly face.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, I'm so sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going properly, because I was in a hurry. I'm late."

She noticed his hospital jacket and then opened her handbag and produced a block of chocolate, smiling at him.

"Here, you have this; you like chocolate, I bet. It might make up for me nearly knocking you down like that."

He kept his hands clenched at his sides.

"I don't want it," he said, "give it to someone else. I know why you want to give it to me, it's because I'm a cripple. Well, I don't want it. I don't want you to feel sorry for me. Give it to someone else."

He spoke vehemently and she recoiled, looking at him in surprise. Her face went an embarrassed pink. She looked at him searchingly.

"Well, yes," she said, "I can see that one of your shoulders is a bit crooked and you were limping a bit, too, but I hadn't

really noticed it at first. All I noticed was your eyes; they're so large and dark and clever looking. I think they're the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen." She pressed the chocolate into his hand.

"Give it to someone else yourself if you don't want it. Goodbye." And then she was gone, hurrying again along the corridor.

He waited out there until visiting hour was over, and then he made his way slowly back to bed. He undressed and got in and lay looking out of the window again.

The rain had stopped and the sun was about to come out from behind the clouds. He thought about the woman and what she had said.

Beautiful eyes, so clever looking. The most beautiful eyes she had ever seen. She hadn't even noticed he was crippled at first, because she'd been so attracted by his eyes.

"The eyes are the mirrors of the soul." Where had he read that? Clever eyes.

Nurse Maidstone bustled up with a thermometer. "Hello, grandpop," she kidded. "Enjoy your little walk?"

He grunted in reply, then he produced the chocolate unwrapped it. He said, rather shyly, "Like a bit?"

She whistled. "Chocolate! Where did you get that?"

"A lady gave it to me," he said.

As she lifted his wrist feeling his pulse, a slow, dreamy smile curved his lips, softening his face and making him look younger. "A most beautiful lady," he said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 20, 1958



was not sure what, if anything, he had learned; or even why it was that he had tried to probe. Harley Stevens was Potter's concern, not his. Potter was obviously aboard as a watchdog, trying to protect his government's stake in one of its bright young scientists. His own concern was with Flint. And then he looked up at the door of the lounge, opened. "Not much of a day," he said, "is it?"

Flint was a big man with a heavy face, and his voice was deep, harsh, like a bullfrog in a swamp. "I've seen worse."

"Paula was here," Martin said. "She went off to look for you. She said she was going to get in your hair."

Flint sat down on the arm of a chair, his heavy legs wide-spread. "You're a regular information booth, aren't you, pal? Keep track of everybody." His eyes, watching Martin's face, were froglike, too, dark and expressionless. "I'm the friendly type," Martin said. His face and voice showed nothing.

"Regular little snooper," Flint said. Now, for the first time, and without apparent cause, the basic viciousness of the man showed.

Martin said nothing. He thought of the gun that was gone; he thought of Potter's cabin searched. He wondered if this was the beginning of the storm.

"Some people don't like that," Flint said. "Is that right?" Martin even smiled.

Flint nodded. "Think about it, pal. You wouldn't want to breed a lump on your nose poking it in other people's business."

He held himself tight. "That's a warning?"

The flat, expressionless eyes watched him, studied him. The ship lurched; Flint's body was steady, rocklike, as if he were bolted to the floor. "Just think about it, pal." He stood up and walked steadily to the door. He did not look back.

Martin sat where he was. He put out his cigarette, got out another, lighted it. His fingers were sure, steady. Flint was the cabin searcher? And was this

## Continuing . . . Assignment: Treason

from page 21

the reason for his change in attitude? Had he found the gun, taken it, and decided, because of the gun, that Martin was someone to watch? He doubted it.

Flint did not know him, of that much he was sure; the aeroplane business had been impersonal, strictly for profit. And if Flint did not know him, why then would Flint have bothered to search his cabin, in the first place? The problem tended to roll like a hoop, its tail in its mouth.

And always, too, there was the other question: Why was Flint aboard a freighter instead of one of the luxury liners?

He was still asking himself the questions when Herr Gregor came in and peered about, blinking. Martin said in German, "A game of chess, Herr Gregor?"

They sat over the board, bracing themselves against the ship's motion. Herr Gregor was an older man, with grey hair and a small grey goatee. He wore pince-nez attached to his neck by a narrow black ribbon. He spoke no English.

"It is almost done, Herr Fallon. Captain Walther tells me that we dock in the morning."

"So soon?" Martin said. That left tonight, if Flint had the money in his pocket; tomorrow morning, if the money had been all this time in the purser's strongbox. The price of a confiscated aeroplane, with interest. "Your move, Herr Gregor."

And it was then that the lounge door opened again, suddenly this time. And Paula Flint came in, almost running. Her bright hair was ruffled, and there was a bruise high on her cheek, red, angry, beginning already to take on an ugly purple tinge. To Martin she said, "You speak German. Get the captain—"

"Your face—" Martin began. "Never mind me. Somebody's hurt. Bad. Fell down the stairs and landed on his head—"

"Who?" Martin said, although he knew the answer

already, was sure of it, and he told himself that he should have seen it before.

"That quiet fellow. What's his name—Potter."

Herr Gregor looked up from the board. His eyes were calm behind the pince-nez. "It is your move, Herr Fallon." And then, looking at the girl, "Something has happened?"

It was later, the evening begun. Martin tapped on the door of Potter's cabin, went in. Paula Flint sat in the large chair, still wearing the knitted dress, her hair once more smooth and unruffled.

The bruise on her cheek was swollen, darkly purple; one eye was almost closed, but its sparkle was undiminished. She smiled. "I took over. Mrs. Stevens—" She shook her head. "She's a nice kid, but she's scared." And then, "What's she scared of?"

"I wouldn't know," Martin said. But he was pretty sure he did know, and the knowledge was unpleasant. "Any change?" He glanced at Potter, who lay in his bed. Potter's eyes were closed. His face had a drawn, taut look, as if the skin were too tight. His breathing was shallow.

"He hasn't wiggled," Paula said. "He took quite a spill."

Martin nodded. Potter was immobilised, out of things for quite a spell; and this, too, Martin disliked.

"He must have done a flip clear over to land on the top of his head," Paula said. She watched Martin quietly. "Or, did he?" She paused. "Did somebody clobber him first and then let him roll down the stairs? It could be."

Martin got out his cigarettes, gave her one, lighted them both. He kept his voice expressionless: "I'd keep that theory to myself if I were you."

"When I was six years old," Paula said, "I learned all about keeping my mouth shut. Most times I remember."

"You told it to me." She nodded. Her face had changed—the bright brittleness

was gone; the bruise seemed to stand out against the smoothness of her skin.

"You're different. You're a nice guy with your mind on your own problems." And then, quietly, "You don't know me from Eve. Or maybe you do. You don't miss much."

"Go on," Martin said.

She studied him, nodded. "I can sing a little, dance a little. And I don't look too bad just standing around in some beads and stuff. I can get a job. There are nightclubs in Europe."

"Yes," Martin said.

"Will you trust me for a stake? A couple of hundred dollars until I get organised?"

Martin said, "Flint did that to you?"

"Yes." She touched the bruise gently. "It's quite a show, isn't it? I forgot about keeping my mouth shut." She paused. "I don't much care. He can get himself another sparring partner."

"You're smart," Martin said. He liked her, admired her honesty and courage. He took three bills from his wallet, folded them, held them out.

"I asked for two hundred," Paula said, "not three."

"It's all right."

**S**TILL she hesitated, and her voice, when it came, held a bitter tinge: "You're not getting ideas, are you?" And this, too, he liked.

"No." He put the bills in her hand. "No strings."

"Like I said, you're a nice guy. Thanks."

He went out and closed the door behind him.

On deck it was cold and dark. The wind had dropped, and the motion of the ship was no longer wild, uncontrolled. Martin stood at the rail.

He told himself that he was a fool for what he was thinking. Potter was out of commission, and what was that to him? And Trudi Stevens was scared, and somebody had his own gun, and the money he intended to collect was still

in Flint's pocket or the purser's safe—so?

But his thoughts persisted, nagging at him, and after a time he gave up struggling against them. He went back inside and down the corridor to the Stevens' cabin, telling himself that he might still stay clear—although he doubted it.

Harley answered the knock. He was without his tweed jacket, but his necktie was still awry and his eyes, behind the glasses were as they had been in the lounge—suspicious, resentful.

"I want to talk to you," Martin said, and there was something in his face, in his voice, that moved Harley back, away from the door. Martin closed it, stood against it. Trudi, sitting on the edge of one of the beds, looked up to watch him.

"You're either a fool," Martin said, "or—the other thing; and I don't know which. You left the Geneva conference and went to Germany, Berlin. Now you're going back again." With Potter to watch, only now there was no Potter in the equation, and this was the clincher.

"Why?"

"Not to Berlin," Harley said, "but that's none of your business."

Trudi said, "Harley. Please." And then, "It is my fault. I am to blame."

"It's not your fault," Harley said. "It's nobody's fault." He shook his head. "It's our business."

"No," Martin said. "It's not. Fifteen years ago it might have been. You said it yourself. Now it isn't. You carry too much information in your head, perhaps even on paper, I don't know." He paused. "That's why a man was slugged and then pushed down some stairs—so he wouldn't be in the way. That's why cabins have been searched."

Martin faced them both. "Like I said, either you're a fool—or a traitor. Which is it?" The friendliness was gone now.

Trudi said, "Harley." Her hand touched his arm; she looked up at him, and, for that moment, they were only two, the rest of the world shut out.

Then, "It is my fault, Martin. My brother—" she shook her head.

"We—I heard in Geneva that he was not dead as we had thought all of this time. We—I heard that he was alive and well, in East Germany. I went to Berlin to see if I could find out. My husband came after me, took me back to Geneva." She sat quite still, her hands pressed flat against her thighs, looking up into Martin's face.

Harley said, "Potter was slugged? I don't believe it."

"Your wife saw him," Martin said. "She guessed that it wasn't an accident, and it scared her. She's been scared from the start." And then, "Potter is a Federal cop, sent along to look after you, because you're valuable. And so he was put out of the way." He waited, but there was only silence. He looked at Trudi. "Finish it, what you were telling me."

She said slowly, "We heard, by telephone, in New York, from someone we trusted, a friend from Germany, that if we went to Hamburg—"

"On this ship?" Martin said.

"I—don't remember. Maybe—"

"It was a convenient sailing date," Harley said, "and it goes direct to Hamburg, which is in West Germany, safe, nothing can happen there, and so we took it." He was no longer sure, no longer even angry. "Why not?"

"You're not stupid," Martin said. "You just don't think sometimes. Like the rest of us." He paused. "A freighter, only seven passengers, and one of them unconscious now from an—accident." He faced them both. "The ship docks, we all go our different ways. But you won't land; you get off the ship before it reaches port, and who's to know what happened to you?"

"You're guessing," Harley said.

"Yes, I'm guessing. But that's the way it could be; that's the way it adds up." He was silent for a moment. Then, "Lock your door when I leave. Don't let anybody in until we reach

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dock in Hamburg. Do you understand? Not anybody." Harley said. "I don't think that's necessary. You're—" "Harley." And her hand was on his arm again, holding it, squeezing it. "We will do as you say." And then, "I promise, Martin."

It was, he told himself, the best that he could do; it was all that he could do. He turned the knob of the door, opened it behind him. He had his own fish to fry, and time was short. "Just hold it there, pal," Flint's bullfrog voice said. And there was no doubt about the gun that pressed against Martin's back. "Now come out slow. That's it. Just stand there."

And Herr Gregor, goat-like, pince-nez, and all, slipped past and into the cabin; and he, too, held a gun in his hand. And he spoke in English, of which he had professed ignorance. "You will come with me, Dr. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens. Now. Put on your coats. We are waiting." The door closed.

"Down the hall," Flint said. "Around the corner; just walk slow." The gun was an ungentle reminder. "my cabin." And then, "Regular little snooter, aren't you, pal?"

In a way, Martin thought, it served him right for mixing in an affair that was none of his business. And he thought of Potter, whose cabin he was passing now; Potter, flat on his back, useless. He raised his voice, let it carry over his shoulder. "It isn't going to be easy, not like rigging a frame, shipping guns in one of my aeroplanes."

There was a pause. Then, "So that's where you come in, pal? That's why the gun in your cabin?"

"In my shirts," Martin said, "where you could steal it." "Just keep moving," Flint said. "You'll—"

The sound came suddenly, and Martin spun with it. Flint's bullfrog eyes were protruding slightly and his mouth hung open in surprise. The gun in his hand dropped. Martin slashed with the blade of his hand at the wrist that held the gun, caught it as it landed, and straightened. And then he

## Continuing . . . Assignment: Treason

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paused a moment to enjoy the tableau.

Flint's large knees were buckling. Like an oversized mechanical toy suddenly unsprung, he was going down. And behind him, Paula, holding one shoe by its toe, its sharp heel pointing downward, said, "How do you like it, tiger?" Then she looked at Martin. "How'm I doing?"

He grinned at her. He nodded.

"I heard you tell him—"

"Yes," Martin said. He was looking down at Flint. "Let me think." In the silence he considered the facts and found them unpleasant. Flint and Herr Gregor acting together and with confidence—it indicated a big organisation.

Paula said, "Hey. We're slowing down. The boat, I mean. Feel it?"

"Yes." It was still none of his business, he told himself—and he knew that he was wrong. Harley had said that it was nobody's business but his own, and that was wrong, too, and Martin had pointed it out.

"You can't have it both ways," he told himself, and the last of his reluctance faded without pain. He said, "You're strong enough. Drag him into Potter's cabin and lock the door. If he wakes up—"

"I'll clobber him again," Paula said. "A pleasure." She looked at Martin, at the gun in his hand. "And you?"

"I'll be busy." He felt no regret, even a sense of relief that the decision had been made for him. "I'll see you." He was gone.

The deck was dark and cold. He studied it carefully. There was nobody in sight. He located the ladder that led to the deck above, to the chart-room and the wheelhouse beyond. The ship had slowed almost to a halt; it rolled with a gentle, sluggish motion.

He told himself to hurry and he went into the chart-room in one long stride, the gun ready in his hand. The chart-room was empty. He crossed it,

opened the door to the wheelhouse only a crack.

He could see the helmsman. And, in silhouette, he could see Captain Walther, short, bulky, out in the wing of the bridge alone. He could not see any other boat, but it was there, it had to be there, swinging in alongside. And somewhere, down on the well deck waiting, would be Herr Gregor, and Harley and Trudi no longer confident.

He opened the door quickly and was at Captain Walther's side before the captain could turn. He made the pressure of the gun felt against the back of the captain's head. "Away from the rail," he said in German. "Slowly, Captain. So. Now turn, also slowly."

THE helmsman had not moved. He watched, silent, tense. Martin threw a brief look off into the darkness, and there were lights there, running lights of a small craft, and they were close, too close.

"This is piracy," the captain said. By the faint light of the binnacle he studied Martin's face, appraised it—and remained motionless.

"So it's piracy," Martin said in English as he moved, keeping his eyes on both men; and then he stopped and glanced down for only an instant, reading swiftly the positions on the engine telegraph. His free hand found the lever, moved it smartly. There was a pause, a sound of bells deep within the freighter. And then the stir of the engines began, the deck vibrating beneath their feet.

The ship was moving, gathering speed. "To the right," Martin said to the helmsman. "Hard. And quickly." He watched the wheel begin to turn, and from the small craft approaching there came a hail, a protest; and then the sound of feet hurrying on the well deck and up the ladder.

"You've changed your mind, Captain," Martin said. "You've

decided that the operation is too risky. There would be questions in Hamburg tomorrow, people looking for Dr. Stevens, and you lost your nerve. You hear me?"

He waited for no answer. To the helmsman he said, "Resume your course." And he backed away into the heavy shadows beside the door.

Herr Gregor came through at a run. He had his gun in his hand, and his pince-nez gleamed in the light from the binnacle. "What is the meaning of this? Fool! Dumkopf! I agreed to pay—" And then he sensed what was behind him, and he turned swiftly. His hand came up.

Martin shot him in the shoulder without compunction. Gregor's gun dropped to the deck. The captain made a small, tentative move towards it, and then was still. "You're learning, Captain," Martin said. He raised his voice. "Harley!" And he heard the answer from the deck below. "Come up now. I'll let you help . . ."

The freighter lay at its berth in Hamburg. Martin sat in the lounge with two German officials and a colleague of Potter's hastily summoned.

"It was too bad I had to shoot Herr Gregor," Martin said. "I'm sorry about that." Which was not even close to the truth. "I took care of him as best I could."

"He will live," one official said.

Potter's colleague said, "Quite a party. And you just happened to be aboard to attend it." His eyes were expressionless.

"Coincidence," Martin said. "They happen." He stood up, smiled at them. They watched him go.

He stopped first at the Stevens' cabin. They were packing. Trudi looked up, and her eyes were no longer afraid; they held a new, different expression. "Thank you, Martin."

Harley said, "After I was gone . . ." He paused. "They would have remembered Gen-

eva, and they, everybody, would have been sure I'd—sold out."

"They would," Martin said. "I wouldn't have. Even if they had me, they wouldn't have got anything."

"They would have got whatever they wanted," Martin said. It was unpleasant, but it had to be made plain. "They wanted both of you. You, for your knowledge; your wife . . ." He looked at Trudi and saw that she, at least, already understood. "Your wife as the lever to make you co-operate. They're good with levers."

He saw the comprehension come into Harley's face. "Stick with your own specialty. It's a good rule."

And as he walked down the corridor he told himself that it was a rule he might do well to follow, too. The next time he might not be so lucky. He knocked on the door of the Flint's cabin. Paula was there, the angry bruise plain, but her sparkle undiminished.

"Potter will be all right," Martin said. "Your husband is going to have a long time to think things over." He paused. "And you?"

"I have three hundred dollars, remember?" She smiled.

"I'll make out."

"Yes," he said. "You will."

He reached in his pocket, and felt no reluctance in the doing.

"But to make things a little easier." He put the envelope in her hand. "It is—it was Flint's money."

Not all of it, to be sure—he had deducted the price of a confiscated aeroplane, with interest—but there was more than ample left.

"Flint carried it for Herr Gregor. It's the money Gregor was going to pay the captain for stopping his ship and transferring the Stevens' to the small boat. Herr Gregor—ah—gave it to me."

She took her time, standing there, studying his face. Then, "Like I said, you're quite a guy."

Martin said slowly, "Maybe some day I'll turn up and remind you of that." He stood there, suddenly uncomfortable.

"I'll be waiting," Paula said. (Copyright)

## TEENAGE

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If you suffer the embarrassment of unsightly spots and blemishes, try this simple skin care. At the first sign of infection treat the troubled areas with quick-acting double antiseptic Valderma Balm.

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Hair that is alive and beautiful comes from a healthy scalp. To have pretty highlights, hair needs frequent washing, but don't dry out the scalp by leaving highly concentrated shampoo on too long. Always prepare the scalp for a shampoo by oiling it. Do this by rubbing in oil of ulan with the finger tips and add a little lemon delf to the rinsing water to add lustre. Unmanageable dryness can be cured by a touch of oil of ulan to help shape the tresses . . . Margaret Merrill.

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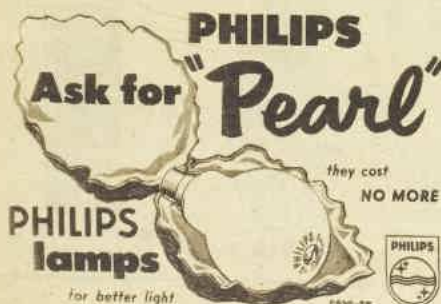
(A large trial of this tablet can be seen at our Melbourne office)

**DeWitt's**  
ANTACID POWDER AND TABLETS



Where's the WETTEX!

WS



## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
For week beginning August 18



**ARIES**  
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

\* Lucky number this week, 2.  
Lucky color for love, white.  
Gambling colors, white, red.  
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
Luck through young people.



**TAURUS**  
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, mauve.  
Gambling colors, mauve, grey.  
Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
Luck in a box or cupboard.



**GEMINI**  
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 31

\* Lucky number this week, 8.  
Lucky color for love, black.  
Gambling colors, black, green.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.  
Luck in a conversation.



**CANCER**  
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, blue.  
Gambling colors, blue, white.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
Luck in satisfying wishes.



**LEO**  
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

\* Lucky number this week, 4.  
Lucky color for love, orange.  
Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
Luck in a romantic episode.



**VIRGO**  
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

\* Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, brown.  
Gambling colors, brown, cream.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
Luck in a private venture.



**LIBRA**  
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, rose.  
Gambling colors, rose, black.  
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
Luck in being one of a team.



**SCORPIO**  
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

\* Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, light blue.  
Gambling colors, blue, mauve.  
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
Luck in publicity.



**SAGITTARIUS**  
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

\* Lucky number this week, 5.  
Lucky color for love, green.  
Gambling colors, green, violet.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
Luck in fellowship.



**CAPRICORN**  
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, violet.  
Gambling colors, violet, orange.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
Luck that is earned.



**AQUARIUS**  
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

\* Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, any pastel.  
Gambling colors, pinks, oranges.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
Luck through the opposite sex.



**PISCES**  
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

\* Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, red.  
Gambling colors, red, gold.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.  
Luck through work.

\* Youth is emphasized. Meet more young people, whether they are your contemporaries or your juniors. Something of their joy of living will brush off on you. If you enter a game or competition you stand a good chance of victory. Extend hospitality to new friends. Compromise with associates if conflicting plans become a subject of argument.

\* An impulse to turn out drawers not often opened, so over the contents of boxes stored away could produce a few surprises. You discover "lost" articles and find a new use for possessions once scorned. This is a profitable form of spring-cleaning, regard it as a treasure hunt. Relics of old friendships or early courtship could bring you new romance.

\* Keep an ear to the ground. Verify any rumors, check with responsible forces before risking changes. As the scope of possibilities grows aims become higher in career and social outlook. Do not permit yourself to be bogged down by trivial worries, responsibilities not really yours. In love affairs, avoid creating a tense situation, be gay.

\* Early birds catch worms where bargains are concerned. The homemaker with clever ideas will manage very well on less money than she anticipated. Self-help may add pounds to a slender budget. If in love you may complete a birthday present for the one-and-only. A practical attitude will improve your daily life. Changes in your job profitable.

\* Whether you are sixteen or sixty, love comes your way this week. It may creep up on you unawares, or it may have been obvious to others for quite a while that romance has entered your life. Control any possessiveness or tendency to dominate the beloved. If this is merely a passing romance, accept it without building your future on it.

\* You have plans, but keep them secret until they have matured. Whether you set out to make a dress, paint the kitchen, or pursue a new hobby or sport, it is fun to amaze family and friends. You may seek ways and means to become acquainted with an attractive stranger; chance could help. In your job it may be wiser not to rely on others.

\* Enthusiasm sparks more than one project. You enjoy public occasions, are ready to group activities with a well thought out plan. You earn credit for your efforts. Pleasant relations with co-workers smooth the path to new enterprises; you may be kept hopping from one appointment to the next, but you'll have fun. Don't be abrupt with people.

\* Those who are widely known set the plume. You may be gifted, even brilliant, but hide your light under a bushel and nobody will think of you when the rewards are passed around. Put your best foot forward, take on a responsibility and make a success of it, appear whenever and wherever it will do you the most good in your aims.

\* You have a desire to seek more in your life than mere social pursuits. You become involved with sports, self-improvement, or community projects. Continuing interest will rest on achievement; you will enjoy fellowship as well. If in love, keep up with your beloved in his appreciation of art, music, and literature. Visits to places of culture are indicated.

\* You will work for all you get this week, whether through personal effort, other people, or situations you turn to your advantage. Take care of commissions entrusted to you, beware of neglecting details which must be attended to later at extra expense. Your chief danger is discouragement and an inclination to give up. Leisure is coming.

\* For victory, enter a competition only with a partner of the opposite sex. This applies also to ordinary business transactions; they are more likely to prove satisfactory if buyer or seller are of different sexes. Mixed parties in the evening will be enjoyable. Some of you will be guests at a wedding or pre-wedding party. Others will attend a ball.

\* Work and duties arouse your imagination this week. You consider specializing in some department for which you have a flair, whether as a homemaker or paid employee. If in love, the man in your life gets promotion or receives an increase in pay. You meet people who find you attractive. From them come favors, stimulating new interests.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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# Fashion PATTERNS

F4893.—Matron's one-piece dress and matching jacket ensemble.  
Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1/2yd.  
36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F4870.—Bare-armed  
chemise dress finished  
with a braid and bow-  
tie trim. Sizes 32 to 38in.  
bust. Requires 3yds. 36in.  
material. Price 4/-.

F4772.—One-piece  
dress styled with a  
square-necked, E m-  
pire-line bodice-top.  
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.  
Requires 5 1/2yds. 36in.  
material. Price 4/-.

F4775.—One-piece after-  
noon dress features a half-  
belt and bow-tie waist ac-  
cent. The dress is designed  
to be made in lace. Sizes  
32 to 38in. bust. Requires  
3yds. 36in. lace and 3yds.  
36in. lining. Price 4/-.

F4890.—Pretty lace-  
trimmed nightgown de-  
signed for the not-so-slim.  
Sizes 38 to 44in. bust.  
Requires 3 1/2yds. 36in.  
material and 1/2yd. 36in.  
lace. Price 4/9.

F4893

F4890

F4772

F4775

F4870

778

779

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 778.—MATERNITY SMOCK  
Pretty short-sleeved maternity smock  
is obtainable cut out ready to make  
in printed cotton popeline. The  
color choice includes coffee and white,  
avocado and white, and grey and  
white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9;  
36 and 38in. bust, 36/9. Postage and  
registration 1/- extra.

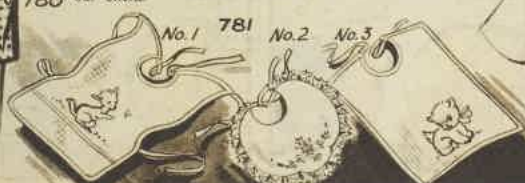
No. 779.—MATERNITY SKIRT  
Practical skirt for maternity wear is  
obtainable cut out ready to make in  
sundek. The color choice includes  
black, ash-grey, junior navy, and  
magnetic-blue. Sizes 26, 28, 30, and  
32in. waist, 31/6. Postage and regis-  
tration 3/6 extra.

No. 781.—SET OF THREE FEEDERS  
Feeders, featuring attractive designs, are obtainable cut out  
ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Designs No. 1  
and 2 are available in white, pink, blue, and green huckaback.  
Set of two 5/3, postage 8d. extra.  
Design 3 is available in cream, pale pink, pale blue, and nil-  
green; turella, in white, anemone, and in white, pale pink,  
and pale blue ripple nylon. Price 1/3 each. Postage 4d. extra.  
No. 782.—INFANT'S NIGHTGOWN AND MATCHING JACKET  
Pretty and practical twosome are obtainable cut out ready to  
make and clearly traced to embroider. Material and color  
choice include white, pink, and lemon flannelette; also turella  
in cream, pink, pale blue, and nil-green.  
Sizes: Infants. Nightgown in flannelette 14/6, postage 1/3  
extra; matinee jacket 9/11, postage 8d. extra. Nightgown in  
turella 18/9, postage 1/3 extra; matinee jacket 12/6, postage  
8d. extra.

PATTERN FOR  
BEGINNERS  
F4006.—Beginners'  
pattern for an  
easy-to-make small  
girl's slip and  
scantle set. Sizes  
2, 4, 6, and 8 years.  
Requires 1 1/4 to  
1 1/2yds. 36in. mate-  
rial. Price 2/6.

No. 780.—ONE-PIECE DRESS  
Smartly styled one-piece dress is  
obtainable cut out ready to make in  
woven check gingham. The color choice  
includes blue and white, lemon and  
white, green and white, red and white,  
pink and white, and black and white.  
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and  
38in. bust, 31/6. Postage and regis-  
tration 3/9 extra.

Needlework Notions are available  
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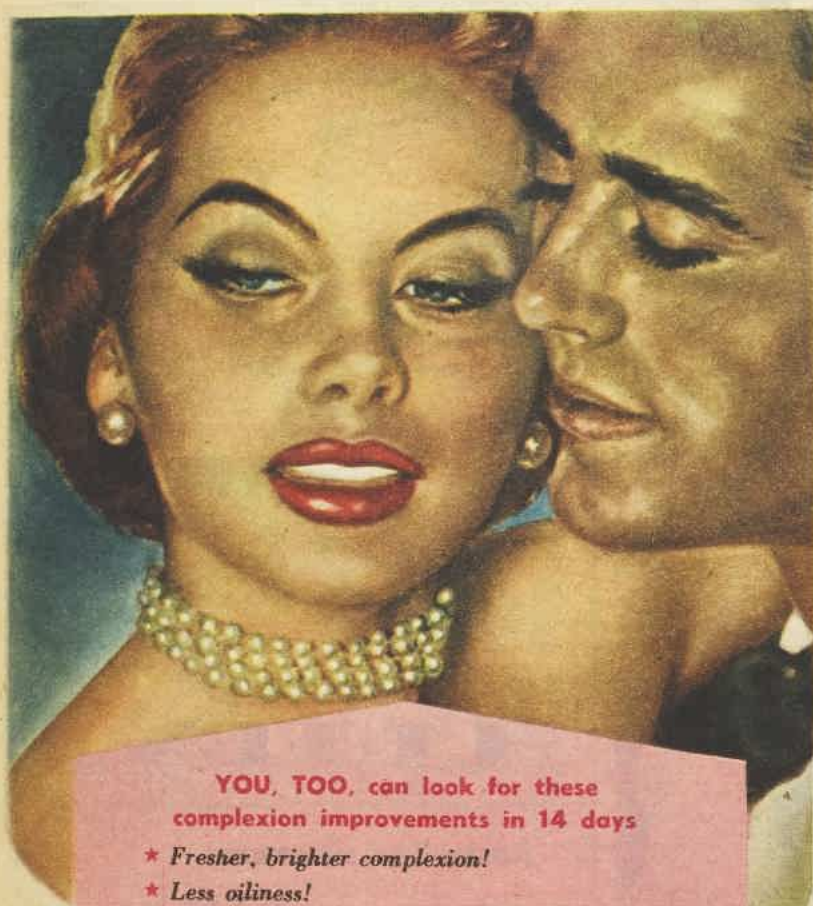
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"mind-blocks." Princess Narda has been subjected this way and shrunk to their size by a "reducing outfit." They have hidden her in their invisible rocket ship and are looking for a "man," when Mandrake approaches. Meanwhile, the aliens' rocket fleet waits to invade the earth. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





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LET'S SEE... INSTEAD OF BUYING A SWEATER, MAYBE I COULD KNIT ONE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S NO OTHER SOLUTION! I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO TO WORK

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

7. The end is in a slope and the whole is going upwards (9).
8. Entrance mentioned in a Trinidad itinerary (4).
9. Come in! (5).
12. This is bogus (5).
14. Wake or turn and use (5).
15. Elk-like animal sounding like noises made by cows (5).
16. A serin could wash, especially with second water (5).
17. Phrase expressing a maxim to Tom (5).
18. Another way of saying "I was not there" (5).
19. A brooch, the outside of which is a pen (5).
20. Courtsy possibly for adipose people (3).
22. Plant which is mostly a backward sin (5).
25. It is mature (4).
26. Made a saint in a second (9).



Solution of last week's crossword.

### DOWN

1. Suitable description of an always wagging tongue (5).
2. Entertained and judging by the sound it must have happened (5).
3. A number one journalist does it (4).
4. Hard concretion, the end of which can run back (4).
5. It's nude, but do it and it will not be called in question (9).
6. Be in trouble by being in a part of your dinner (2, 3, 4).
10. Such games were held in the second and fourth of each Olympiad (6).
11. Wear and tear starting with the god of love (7).
12. Rain crops (Anagr. 5-4).
13. My host with his subsistence in the inner part (9).
14. The smiter defers (6).
21. Urge mostly with the devil (5).
22. A Roman household deity shaped like a wing (4).
23. I study a sacred image (4).
24. Discharge 14 down without top and bottom (4).

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TO PREPARE



- just buttered



- with a tasty cheese



- with vegetable  
extracts or tomato



- and scrumptious  
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